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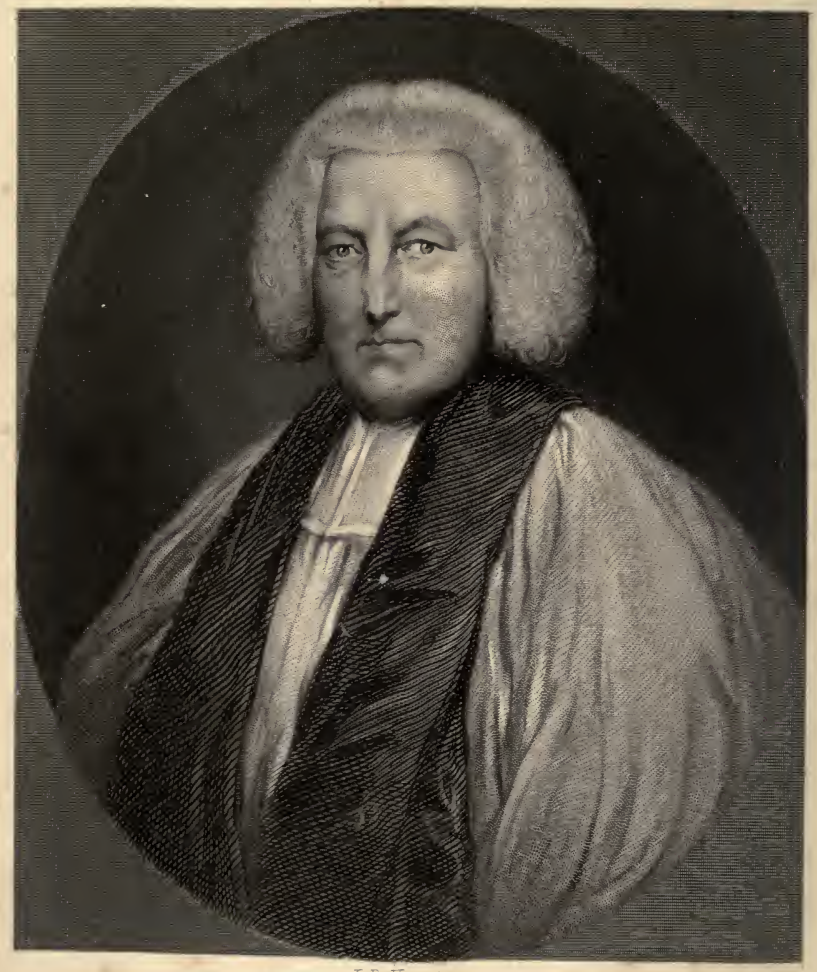

J B Hunt. sc.

THE RIGHT REV. RICHARD HURD, D.D.

Lord Bishop of Worcester

London Richard Bentley 1860

MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF THE

RIGHT REV. RICHARD HURD, D.D.,

LORD BISHOP OF WORCESTER;

WITH A SELECTION FROM HIS

CORRESPONDENCE AND OTHER UNPUBLISHED PAPERS.

BY THE REV. FRANCIS KILVERT, M.A.

EDITOR OF THE LITERARY REMAINS OF BISHOP WARBURTON.

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TO

THE RIGHT REV. HENRY PEPYS, D.D.

LORD BISHOP OF WORCESTER,

AS THE PRESENT OCCUPANT OF THE SEE SO LONG

PRESIDED OVER BY BISHOP HURD:

AND TO

THE RIGHT HON. EDWARD JOHN BARON HATHERTON,

OF HATHERTON, CO. STAFFORD,

AS THE DESCENDANT OF THE BISHOP'S LIFE-LONG FRIEND

SIR EDWARD LITTLETON, BART.

AND AS POSSESSOR OF THE ESTATE ON OR NEAR WHICH

THE BISHOP WAS BORN AND BRED:

TO BOTH

AS HAVING IN THE MOST OBLIGING MANNER

CONTRIBUTED VALUABLE MATERIALS

TOWARDS THE PRESENT WORK,

THESE PAGES

ARE WITH EVERY SENTIMENT OF GRATITUDE AND RESPECT INSCRIBED

BY THEIR LORDSHIPS'

MOST OBLIGED AND MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE EDITOR.

358223

PREFACE.

The following pages are designed as an act of tardy justice to the memory of one who deserved better treatment from posterity than he has met with at their hands. From the death of Bishop Hurd in 1808 to the present time, with the exception of short notices in periodicals, or biographical dictionaries, collections of scattered memoranda, and a few sneering and depreciatory remarks in reviews and other publications, no account of him deserving the name of a Life has appeared.* And yet he had, on some accounts, far higher claims to attention that many whose biographies have been at great length presented to the public. The son of humble parents, advanced by his talents and literary merit to a high position in the world of letters—distinguished by theological attainments, and pulpit eloquence—recommended by the purity of his character and the graceful simplicity

* From this number must be excepted the Memoir of the Bishop published in the Ecclesiastical and University Register for 1808, by far the most ample, judicious, and candid account of him and his works which has yet appeared. The writer of this article I have in vain attempted to ascertain.

of his manners to the friendship of the great and good—raised by their influence to the highest dignities of his profession, as well as to the charge of the royal offspring—and honoured with the personal respect and affection of his sovereigns—his gradual ascent by his own merit from an inferior to an exalted station affords both an interesting subject of contemplation, and an exemplary lesson too valuable to be allowed to pass away into oblivion.

Under this persuasion, I have undertaken the long-omitted duty of paying a deserved tribute to the character of a distinguished relative, by rescuing his memory from neglect, and holding him forth, not as a faultless model, but as an example well worthy in many respects of the imitation of those placed in similar circumstances with himself.

The advantages and disadvantages of a biographical memoir so long delayed have been expressed with pregnant brevity by Dr. Johnson: "If a life be delayed till interest and envy are at an end, we may hope for impartiality, but must expect little intelligence."

To the truth of this general remark I readily assent. I am however in hopes that I may be able in this particular instance to attain in some measure the advantages, without incurring the disadvantages, of a long-delayed memoir. *Interest* and *envy*, in Bishop Hurd's case, have long been over, so that there is no temptation on those

grounds to partiality; and the original sources of *information* opened to my use enable me to furnish fresh *intelligence* by throwing additional light upon his life and character.

In the life of a man of letters little of stirring incident is to be expected. And the history of one whose promotion was owing to his own deserts, aided by the good offices of friends, whom he had attached by honest and straightforward means, affords none of that tissue of management and intrigue which is so attractive to many readers. The interest of such a life must be principally owing to its own literary merits, and to its connexion with the literature of its age. In the case of Bishop Hurd, both these causes eminently concur. His numerous and important writings bear witness to the former; and the latter is attested, among other proofs, by the allusions to his name and works in the Index to Nichols's Literary Anecdotes, filling above three closely printed octavo columns.

The Bishop has experienced the fate of others who have engaged warmly in the defence of eminent, but unpopular, characters—viz. to share largely in the censure lavished upon their principals, and to have their own claims to attention estimated not by their general merits, but by any defect of prudence or temper into which the earnestness of their advocacy may have betrayed them. Accordingly the prevailing idea which

most modern readers have of the Bishop is derived not from his high qualifications as a divine, a preacher, a critic, and a man—in all which points he excelled—but from his two controversial pamphlets against Jortin and Leland, in which his zeal for his friend and patron Warburton got the mastery of his temper and his discretion. This erroneous impression, it is hoped, the following account of him may avail to rectify.

As for the light artillery played off against him by Horace Walpole in his Letters, the random shots of one who was an habitual laugher or sneerer at almost every thing and every body (at none more than those distinguished by solid learning and eminent virtue) can do no damage to a character like the Bishop's.

In offering this Memoir to the public, I feel that some apology is due on my part for undertaking with inadequate resources a work requiring for its perfect execution so extensive an acquaintance with the literary history of the latter half of the last century. I can only say in excuse for my attempt, that I thought it better that an incomplete account of the Bishop's Life and Writings should be given, than that his name and credit should be consigned to the mere sketches which have yet appeared; and that if the work had been undertaken by abler hands, this imperfect essay would never have been made.

The materials out of which the present volume

is formed are partly published, partly original. Of the published matters are—

1. The Bishop's own memoranda, entitled by him, "Some Occurrences in my Life;" prefixed to the edition of his Works published in 1811.

2. The short Memoir of him, with copious illustrations, in Nichols's Literary Anecdotes, vol. vi. together with various scattered notices in the same inexhaustible mine of literary research.

3. The judicious and well-written account of his Life and Writings in the Ecclesiastical and University Register for 1809, and the well-executed sketch of the same in Chalmers's Biog. Dict.

4. Some notices and anecdotes of him in the Memoirs of Joseph Cradock, Esq. 1827.

5. Incidental notices of his visits to Windsor Castle in Madame D'Arblay's Autobiography.

Of all these I have made free use wherever I found them available.

The original part consists of—

1. A small collection of the Bishop's early Letters to one of his friends and patrons, the Rev. John Devey, Rector of Beckbury, Salop. For these I am indebted to the kindness of the Rev. H. Raymond Smythies, Rector of Easthope, Salop.

2. A considerable number of letters written by the Bishop to his most intimate friend Dr. Thomas Balguy, Archdeacon of Winchester, ranging from the year 1749 to 1793, placed at my disposal in the handsomest and kindest manner

by the Rev. J. T. Allen, Vicar of Stradbrooke, Suffolk, a relative by marriage of Dr. Balguy.

3. A few letters from the Bishop to his life-long friend, Sir Edward Littleton, of Teddesley, Staffordshire, most obligingly communicated to me by the Right Hon. Lord Hatherton, the descendant of Sir Edward.

4. The Bishop's Commonplace Book, in three volumes, commenced in 1744, and continued nearly to his death, preserved in the Library of Hartlebury Castle, which was in the kindest and most courteous manner confided to me for examination and extraction by the Right Rev. the present Bishop of Worcester.

In the arrangement of these materials I have availed myself of the excellent model afforded by Mason in his Life of Gray, viz. to let the Bishop speak as much as possible for himself by his familiar letters, interweaving only so much of narrative as is necessary to connect the letters together, and interspersing such anecdotes and illustrations as I was able to collect.

The main events of the Bishop's life may for convenience be divided into four periods.

The first containing his school and college life, previously to his introduction to Warburton in 1749.

The second containing his college life continued from that event to his institution to the living of Thurcaston in 1757.

The third containing his incumbency at Thurcaston, and appointment as Preacher at Lincoln's Inn, until his consecration to the see of Lichfield and Coventry in 1774.

The fourth containing his appointment as Preceptor to the Princes, and his presidency over the sees of Lichfield and Coventry, and Worcester, till his death in 1808.

These periods occupy as many sections, into which the Memoir is divided, and form the first Part of the work.

The second Part consists of selections from the Bishop's Commonplace Book, comprising historical characters, and thoughts on various subjects, partly theological and moral, and partly critical and miscellaneous.

The work is closed by some Letters of the Bishop in correspondence with Dr. John Butler, Bishop of Hereford,* which did not come into my possession until the first part of the book was in type; by a few extracts from the Bishop's published Works.; and by some necessary Addenda.

I cannot close my prefatory remarks without offering my grateful acknowledgments—

First, to the distinguished and friendly persons whose kindness furnished me with the most important materials for this Memoir.

* These letters were kindly supplied to me by Mrs. Burne, (wife of William Burne, Esq. M.D. of Richmond Lodge, Bath,) Bishop Butler's great-niece.

Next, to James Crossley, Esq. President of the Chetham Society, Manchester, (an authority in matters of literary history without appeal,) for the valuable counsel and suggestions from time to time afforded me; and

Last, to my publishers, Messrs. Bentley, for the prompt and liberal manner in which they undertook the work; as well as to my printers, Messrs. Nichols, for their care in bringing it out, and for the information supplied by their literary experience.

In conclusion I would remark that much indulgence is obviously solicited by a work of this nature, which must in a great measure be a cento of materials brought together from a variety of quarters; and I trust that any inequalities of style and manner, as well as any incoherency and repetition, arising from this source, will be favourably considered and leniently criticised.

Claverton Lodge, Bath.
May 1, 1860.

FRANCIS KILVERT.

*** By an inadvertence for which I beg earnestly to apologize, I have placed the Bishop's Letter to Dr. Leland under the year 1758 instead of 1764. I soon discovered the error, but unfortunately not until the sheet containing it was printed off.

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PART I.

LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

BISHOP HURD.

LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

BISHOP HURD.

PART I.

SECTION I.

Richard Hurd was born at Congreve in the parish of Penkridge, in the county of Stafford, on the thirteenth of January, 1719-20. "He was," as he tells us in his short memoranda of some occurrences in his life, "the second of three children, all sons, of John and Hannah Hurd: plain, honest, and good people, who rented a considerable farm at Congreve, where he was born; but soon after removed to a larger at Penford, about halfway between Brewood and Wolverhampton, in the same county."

Of these worthy persons their son has given so charming an account in a letter to his friend Bishop Warburton dated 1754, that some ana-

chronism may be pardoned in introducing it in this place.

I believe I never told you how happy I am in an excellent father and mother,—very plain people, you may be sure, for they are farmers, but of a turn of mind that might have honoured any rank and any education. With very tolerable, but in no degree affluent, circumstances, their generosity was such, they never regarded any expense that was in their power, and almost out of it, in whatever regarded the welfare of their children. We are three brothers of us. The eldest [John] settled very reputably in their own way, and the youngest [Thomas] in the Birmingham trade. For myself, a *poor scholar*, as you know, I am almost ashamed to own how solicitous they always were to furnish me with all the opportunities of the best and most liberal education. My case in so many particulars resembles that which the Roman Poet describes as his own, that with Pope's wit I could apply almost every circumstance of it. And, if ever I were to wish in earnest to be a poet, it would be for the sake of doing justice to so uncommon a virtue. I should be a wretch if I did not conclude, as he does,

Si natura juberet, &c. &c.

In a word, when they had fixed us in such a rank of life, as they designed and believed should satisfy us, they very wisely left the business of the world to such as wanted it more, or liked it better. They considered what age and declining health seemed to demand of them, reserving to themselves only such a support as their few and little wants made them think sufficient. I should beg pardon for troubling you with this humble history; but the subjects of it are so much, and so tenderly, in my thoughts at present, that, if I writ at all, I could hardly help writing about them.

Warburton in reply says:

You could not have obliged me more than by bringing me acquainted, as you do in your last kind letter, with persons who can never be indifferent to me, when so near to you. Sir E. Littleton had told me great things of them; and from him I learned that virtue and good sense are hereditary amongst you, and family qualities. And as to filial piety, I knew it could not but crown all the rest of your admirable endowments. Pray make me acquainted with your good father and mother; tell them how sincerely I congratulate with them on the honour of such a son, and how much I share in their happiness on that head.

Sir Edward oft sees your elder brother, and speaks of him as the best companion he has,—indeed in a very extraordinary manner, of his abilities. Your other brother was, I was told, not long since, among the trading towns in this neighbourhood, where he fell into company at dinner with some of our Somersetshire clergy, by whom he was much caressed on hearing to whom he was related.

Prior Park, July 14, 1754.

An amusing anecdote is current in the family respecting the Bishop's younger brother, Thomas. He was, as the Bishop states, in the Birmingham trade. At that place he had formed an attachment, unknown to his family, to a highly respectable young person, but in humble life, and of no great personal attractions. This attachment resulted in a private marriage. In one of his visits to his parents, his mother, observing him to be unusually silent and thoughtful, pressed him with an affectionate "What ails thee, child?" to tell the cause. The reply, in a faint voice, was,

"Mother, I'm married." "Married!" cried the old lady, "and where's thy wife?" (Reply in a still fainter key) "I left her in the cart-house." "Go," rejoined his mother, "and fetch her in directly." The poor little woman, shivering with cold and anxiety, was accordingly ushered in from her inhospitable shelter. The feelings of the good old people were touched, and she was welcomed as a member of the family. This plain little person used in after-times, on her visits at Hartlebury Castle, to be led up by the Bishop with stately courtesy to the head of his table, and proved the only medium through which the family was continued.

The Bishop's early education, as he himself states in his memoranda, was at the Grammar School of Brewood, in Staffordshire, first under a Mr. Hilman, and afterwards under the Rev. William Budworth, both well qualified for their office, and both very kind to him. Of Mr. Budworth the Bishop speaks with much respect and affection, and he subsequently embalmed his memory, first by a high encomium in the dedication to his Horace, and afterwards by an elegant monumental inscription in the chapel of Shareshull, near Brewood.

Of his school-career no certain account has been preserved. One authority speaks of his disposition to study having lain undeveloped till the last year before he went to college, when his progress was astonishing. Another (that of a

school-fellow, and therefore more to be relied on,) asserts that he was always assiduous at his books from his earliest childhood. To this statement additional credibility is given by his own assertion that he was, so early as in 1733, thought fit for the university, and was accordingly, on the 3rd October in that year admitted a Sizar at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, although he did not go to reside till a year or two afterwards.* In this college, at that time presided over by Dr. Richardson, he had the advantage of being under the tuition of the Rev. Henry Hubbard,† a tutor of great judgment, of the most punctilious regularity, and a popular preacher. To these distinguishing traits of his early instructor, we may perhaps trace some of those which in after-life characterised the Bishop. Of his early college life we know little more than of his career at school. He took the degree of A.B. in 1738-9. The year 1740 introduces him to us in the following Letters as the correspondent of the Rev. John Devey,‡ Rector of Beckbury near Shiffnal, in Shropshire, who seems to have been a kind friend and encourager of the rising scholar.

* It is said by the Rev. W. Cole that he was sent to college by the family of Sir Edward Littleton, but the Editor finds no other evidence of the fact; and Lord Hatherton informs him that he never heard the report.

† Of Catherine hall, A.B. 1728, A.M. 1732, afterwards of Emmanuel college, and Senior Fellow, B.D. 1739, Registrar of the University; died 1778, æt. 70.

‡ He was of Pembroke college, Oxford, B.A. 1722, M.A. 1725.

MR. HURD TO REV. JOHN DEVEY.

Emmanuel College, Cambridge, Jan. 23d, 1740.

Rev. Sir, ... As I write from a famous seat of learning, you will probably expect some news relating to the republic of letters. I shall therefore tell you that yesterday was published an answer to the third volume of The Moral Philosopher, by a gentleman of St. John's.* 'Tis wrote a good deal in the taste and spirit of Bentley's Phileleutherus Lipsiensis, and is expected to be a good thing. Dr. Delany's Life of David † is a charming performance; if you have not seen it, I am sure it will please you . . . . . I am, Sir, with service to Mrs. Devey and your son, your most humble servant,

Richard Hurd.

TO THE SAME.

Cambridge, March 14, 1740-1.

. . . . . With regard to systems of logic, which you inquire after, it will perhaps surprise you to hear that we can hardly be said to use any at all. The study of logic is almost entirely laid aside in this university, and that of the mathematics taken up in its room. It is looked upon as a maxim here, that a justness and accuracy in thinking and reasoning are better learned by a habit than by

* Samuel Squire, Fellow of St. John's, and afterwards Bishop of St. David's, was the author of "The ancient History of the Hebrews vindicated; or, Remarks on the Third Volume of the Moral Philosopher, by Theophanes Cantabrigiensis: Cambridge, 1741." On this subject see Nichols's Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century, vol. v. p. 569.

* An historical Account of the Life and Reign of David King of Israel. By Patrick Delany, D.D. 1740.

rules; and it is an observation founded upon long experience, that no men argue more closely and acutely than they who are well versed in mathematic learning, even though they are ignorant of the rules delivered by the great masters in that other science. Indeed, as our disputations in the schools are always carried on in syllogism, a small part of that study is still requisite; but, as this is very easily learned from any system, we are not very curious in the choice of one. However, those that are generally made use of on this occasion are Le Clerc's and Dr. Watts's . . . . . .

I thank you, Sir, for your judicious remarks on the Life of David, and can't but admire the complaisant and genteel turn you give to my bad taste and wrong judgment of that author. For both these I am justly chargeable with, if there are those superfine triflings and laboured overflowings of the sublime you speak of. Your sentiments, indeed, have great weight with me, and it must carry in it the appearance of much pertness and presumption to think of disputing the justness of them. However, with your leave, Sir, I will just mention one or two particulars that may serve, perhaps, if not to overcome your opinion, at least in some measure to excuse my own. I would flatter myself, then, that the reason of my differing from you in this case, is the viewing it in a light which perhaps did not immediately present itself to you. This I ascribe, not to my own penetration, but to the hints of others of much more learning and experience: 'tis in short this: 'tis probable you might expect to find it wrote according to the strict laws of history, and therefore containing only a plain narrative of the life and actions of David, collected from sacred writ. This expectation would be in some sort confirmed by the title-page, which, as I remember, calls it the History of the Life of David. Considering it, therefore, in this light, it might very well seem affected and unnatural to insert so many disquisitions and conjectures, and to run out into digres-

sions of almost a poetical nature. But, if we look upon it (as I believe it was intended) as an essay or dissertation upon the life and actions of that hero, the particulars you blame are so far from being faults, that I dare say you'll think them beauties. This way of considering that performance will account not only for the manner but the style also in which 'tis wrote. In the character of an exact history the language is, perhaps, too florid, and savours too much of the sublime; but in that of an essay, 'tis, I conceive, otherwise; the diction must be spirited, and raised above the common pitch, to entertain and please.

You see, Sir, how impertinent we young lads are, and what trouble we give both ourselves and others, rather than own (what would perhaps better become us) that we are mistaken. But, notwithstanding this common failing of young men, if Mr. Devey, upon viewing the Life of David in this light, should still continue in his opinion, I shall be so far from standing out any longer against him, that I shall immediately embrace his sentiments, and endeavour to correct the error of my own judgment by submitting to a much better.

TO THE SAME.

Cambridge, May 3d, 1741.

Rev. Sir, — You see what it is to engage in a correspondence with boys. We are a most impertinent set of people, and never know when to give over talking. Methinks the epithet *garrula*, which from the age of Nestor to the present times has been constantly given to *Senectus*, would suit full as well with *Juventus*. There is, indeed, this difference between the two cases, that talkativeness in old men is ever seasoned with experience and good sense, whereas the tattle of the young is light and trivial, and has

seldom any solidity to compensate for its exuberance. For this reason it was perhaps not so ridiculous in the old sage, as some are apt to imagine, to enjoin a profound silence to his pupils for a certain term of years. His design, without doubt, was to instruct them in their duty, and prevent them from talking at all till they had learnt to talk well. And, indeed, this conduct is so reasonable, that I believe I should immediately give into it, but that I have now an opportunity of conversing with one whose candour would incline him to pardon anything his judgment should dislike. Of that I have had a remarkable instance in the case of Delany's Life of David; of which I shall only add further, that it has given me great occasion to admire not only the judgment but politeness of Mr. Devey.

I know not whether the following remark be worth mentioning to you, but the name of David naturally brings it to my mind. The word "temple" is used by that inspired poet to signify the heavens in the following passage, "In my distress I called upon the Lord, and cried unto my God: He heard me out of his temple," Ps. xviii. 6. Dr. Delany, if I remember right, adds that this form of expression is very beautiful. I was pleased the other day to find this term used exactly in the same sense by the sublime Lucretius:

> —— jam nemo, fessus satiate videndi,
> Suspicere in cœli dignatur lucida templa.
> L. ii. v. 1037.

It occurs also in a passage of the first Book, where the epithet "tonitralia," which is joined to it, would not improperly mark the idea we have of that temple when the Lord thunders in it, and the Highest gives his voice. Ibid. ver. 13.

> Neve ruant cœli tonitralia templa supernè.
> L. i. 1098.

Think not, Sir, I mention this as though I thought the poetry of David could receive any additional glory or merit from any resemblance it may be found to bear to the flights of Pagan writers. That I know is impossible; but must own it gives me some pleasure to meet with passages in heathen learning that are parallel to those in sacred writ, since it is by such kind of proof only that many classical pretenders to criticism will suffer themselves to be convinced of the beauty of those sublimest of compositions.

In June, 1742, Mr. Hurd was ordained deacon at St. Paul's in London, by Dr. Joseph Butler, Bishop of Bristol and Dean of St. Paul's, on letters dimissory from Dr. Gooch, Bishop of Norwich; and we find him in temporary charge of the parish of Reymerston, a small rectory lying between Thetford and Norwich. To this sphere of duty he was probably introduced by another early friend and patron, to be mentioned in his next letter, the Rev. Cox Macro, of Norton, near Bury St. Edmund's, an eminent collector of books, manuscripts, and literary curiosities, whom he assisted in the gratification of his peculiar tastes.*

Reymerston, July 16, 1742.

Rev. Sir,—The hurry I have been in ever since I left Hatton will be an excuse to you for my not writing sooner. It will be needless to tell you, since you have heard it I suppose from Hatton, that I was ordained at London, that Dr. Macro has procured me a curacy which I can hold

* See Nichols's Literary Anecdotes, vol. ix. pp. 359, 747.

with Reymerston, and that all difficulties are over with regard to this affair. I have very convenient lodgings, have met with very civil people, and, in short, am likely to live very comfortably. The only thing I want is such a friend as I left behind me at Beckbury. To say the truth, there is a wondrous scarcity of reputable clergymen in this country; sober are rare, but learned I have not heard of one near me. But this to my friend.

I was at Cambridge last week to change my gown. The day after the Commencement Mr. Smalley * accepted of a college living, and the principal persons in the Society were so kind to signify to me their desire of choosing me into his Fellowship. I shall consider of it, but believe it will not be for my interest to appear as a candidate. . . . . .

If you are curious to know particulars with regard to Reymerston, &c. a letter or two which I sent to my father will inform you. . . . . .

TO THE SAME.

Reymerston, Sept. 24, 1742.

July 28, and this September 24! A long time, I own, for so kind a letter from so kind a friend as Mr. Devey to remain unanswered; but I dare promise myself your pardon. I will not waste any of my paper in apologies, only in general give me leave to tell you that sermonizing has been the main cause. Your advice from Dr. Moor weighs much with me, but not more than it had in Mr. Devey's own words and name. Dr. Macro has been informed by Mr. Smalley (who accidentally called upon him one day) of the favour the college designed me. He seemed pleased at the information, but dissuaded my return to college, and added I might be sure in a little time of a second living. The

* Nathaniel Smalley, Fellow of Emmanuel, B.D. 1737.

Doctor never mentioned the thing to me, which convinces me that he would be better pleased if I declined the offer, and I know myself under too many obligations to him to act contrary to his pleasure. I shall, therefore, in a few days write to Mr. Smalley to cut out my name, and have resolved with myself, instead of reposing in the shade of a college, to trust my fortune to the world. I confess myself on this occasion something in the state of Adam on his leaving Paradise. I cannot help reflecting, with some regret, on the place I am going entirely to forsake, and am every now and then turning a wishful eye back on those pleasant scenes from which I am about to banish myself for ever. The happy difference is, that I banish myself, and he was banished; in this, indeed, there is some comfort, otherwise the prospect of encountering an ill-natured world is none of the pleasantest. But I must change my theme, or I find I shall grow grave upon you.

The people of Reymerston, whose character you inquire after, are said to be very honest, but very obstinate. I guess the remark is just, from what I've already seen of them. . . . . I had almost forgot to tell you that there is a very rich, and consequently a very powerful, man in the town, with whom I am in huge favour. By means of Dr. Macro I have been introduced to the acquaintance of the Chancellor of Norwich.* He is a very worthy, good-natured man; I have paid him a couple of visits, and have been treated by him with great civility. My good friend Mr. Macro spent the last week with me at Reymerston; only for a couple of days we made an excursion to Sir Andrew Fountaine's and Houghton. To describe the curiosities of these two places would require a volume. ('Tis most unfortunate that the masters of both of them should be rascals.) One, however, I must tell you of,—I saw my Lord Orford.

* Robert Nash, LL.D., a Fellow of Wadham college, Oxford.

As I have tired myself a good deal to-day with writing a sermon, you'll excuse my talking to you thus by bits and scraps. I wish you'd give my duty to my father and mother, and say I wish to hear from them; please too to add my respects to my brothers. Dr. Delany's Life of David is completed in three volumes; if you read it, as I dare say you will, I should thank you for your opinion of it in as full a manner as a letter will permit. Pray let me hear from you very soon: the correspondence of such friends as you, is one of the greatest pleasures I know; at least in my present situation, in which, conversation, I mean such as one would like, is so hard to be come at. I shall consult my own happiness too much to let any letter of yours lie unanswered so long for the future.

Poor Mr. Budworth!

TO THE SAME.

In respect of the tithes of Reymerston, which you are pleased to mention, I apprehend, not only that they cannot *now*, but that they cannot *ever*, by me be materially altered. The temper of the people is so resolutely obstinate, that upon any such attempt I am certain they would leave the church; of which, though in the assertion of my just rights, I should think myself unhappy in being the occasion. The rent-day is over; and the income is (though not, indeed, this year on account of some deductions) a good eighty pounds. I am sensible, as you suggest to me, that it is worth much more; but am assured it will never be in the power of that address you are so polite to compliment me upon, to advance it. And as to gathering, it is what I must never think of: for the inclosures are so small, so perplexed, and lie in such a manner, that the trouble of doing it would be infinite. Though in this case I am prudent enough to keep my thoughts to myself. They would otherwise be apt to take

advantages. But I will trouble you no more on this head. . . . . As to Mr. Fitzer's books, I could like very well to purchase a part of them; but at present cannot afford it. My late expenses in journeys, orders, degree, repairs, and some little conveniences in my rooms, have rose so high, that such a thing would be inconvenient. I am obliged to you, however, for mentioning it.

Dr. Macro continues his favour to me in every way in which it can be expressed. I am welcome at all times to his study, and a noble one it is; and, what is still more valuable, to his advice and instructions in any branch of learning, either by conversation or letter. He is a very learned and amiable man, the most complete scholar and gentleman united that almost ever I saw. If I seem a little extravagant on the subject, you must excuse me, for his treatment of your unworthy friend is so obliging, that, whenever I mention his name, I am hurried by a sense of gratitude into encomiums. Though, really, in what I've said of him, 'tis, if I know myself, the result, not of prejudice, but of my best judgment.

Since my last to you I am become very happy in a new neighbourhood. A very sensible and polite gentleman, a physician, has taken part of the house I live in for himself and family, which consists at present of an agreeable lady, his wife, and as agreeable a young lady, his wife's sister. We are vastly sociable: yesterday they drank tea with me, together with two more ladies and a strange gentleman. The lady that has taken my parsonage, and who was one of them, is the physician's wife's mother. These two families, together with my rich neighbour's, in which are also two ladies, his sister and niece, make Reymerston quite a polite place. We have, and are soon to have, no less than a brace of chariots and a chaise at our church on Sundays. Could you have thought all this of my little village in the woodlands of Norfolk? I shall be impatient

for your next, as I expect in it your judgment of King David. However, don't let me wait if you have not yet got it.

My humble service to good Mrs. Devey. Please to tell her I have just read Pamela,* and am glad, for the credit of my judgment, that I agree with her in admiring it. Some people have thought it odd in me, but I really like Pamela in low life better than in high. I have not room now, or think I could give excellent reasons for my opinion. If I was as near you as I have been, what pleasure could I take in talking over this and a thousand other subjects with Mrs. Devey and your good self. Alas! all I can now say is that I am hers and your most faithful humble servant,

R. HURD.

Mr. Hurd took the degree of M.A. in July, 1742; and, notwithstanding his apparent resolution to the contrary expressed in the preceding letters, he was in the same year elected Fellow of his College, to which he returned before March, 1743; for in that month he thus writes to Mr. Devey:

Emmanuel, March 28, 1743.

REV. SIR,—A succession of business of one kind or other prevented my answering that part of your letter which desired me to make inquiry about a Popish book called *Charity and Truth*.† I have asked Thurlbourn, our great bookseller, if he knew of any answer that had been made to it, and he told me that he had not so much as heard of the book itself. The Popish controversy is so entirely demolished, that we

* Richardson's celebrated novel, first published in 1741.

† By Edward Hawarden. Brussels, 1728. 8vo.

now hear nothing at all of it; at least it seems wholly overlooked at present by the University. . . . . .

In a subsequent part of this letter Mr. Hurd speaks incidentally of his "unexpected return to college."

REV. J. DEVEY TO REV. R. HURD.

April 4, 1743.

DEAR SIR,—I thank you for inquiring about the book called "Charity and Truth." What answer I think proper to give to it, is not, with my consent, ever to appear public, and, indeed, as you observe, that controversy being entirely demolished, there's no occasion to revive it. But the motives that induced me to bestow a few strictures upon it are as follow.

A certain gentlewoman in this neighbourhood, not unknown to you, being educated in the Romish religion, but soon after marriage coming over to our Church, it gave some concern to her father and relations, too deeply embarked in the Catholic faith, as they are taught to call it, to hope for salvation out of their communion. They did not attack her directly, but sent her two books,—this above mentioned, and one other entitled "England's Conversion and Reformation compared," as a bequest or legacy left to her by a friend at St. Omer's. The latter Dr. Trapp, some time after it appeared in England, answered.* The former, printed at Brussels, and sent over as a legacy, perhaps might escape a public view, or, what is more probable, being for the most part old stuff new

* "Popery truly stated and briefly confuted. By Joseph Trapp, D.D. 1726." The book entitled "England's Conversion and Reformation compared," was by Robert Manning, 1725, 8vo. See Dod's Catholic Church History, vol. iii. pp. 487, 488.

furbished up in some shape or other, already answered twenty times, not worth the notice of either of our universities. Be that as it will, it is given out by the party as a book unanswerable. And therefore having unguardedly said, after I had once perused it,—that it was no otherwise worthy of that character, but, as many things in it had been endeavoured to be supported as truths by chicanery and equivocation, the author had taken such things for granted, which are still in question to be proved, and so endeavoured to pin such down who knew not better, or wish them to be truths, with bold and confident assertions,—I said enough, you may easily be persuaded, to become an advocate for my own opinion. . . . . With services from wife and fireside, I am, dear Sir, your affectionate brother and faithful friend,

Jo. D.

TO THE REV. JOHN DEVEY.

Emmanuel, Nov. 29, 1743.

Reverend Sir,—I am at last sate down to answer your kind letter, especially that part of it where you intimate a desire of knowing Dr. Macro's objection to the Life of King David, which, in as few words as possible, is as follows:—Dr. Delany had said, by way of alleviation of David's crime of murdering Uriah, that *he was under a kind of necessity of committing it, in order to protect Bathsheba, and, he thinks, himself, (vol. iii. page* 11,) *from being punished with death by the Sanhedrim.* But all this the doctor believes to be a mere surmise, in proof of which he urges the silence of Scripture history, which (notwithstanding what Delany says in his notes on the place) he insists upon being a very good argument, because the institution of the Sanhedrim was, as he proves very largely, *an occasional institution, or present*

expedient for the relief of Moses, that by the addition of other rulers (all endued with gifts extraordinary as well as he) the complaints of the people might not fall upon him, but be diverted in part upon others, and that by the joint influence of so many persons, all possessed with the spirit of government, they might either hinder or appease them. The solemnity, therefore, of the institution, which is the only thing that Delany opposes to the silence of Scripture, proves nothing. As to the Talmudists, Dr. Macro shews that their authority in this case is of little or no weight; *for besides, says he, that they are the worst historians in the world, they cannot otherwise support their traditions, which, they say, were handed down by their great Synagogue, but by asserting the antiquity of the Sanhedrim, and pretending that its original came from the Seventy Elders, &c.* As to Jer. xxxviii. 5, the doctor observes that the power of the princes there mentioned is nothing to the Sanhedrim. *The matter, he adds, is only this, that, in those times of confusion and sedition, the King was not able to protect Jeremiah from the grandees of the court, who were exasperated against him by reason of his threatening predictions.* He concludes with observing, *that not only the sacred writers, but even Josephus, Philo, Origen, Eusebius, and St. Jerome, who were all well versed in the antient government of the Jews, make no mention of the Sanhedrim in the times we are now upon, and therefore that this universal silence in writers of all kinds is a very good argument, &c.* He adds, as a further proof of the institution of the Sanhedrim's being of later date, that the very name is of Greek derivation, Συνέδριον, Lowth, p. 189, and takes notice, that the senators who were entrusted by the Macedonians with the administration of affairs were called Συνέδριοι.

This, Sir, is in substance what the Dr. has advanced, but I have done him great injury in throwing so connected and regular a discourse as he did me the honour to write me into such scraps. But a few hints to you will be enough,

and indeed, I could not conclude the whole in a letter of any reasonable compass.

I shall trouble you no further at present than just to add your son's compliments and my own. Your son is very well and very studious; he and I have a little talk in a morning about Locke, in the Hall, when I receive such answers from him as almost persuade me that Mr. Locke will soon gain a new proselyte.

TO THE SAME.

Cambridge, Feb. 17, 1743-4.

Rev. Sir,—I had the favour of your very obliging letter at Norton;* but, through one avocation or other, have till now had no time to answer it. I thank you, Sir, for your just and learned remarks on the case of David: they tend much to confirm the sentiments of my other learned friend Dr. Macro, and have indeed, together with his, convinced me of the weakness of Dr. Delany's supposition. It is plain from your review of the Jewish History that the Sanhedrim, if it existed then at all, was without any great power under David. Indeed it does not appear that they had any power at all, much less such a one as to endanger the life of the prince.

I returned from Norton but last night, so that you see I made a hearty stay with my friends there. Indeed I was less solicitous to return, not only on account of the hearty welcome and obliging treatment I met with, but also as I had all the privileges and convenience for study that I could have had in College. Nay more, for the Dr. himself was so good as to become my instructor in form. I had intimated a desire of knowing something of Italian, as 'tis the

* The residence of Dr. Cox Macro.

next fashionable language after French, and, as I had heard, of no great difficulty. Upon this, the Dr., (who is master of most of the modern languages, and, in particular, had learned Italian of *Altieri*, the famous author of the Italian Dictionary in use,) at once undertook to teach it me; and by the benefit of his instructions I am become a notable proficient. . . . . Nothing is talked of here but an invasion from the French. The Chevalier is at Paris, and we are to expect him here in a short time. Whatever there may be in this news it seems to have consternated the ministry. The Tower is trebly guarded, and so is Saint James's; and the soldiery have orders to be ready for action at an hour's warning. They are hasting, it seems, from all quarters of the kingdom, to London. I saw a regiment yesterday going through Newmarket. After all, I apprehend very little from this terror; it seems a politic contrivance of the French to give a diversion to our men, and keep the English out of Germany. Let me know what is said in your part of the world.

In May, 1744, Mr. Hurd was ordained Priest in the Chapel of Caius College by Dr. Gooch, Bishop of Norwich. His correspondence with his friend proceeds thus:

TO THE REV. JOHN DEVEY.

Cambridge, 23 Aug. 1744.

I return many thanks for your accurate letter on Mr. Chandler's tract,* which, though long in coming, was ex-

* Probably "A Vindication of the History of the Old Testament, n answer to the misrepresentations and calumnies of Thomas Morgan, M.D., and the Moral Philosopher. By Samuel Chandler."

tremely welcome. I find that Dr. Macro and you agree in thinking it a clear, spirited, and useful piece, though it may not, as you observe, be without its blemishes. I am glad to hear you have got Mr. Arnald's book,* which by this time you must have read, for I know your diligence. In your next, therefore, which I beg may be soon, I shall take it a favour if you'll please to send me your thoughts upon it. You see the effects of your good nature; but you know, the way of the world is to trouble those most, who are most obliging. The Vacation is always a dead time with us for literary news; however, there is some little stirring. A countryman of ours, one Mr. Worthington, has lately published a chimerical piece which he calls a Scheme of Redemption,† wherein he endeavours to shew that we are gradually advancing towards original virtue and happiness, and that the Redemption of Jesus Christ will not be absolutely complete till His religion shall have freed mankind from every part of the curse, and convert the whole world, both in respect of innocence and pleasure, into a very paradise. Accordingly, he interprets Isaiah and the Prophets in such a manner as to draw them over to his own opinion, and understands all those figurative and poetical encomiums which they have poured out on the Evangelic age, in the exact, literal sense. What you think of this piece in Shropshire I know not, but here it passes with such as have read it for a strangely whimsical and enthusiastic performance. In the end of this famous tract, he has given a new interpre-

* "A critical Commentary upon the Apocryphal Books. By Richard Arnald," 1744. A new edition, corrected by the Rev. J. R. Pitman, was published in 1822.

† "An Essay on the scheme and conduct, procedure and extent, of Man's Redemption, wherein is shewn that this great work is to be accomplished gradually; with a Dissertation on the design and argumentation of the Book of Job. By William Worthington," 1743. 8vo.

tation of the Book of Job, which puts me in mind of another piece of the literary kind, which is much talked of. Mr. Warburton in his Divine Legation took occasion to interpret the Book of Job in a manner very different from that of other commentators; which Dr. Richard Grey animadverted upon in the preface to his late Hebrew edition of that book. Mr. Warburton replied to Dr. Grey, but with so much acrimony as to spirit up the Dr. to fall upon him with a good deal of resentment. The pamphlet is reckoned to be well wrote, and with so much smartness as to be much admired by the enemies of Mr. Warburton. This, I think, is all the news I have at present. I will beg the favour of you to make my compliments to Mrs. Devey, the young ladies, and your son, and to our family at Hatton. Nor must I forget to thank you for your care in sending me an account of them when you write to me. Sir Edward Littleton* is very sober and studious, and gives me the hopes of seeing him one day a scholar and a worthy man. I am, with great respect, good Sir, your obliged humble servant,

R. HURD.

In this year Mr. Hurd seems, from the date in the first page of his Common-place Book (still preserved in the Library of Hartlebury Castle), to have commenced the practice of extracting from, and commenting upon, the books he read, as well as of registering his own thoughts and reflections on subjects as they presented themselves. This practice he continued throughout life, and of how great use the various information thus acquired was to him in his different

* Sir Edward Littleton (who is fully noticed hereafter) was at this time a pupil of Mr. Hurd at Cambridge.

compositions, a comparison of these collections with his printed works plainly shows. From this source many valuable extracts will be found in the Second Part of the present work.

TO THE REV. MR. DEVEY.

Cambridge, 25 May, 1745.

I return abundance of thanks for your last, which gave me every way much pleasure, chiefly as it informed me how exactly my thoughts have coincided with yours concerning Mr. Worthington. For I know not how it happens, but it flatters the vanity of a young man very agreeably, to have his own random notions confirmed by a person of Mr. Devey's experience. Besides this general agreement of our thoughts, I thank you for those particular strictures you have obliged me with on his book, and which I entirely acquiesce in. This Dissertation on the Book of Job is, as you observe, a most strange performance.

The attention of the learned world at present turns entirely almost on the author of the Divine Legation of Moses, who is mowing down his adversaries with as great zeal and success as ever old Bentley did before him. Indeed the superior genius and abilities of that writer gave him a very great advantage over all the gentlemen that have appeared against him, whatever may be determined finally of his cause. A piece he has just now published in answer to Dr. Stebbing and Sykes is very ingenious, but wrote with a severe satiric spirit peculiar to himself and his late friend Mr. Pope. . . . . I must add for your and good Mrs. Devey's satisfaction, that your son is very well, and, as usual, very good. The only want of improvement I can discern in him is in point of smoking, which he

still continues unacquainted with; and, though I would be very cautious of saying anything to the prejudice of so good a lady as Mrs. Devey, yet I must say that I verily believe that the want of this so necessary qualification in her son is wholly owing to her advice and precepts. In punishment of her, I cannot tell whether I may not take a pipe extraordinary myself when I see you.

TO THE REV. JOHN DEVEY.

Rev. Sir,—I am much obliged to you for Dr. Middleton's Letter, &c.* I have read the additions over with much pleasure, and think he has defended his argument, not only against the author of the Catholic Christian, but Warburton himself. Though, if there be any flaw in what regards this last, I doubt not but he'll soon hear of it.

If you have got Veneer† upon the Articles I would beg, the favour of you to send it to me. Pray let me know how your son does, and what news, if he sends any, is stirring in Cambridge.

I am, Sir, with service to Mrs. Devey and your son when you write, you obliged humble servant, R. Hurd.

P.S.—A happy new year to you. Mr. Budworth sends services, and honest Roger twists in a compliment.

* "A Letter from Rome, showing an exact conformity between Popery and Paganism, with a Prefatory Discourse in answer to a Popish writer; and a Postscript, in which Mr. Warburton's opinion concerning the Paganism of Rome is considered. By Conyers Middleton, D.D."

† "An Exposition of the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England. By John Veneer, Rector of St. Andrew, Colchester;" first published in 1725.

In the course of the year 1745, Mr. Hurd and his former pupil, Sir Edward Littleton, were on the road to pay a visit to their old master, Mr. Budworth, when they heard that he had been cut off by a fit of apoplexy. Sir Edward caused a monument to be erected to his memory in the Chapel of Shareshull near Brewood, with the following Latin inscription, which is ascribed to Mr. Hurd:

M.S.
Gulielmo Budworth, A.M.
Hujus simul ac Ecclesiæ de Brewood nuper Pastori,
necnon Literarii ibidem Ludi Præfecto;
in utrumque munus,
innocentiâ vitæ, morum comitate,
humanioribus literis, eloquentiâ simplici
instructissimo,
in omnes perquam facili et benevolo,
in amicos summè officioso,
ab omni tamen erga homines illiberali obsequio,
potentiorum æquè cultu servili alienissimo.
Huic tali viro,
optimo olim præceptori,
amico insuper dilectissimo,
hoc qualicunque amoris et grati animi testimonium
P. C.
Edvardus Littleton, Baronettus. M.DCC.XLVIII.

Mr. Hurd's first literary work appears to have been "Remarks on a late Book, entitled, An Enquiry into the Rejection of Christian Miracles by the Heathen, by William Weston, B.D. 1746." This work is learned and ingenious, and affords an early specimen of his skill in controversy,

and dexterous use of that dangerous weapon, irony.

TO MR. DEVEY.

Cambridge, March 17, 1746-7.

I have read over more than once your strictures on Mr. Chandler's Answer to the Moral Philosopher, and am pleased to find that in the main you agree with me in approving that piece. As to what you observe about his notion of human sacrifices, I think that it appears from the quotations you have produced, to be at least disputable whether what Mr. Chandler has advanced about the high antiquity of them can be defended. As the matter, indeed, appears to me at present, I rather incline to your opinion, and am vastly obliged by the learned pains you have taken to confirm it.

As I am so great a gainer by recommending books to you, I will take this opportunity of mentioning another piece, which has lately appeared on the side of religion, and which I believe you will be much pleased with. 'Tis a Defence of the Evangelical History of the Resurrection, by Mr. West,* a gentleman who converted himself from Deism to Christianity by his own diligent inquiries, the result of which, so far as respects the Resurrection, which seems to have been a main difficulty with him, he has given us in this book. The Bishop of Salisbury,† who had the revisal of it before it went to the press, says, it is by much the best thing on the subject, which is a great deal for the author of the "Trial of the Witnesses" to say. The first part of

* "Observations on the History and Evidences of the Resurrection of Jesus Christ. By Gilbert West, LL.D."

† Dr. Sherlock, afterwards Bishop of London.

this treatise you will find most curious, being a new method of accounting for the seeming inconsistencies in the Gospel narration. But I will not prevent your curiosity, which I think will be agreeably gratified in looking into this piece, and, if so, I shall expect to be favoured with some account of your entertainment.

I beg my best services to Mrs. Devey and the young ladies, who are desired to suspend their displeasure till I come to confront that mischievous knave Mr. Binnel, who, I find, has taken the opportunity of my absence, to dress up such a story as he must expect to be called to an account for. It is a sad thing that Parsons, who are peace-makers by profession, should set folks together by the ears at this rate, and especially where a brother is concerned.

Ds. Devey is well and sends compliments. Pray make mine to friends at Hatton, and Ryton.

On the peace of Aix la Chapelle in the year 1748, Mr. Hurd contributed to the Cambridge congratulations on that occasion the following stanzas. They are principally worthy of attention as affording one of the very few instances of his attempts in poetical composition.

ON THE PEACE OF AIX LA CHAPELLE 1748.

By Mr. Hurd.

Be still, my fears, suggest no false alarms;
The Poet's rapture and the lyric fire
Are vain; enough that inclination warms;
No foreign influence needs the willing Muse inspire.

The willing Muse, adventurous in her flight,
To thee, loved PEACE, shall raise the untaught strain;
Her thy fair triumphs and thy arts delight,
Thy festive branch she bears, and joins thy social train.

High on some wave-worn cliff she views serene
Safe on the deep the freighted navies ride:
Old Ocean joys to see the peaceful scene,
And bids his billows roll with an exulting tide.

Or where Augusta's turrets cleave the skies
She loves to mix with Art's inventive band;
Sees Industry in forms unnumber'd rise,
To scatter blessings wide and civilize the land.

Or flies with transport to her native plain,
See corn-clad fields, fresh lawns, and pastures fair;
Sees Plenty vindicate her ancient reign,
And pour forth all her charms to crown the various year.

But chief the Muse to academic groves
Her kindred train and best-loved arts invite;
Thro' Cam's o'ershadowing bowers intranced she roves,
Whence sacred science streams, and genius spreads his light.

Here will I rest, she cried; my laurel here
Eternal blooms; here hangs my golden lyre,
Which erst my Spenser tun'd to shepherd's ear,
And loftiest Milton smote with genuine epic fire.

And O! if aught my fond presages show,
On these lov'd bowers while PEACE an influence sheds,
Some hand again shall snatch it from the bough,
Wake each high-sounding string, and charm the echoing glades.

Then shall be sung the glorious deeds of war,
How Virtue strove, where envious Fortune fail'd:
Expecting Fame the conflict view'd from far,
And Britain's valour crown'd, tho' Gallia's host prevail'd.

Yet then, even then, (th' indignant verse shall tell,)
A surer vengeance rose to whelm the foe;
When hell-born faction issued from her cell,
And on her impious head drew half the destin'd blow.

But hark! the loud triumphant strains declare
How Britain's majesty unrivall'd rose,
When all the glories of the naval war
Beam'd round her conquering flag, and circled Anson's brows.

Till thus the Power by freedom's sons obey'd:
"Let blood-stain'd glory swell the tyrant's breast;
Be mine compassion's healing wing to spread,
To sheath the wasting sword, and give the nations rest."

Then (as the Muse enraptur'd shall display)
War's impious roar and faction's murmurs cease;
His gracious eye sheds lustre on the day,
And lends the quickening beam to cheer the arts of PEACE.

In the year 1749 Mr. Hurd published his well-known Commentary and Notes on Horace's Art of Poetry. It would justly be considered presumptuous to pass a definite judgment upon a question so much controverted among critics as that concerning Mr. Hurd's theory of this celebrated piece. Whether however his notion, that it is "a criticism, in the form of the didactic epistle, on the Roman drama in Horace's time," be admitted or not, one point, at least, will not be disputed, namely, that he has shown great ingenuity in the maintenance of his opinion; and that his notes contain a compass of learning, and a variety of refined and elegant criticism, which cannot be studied without profit and delight.

In the fourth volume of Gibbon's Miscellaneous Works will be found an elaborate critique on this piece, written in the year 1762, displaying much critical ability, and conceived in a fair and candid spirit. He does not in every case agree with Hurd's conclusions, but he often does; and he always speaks of the author's talents and learning with respect. In the opening of his critique he says:

Mr. Hurd, the supposed author of this performance, is one of those valuable authors who cannot be read without improvement. To a great fund of well-digested learning, he adds a clearness of judgment and a niceness of penetration capable of tracing things from their first principles, and observing their most minute differences. I know few writers more deserving of the great but prostituted name of critic; but, like many critics, he is better qualified to instruct, than to execute. His manner appears to me harsh and affected, and his style clouded with obscure metaphors, and needlessly perplexed with expressions exotic or technical. . . . . Horace's Art of Poetry, generally deemed an unconnected set of precepts without unity of design or method, appears under Mr. Hurd's hands an attempt to reform the Roman stage, conducted with an artful plan, and carried on through the most delicate transitions. This plan is unravelled in Mr. Hurd's Commentary. If ever those transitions appear too finely spun, the concealed art of epistolary freedom will sufficiently account for it. The least Mr. Hurd must convince us of is, that if Horace had any plan it was that which he has laid down . . . . . .

In 1783 George Colman the elder published a translation of the Ars Poetica, with a commentary, in which he broached the following opinion, grounded on that of some eminent continental critics; viz. that the epistle was of a personal character, intended to warn the Pisos, who were in danger of committing themselves precipitately to dramatic composition, of the difficulties of the dramatic art, and of the disgrace and ridicule attending failure. It is stated that on this occasion Bishop Hurd said to Bishop Douglas of Salisbury, "Give my compliments to Colman, and

thank him for the handsome manner in which he has treated me, and tell him that I think he is right." Dr. Joseph Warton and Dr. Beattie are said to have been also of Colman's opinion.

A recent writer on this subject (Mr. Wheeler of Trinity College, Dublin) says of the Bishop's Commentary,

> His work is evidently the composition of an accomplished scholar, who united originality, penetration, and taste to the advantage of various reading: but at the same time it betrays the love of paradox, which he imbibed from Warburton—reasoning more subtle than solid—and advocacy more ingenious than successful. The editor, in truth, claims more admiration than the author; and, for my part, I feel persuaded that Hurd's Commentary and Notes contain a more valuable and better digested collection of criticisms than Horace either wrote, or intended to write.

It is difficult, amidst so much that is excellent, to select particular passages; but the following may serve as examples of the author's vein of criticism, as well as of his style and manner. In his note on line 244, speaking of pastoral poetry, he says:

> The prodigious number of writings called pastoral, which have been current in all times, and in all languages, shews there is something very taking in this poem. And no wonder, since it addresses itself to the leading principles of human nature, the love of ease, the love of beauty, and the moral sense: such pieces as these being employed in representing to us the tranquillity, the innocence, and the scenery of the rural life.

"A happy example," remarks Mr. Green,* "of a solution exact and complete in all its parts, and which leaves nothing wanting to give absolute and entire satisfaction to the mind of the inquirer."

The proper training of the dramatic poet is thus justly indicated, at line 309:

"The boast of his art is to catch every different aspect of nature, and more especially to exhibit the human character in every varying light and form under which it presents itself. But this is not to be done without an exquisite study and philosophical knowledge of man; to which end the Socratic philosophy is more peculiarly adapted. Add to this, that it is the genius of true poetry, not only to animate but to *personalize* every thing; *omnia debent esse morata.* Hence the indispensable necessity of moral science: all poetry being in effect what Mr. Dryden somewhere calls comedy, 'the theft of poets from mankind.'"

In a note on line 286 he thus judiciously limits the era for subjects of tragedy:

I will only add, that, for the more successful execution of the rule of celebrating domestic acts, much will depend on the era from whence the subject is taken. Times too remote have almost the same inconveniences, and none of the advantages, which attend the ages of Greece and Rome. And for those of later date, they are too much familiarised to us, and have not as yet acquired that venerable cast and air which tragedy demands, and age only can give. There is no fixing this point with precision. In the general that era is the fittest for the poet's purpose which, though fresh enough in our

* Of Ipswich. See "Diary of a Lover of Literature."

minds to warm and interest us in the event of the action, is yet at so great a distance from the present times as to have lost all those mean and disparaging circumstances which unavoidably adhere to recent deeds, and, in some measure, sink the noblest modern transactions to the level of ordinary life."

Of Shakspeare he thus speaks in the same note:

"Our Shakspeare was, I think, the first that broke through the bondage of classical superstition; and he owed this felicity, as he did some others, to his want of what is called the advantage of a learned education. Thus, uninfluenced by the weight of early prepossession, he struck at once into the road of nature and common sense; and, without designing—without knowing it, hath left us in his historical plays, with all their anomalies, an exacter resemblance of the Athenian stage, than is anywhere to be found in its most professed admirers and copyists."

In the following passage from a note on line 310, the critical reader will observe how clearly the author foresaw, and how exactly he predicted, the present state of our literature and language:

"When a language, as ours at this time, hath been much polished and enriched with perfect models of style in almost every way, it is in the order of things that the next step should be to a *vicious affectation*. For the simplicity of true taste under these circumstances grows insipid; something *better than the best* must be aimed at; and the reader's languid appetite raised by the provocatives of an ambitious refinement. And this in *sentiment* as well as *language*."

SECTION II.

We come now to a most important incident in Mr. Hurd's Life—his introduction to Mr. Warburton. This was to Hurd, what Warburton's introduction to Pope had been to him, the turning point of his fortunes. On what precise occasion, or at what exact time, they met, does not appear. It would have been gratifying to meet with some record of the first encounter of two men destined to be linked in so close and unbroken an intimacy through life. What appears evidently to have been the beginning of their correspondence is, a letter from Warburton, which opens the collection of "Letters of a Late Eminent Prelate," &c. It is dated June 1, 1749, and acknowledges, in warm and characteristic terms, the following graceful compliment paid to him by Hurd at the end of the Introduction to his Comment on the Ars Poetica.

For the kind of interpretation itself, (*i. e.* by way of commentary,) it must be allowed, of all others, the fittest to throw light upon a difficult and obscure subject, and, above all, to convey an exact idea of the scope and order of any work. It hath, accordingly, been so considered by several of the foreign, particularly the Italian, critics; who have essayed long since to illustrate in this way the very piece before us. But the *success* of these foreigners is, I am sen-

sible, a slender recommendation of their *method*. I choose therefore to rest on the *single* authority of a great author, who, in his edition of our English Horace, the *best* that ever was given of any classic, hath now retrieved and established the full credit of it. What was the amusement of his pen becomes indeed the *labour* of inferior writers. Yet, on these unequal terms, it can be no discredit to have aimed at some resemblance of one of the least of those *merits* which shed their united honours on the name of the illustrious *friend* and *commentator* of Mr. POPE.

Warburton's letter above-mentioned seems to have preceded the following equally well-turned compliment addressed to Hurd in a note to the "Essay on Criticism," line 632,

"But where's the man," &c.

He answers, that he (the true critic) was to be found in the happier ages of Greece and Rome, in the persons of Aristotle and Horace, Dionysius and Petronius, Quintilian and Longinus: whose characters he has not only exactly drawn, but contrasted them with a peculiar elegance; the profound science and logical method of Aristotle being opposed to the plain common sense of Horace, conveyed in a natural and familiar negligence; the study and refinement of Dionysius to the gay and courtly ease of Petronius; and the gravity and minuteness of Quintilian to the vivacity and general topics of Longinus. Nor has the poet been less careful, in these examples, to point out their eminence in the several critical virtues he so carefully inculcated in his precepts. Thus, in Horace he particularizes his candour, in Petronius his good breeding, in Quintilian his free and copious instruction, and in Longinus his great and noble spirit. By this question and answer,

we see, he does not encourage us to search for the true critic amongst modern writers. And indeed the discovery of him, if it could be made, would be but an invidious business. I will venture no further than to name the piece of criticism in which these marks may be found. It is entitled "Q. Hor. Fl. Ars Poetica, et ejusd. Ep. ad Aug., with an English Commentary and Notes."

The mutual mention of each other in such warm and flattering terms must have been a most auspicious commencement of their friendship; and the uninterrupted continuance of that friendship for so many years affords a strong presumption that each spoke his real sentiments of the other. Should any surprise be felt at so strict and enduring an intimacy having subsisted between men of characters so dissimilar, it will be abated by the following considerations. In the first place, their sentiments, both religious and political, their taste in literature, and their studies, were almost exactly similar. This was a strong bond of union. In the next place, their very dissimilarity of natural disposition, paradoxical as the remark may seem, was another cementing influence; the calm and dispassionate temper of Hurd enabling him to make an allowance for any ebullition of feeling in an impetuous friend, whilst his tact and dexterity fitted him in a peculiar manner to avoid rough points of contact, and thus to keep clear of offence, and maintain harmonious agreement. It may be added, that they were both upright and independent

men, equally holding all baseness in contempt; and each inspired with a sincere respect for the other. There was also that tie, so strict and sacred in generous natures, which consists in benefits frankly bestowed on the one part, and gratefully felt and acknowledged on the other. These points, which stand out so prominently in their history and correspondence, seem fully to account for the strength and constancy of their attachment amidst the discrepancy of their natural qualities and dispositions.

Mr. Hurd, in a letter to his friend and patron, thus describes the origin and progress of his respect for him and his works.

Cambridge, Dec. 30, 1756.

For the first years of my residence in the university, when I was labouring through the usual courses of logic, mathematics, and philosophy, I heard little of your name and writings. And the little I did hear was not likely to encourage a young man that was under direction to inquire further after either. In the mean time, I grew up into the use of a little common sense; my commerce with the people of the place was enlarged. Still the clamours increased against you, and the appearance of your second volume opened many mouths. I was then B.A., and, having no immediate business on my hands, I was led by a spirit of perverseness to see what there was in these decried volumes that had given such offence.

To say the truth, there had been so much apparent bigotry and insolence in the invectives I had heard, though echoed, as was said, from men of note amongst us, that I wished, perhaps out of pure spite, to find them ill-founded.

And I doubt I was half determined in your favour before I knew any thing of the merits of the case.

The effect of all this was, that I took the *Divine Legation* down with me into the country, where I was going to spend the summer of, I think, 1740, with my friends. I there read the three volumes at my leisure, and with the impression I shall never forget. I returned to college the winter following, not so properly your convert, as all over spleen and prejudice against your defamers. From that time, I think, I am to date my friendship with you. There was something in your mind, still more than in the matter of your book, that struck me. In a word, I grew a constant reader of you. I inquired after your other works. I got the *Alliance* into my hands; and met with the Essay on *Portents and Prodigies*, which last I liked the better, and still like it, because I understood it was most abused by those who owed you no good will. Things were in this train, when the *Comment on Pope* appeared. That Comment, and the connexion I chanced then to have with Sir Edward Littleton, made me a poor critic. And in that condition you found me. I became on the sudden your acquaintance; and am now happy in being your friend. You have here a slight sketch of my history; at least of the only part of it which will ever deserve notice. (Letters, XCII.)

Hurd was introduced by Warburton to his distinguished friends Mr. Murray and Mr. Charles Yorke, to whom his solid learning, his refined taste, the purity of his life, and the native elegance of his manners soon recommended him as an associate and a friend; and to whose good offices he was principally indebted for his future advancement in life.

Among Mr. Hurd's chosen companions at Cambridge was Mr., afterwards Dr., Thomas Balguy, of whom the following short notice may form a proper prelude to his correspondence with that learned and estimable person—a correspondence terminating only with the life of Dr. Balguy.

Thomas Balguy was the only son of the Rev. John Balguy, Vicar of Northallerton, and Prebendary of Salisbury. He was educated at the Grammar-school, Ripon, and afterwards at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he obtained a Fellowship, and became subsequently Tutor, and deputy Public Orator. He was tutor to the Duke of Northumberland, and collated by Bishop Hoadley to a Stall in Winchester Cathedral, and to the Archdeaconry of Hants. In 1781 he was nominated to the See of Gloucester, but permitted to decline it on account of his infirmities. He died in 1795. Bishop Hurd in his Life of Warburton says of him that, "He was a person of extraordinary parts and extensive learning, indeed of universal knowledge; and, what is so precious in a man of letters, of the most exact judgment." How much deference the Bishop paid to him in the last point many of the following letters fully attest. Dr. Parr also, in a note to his Preface to "Tracts by Warburton and a Warburtonian," attributes to him "solid learning, an erect and manly spirit, habits of the most exact and enlarged thinking, and a style equally

pure, elegant, and nervous." Between this learned and excellent person and both Bishops Warburton and Hurd, there subsisted a long and most unreserved friendship, evidenced in Bishop Hurd's case by the following letters, and in Bishop Warburton's by a yet more interesting and important series, still in MS., and in the hands of the Rev. John T. Allen, Vicar of Stradbrook, Suffolk, by whom, as I have before observed, this collection was most kindly contributed. It is much to be feared that Dr. Balguy's part of the correspondence is not extant. The Editor has not been able to discover more than one or two of his letters to Bishop Hurd, and he was informed by the late Rev. Martin Stafford Smith, who had been Chaplain to Bishop Warburton, that he (Mr. S.) had, much against his will, been himself instrumental, by Mrs. W's direction (in fulfilment of the Bishop's express injunction) in destroying a vast mass of correspondence with eminent characters both at home and abroad.

Dr. Balguy's works, consisting of his treatise, "The Divine Benevolence asserted against ancient and modern Sceptics," and Sermons and Charges published in his life-time, were collected and republished, with additions, by his son-in-law Dr. Drake, in two volumes, in the year 1818. With all the clearness of Paley, these works display an equal, if not deeper, reach of thought, and incomparably more learning; but, amidst the

revolutions and caprices of literary taste, are now seldom found but on the shelves of the curiously learned.

REV. MR. HURD TO REV. MR. BALGUY.

Cambridge, 18 Aug. 1749.

. . . . . To enliven, or at least relieve, this solitude I have taken to my long-neglected fiddle. You can't imagine what pains I am at, and how fast I improve under the forming hand of Mr. Fischer. Not a grain of taste, but a wonderful exactness of fingering, bowing, &c. This is the grammar of music; the flourish of rhetoric is to come after, if indeed it ever comes, which, to say the truth, I much doubt; for this fit can never last long, and November and you will furnish better amusements. But 'tis something to keep awake in the meantime. I have said the more on this frivolous subject to shew you that, if this indolent summer should turn out ill *pour la santé*, you are not to place it to the account of my books, which, you will hereby understand, are quite guiltless. . . . . .

A few days ago I received a packet from Prior Park. It contained, besides a letter, (in which is a curious paragraph concerning two great persons, altogether esoteric,) the MS. notes on Mr. Pope's Imitation of the Epistle to Augustus, sent, as he* says, "to convince me how much a comment on that piece of Horace is wanting." You may be sure it had not this effect; at least I was not to own it. My answer however was drawn in such a way as to leave me at liberty either to decline or follow his advice as I may find myself disposed to either. But this is of small

* Evidently Dr. Warburton. See Letters III. and IV. Warburton and Hurd's Correspondence.

moment. You will ask after the notes themselves. They are, many of them, very curious, especially some which give us the character of eminent writers,* as Lord Shaftesbury, Bishop Sprat, Mr. Addison, and Dr. Bentley. I am pleased with the last, which does justice to the great critic. Two or three notes are purposely brought in to abuse bishops. This delights me, for reasons you will easily guess at. There are besides some ingenious criticisms. On the whole I like the notes extremely, and believe you will when you see them. To inform you more particularly of them would be to transcribe them. He observes in his letter that he has written comments as well as notes on all the *moral* epistles. The editor will certainly be clever. Dear Sir, your most affectionate and faithful servant, R. HURD.

In May 1750, by Warburton's recommendation to Sherlock, Bishop of London, Mr. Hurd was appointed one of the Preachers at Whitehall.

"At this period," says Mr. Chalmers, "the University of Cambridge was disturbed by internal divisions occasioned by an exercise of discipline against some of its members who had been wanting in respect to those invested with its authority. A punishment having been inflicted on some delinquents, they refused to submit to it, and appealed from the Vice-Chancellor's jurisdiction. The right of the University, and those to whom its power was delegated, becoming by this means the subject of debate, several pamphlets appeared. Among these Mr. Hurd

* For these characters, which are drawn with Warburton's usual spirit, see his edition of Pope.

wrote "The Opinion of an eminent Lawyer (the Earl of Hardwicke) concerning the Right of Appeal from the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge to the Senate; supported by a short Historical Account of the Jurisdiction of the University, in answer to a late pamphlet entitled 'An Inquiry into the Right of Appeal from the Vice-Chancellor, &c. by a Fellow of a College,' 1751." This passed through three editions, and is inserted in his Works. His opponent on this occasion was Dr. Thomas Chapman, afterwards Master of Magdalen College. (See Letters of a Late Eminent Prelate, &c. CXLI. CXLII.)

The Commentary on the Ars Poetica was followed in 1751 by that on the Epistle to Augustus. This fine piece he characterises as "An Apology for the Poets of his own time." In conducting it, the poet, after holding up to ridicule a narrow and exclusive admiration of the ancients, sets forth the various merits of the poets of his own date, and throws the blame of the neglect shown to them on the prevalent bad taste of the age, and on certain emergent circumstances. Of this piece Warburton, writing to Balguy the same year, says: "It is an admirable thing, and will be always read with new pleasure." Gibbon considers it as far superior to that on the Ars Poetica, and pronounces the explanation at v. 16 of the allegory which opens Virgil's third Georgic, "exquisitely fine." (Miscellaneous Works, vol. iv. p. 152.) Mr. Green of

Ipswich says of the same explanation, "If it be chimerical, it is wrought out with exquisite art, and ultimately displayed with matchless effect." He also speaks of many of Mr. Hurd's critical remarks on v. 97, 210, 214, as "just, profound, and philosophical." (Diary, pp. 41, 221.)

TO THE SAME.

Inner Temple, 19th March, 1750-1.

DEAR SIR,—I expect to be believed when I assure you that no one can possibly be more tender of your reputation than I am, and that therefore I should never have pressed you to give leave to have your papers inserted in my medley, but that I was convinced they would be as much to your credit as to the ornament of my trifling book. Mr. Warburton's strong approbation of them satisfied me that I was not mistaken in this opinion. And, notwithstanding all you say, I must still think you could suffer no other dishonour from their insertion, than what might arise from the circumstance of their being found in such company. However, as the apprehension you are in of the opinion of the multitude (which surely is more scrupulous than your great merit needs subject you to,) inclines you to think otherwise, I forbear to trouble you any further about them.

Yet your refusal lays me under great difficulties. I cannot think of dressing up your thoughts in worse language of my own. And to take the merit of so long a note to myself, and especially as given in your own words, is downright impudence. Besides, for want of your last hand to the papers I have, (for the new paragraph you have sent is not, I think, so applicable to my purpose as that I wished

you to correct for me,) I am reduced to the necessity of omitting a very material part of them, or of injuring your sense by my tampering with them. Yet all these difficulties I am willing to struggle with, in order to shew you that I dare take the disgrace of the whole upon myself; which I will do with as little alteration of your words and method as possible; in hopes that the success of it, of which I have no doubt, will procure your leave for me to give it, in a second edition, to its rightful owner.*

I wish you had seen Mr. Allen. He comes up to the notion of my favourites in Queen Elizabeth's reign: good sense in conjunction with the plainest manners—*simplex et nuda veritas.* I dined with him yesterday, where I met Mr. Fielding,†—a poor emaciated, worn-out rake, whose gout and infirmities have got the better even of his buffoonery.

You lost a great pleasure in not seeing the pictures at Devonshire House, which Lord George ‡ was so kind as to shew me. I mentioned your short stay in town (for I supposed it likely he would hear of you) and your indisposition, and your great concern that you could not wait upon him. He spoke very kindly of you, and desired his compliments.

Is this pamphlet with the motto "Est genus hominum," &c. from Magdalen? Mr. Warburton says he perceives this is the *bon-mot* of the party. From what Mr. Balguy relates of a conversation with Chapman, I pronounce him to be, what I always took him for, an insolent coxcomb.§

I am ashamed in the same page to send my services and name the names of Mr. Powell and Mr. Allen. Let me

* This probably refers to assistance rendered by Dr. Balguy to the "Inquiry into the Right of Appeal, &c." mentioned above.

† Henry Fielding, the celebrated novelist.

‡ Lord George Cavendish, second son of William third Duke of Devonshire, born 1728, died unmarried 1794.

§ "A man of great eminence said he had as high an opinion as I could have of the merits of Mr. Balguy and Mr. Hurd,—that he had some personal knowledge of them; but 'est genus hominum qui

hear from you at your leisure, and believe me to be your most entirely faithful and affectionate friend and servant,

R. HURD.

The mention of Mr. Allen in the preceding letter leads to the remark that, early in this year, Mr. Hurd received from him through Mr. Warburton an invitation, probably his first, to Prior Park. From this time he continued to be a frequent visitor at that scene of elegant hospitality, where he enjoyed the best and most accomplished society, and secured in so great a degree the respect and affection of Mr. and Mrs. Allen, that he was engaged by a promise to perform the last offices of religion for them both, on their decease. In his Life of Warburton, Bishop Hurd has paid the following tribute to the high and estimable character of Mr. Allen.

He was a man of plain good sense, and the most benevolent temper. He rose to great consideration by farming the cross-posts, which he put into the admirable order in which we now (1788) find them; very much to the public advantage, as well as his own. He was of that generous composition, that his mind enlarged with his fortune; and the wealth he so honourably acquired, he spent in a splendid hospitality, and the most extensive charities. His house, in so public a scene as that of Bath, was open to all men of

esse primos.' I said, whoever had thus represented them to him had vilely injured them, for they were the very reverse of this character. But I would tell him one thing,—that they were indeed the first; the others had got the rewards due to such." (MS. Letter of Warburton to Balguy, Feb. 7, 1750-1.)

rank and wealth, and especially to men of distinguished parts and learning, whom he honoured and encouraged; and whose respective merits he was enabled to appreciate by a natural discernment and superior good sense, rather than by any acquired use and knowledge of letters. His domestic virtues were above all praise. With these qualities he drew to himself an universal respect, and possessed in a high degree the esteem of Mr. Pope, who in one of his Moral Essays has done justice to his modest and amiable character.

To this masterly sketch it needs only to be added, that Mr. Ralph Allen was born of humble parents at St. Blazey in Cornwall, in 1694, and died in 1764.

TO REV. MR. BALGUY.

Cambridge, 26 Sept. 1752.

. . . . I should say something to hasten your return hither, but that I am proposing to set out for Prior Park next week. And my benevolence,—though I verily believe it, in spite of what Lord Bolingbroke prates, to be an innate principle,—yet does not act so forcibly as to make me so much concerned for my friends as myself. Though you will find Mason here, who talks of fitting up his *Faithful Shepherdess*, as being in some apprehension that Boyce and Garrick will force it from him. Betwixt ourselves, he keeps wretched company. I saw him yesterday speak to Green of Cottenham and S. Jennens,* Esq.; and the morning, he owned to me, was entirely spent in chit-chat with Daniel

* Soame Jenyns, Esq., of St. John's college, afterwards one of the Lords of Trade, and author of several essays. See Cole's character of him in Nichols's Literary Illustrations, viii. 575.

Wray.* The device of the duke's medal † was part of the conversation. Nothing can be more wretched. Granta is another Cybele with towers on her head. She is shewing three bachelors of arts the way to the Senate-house, and the motto is STUDIIS HUMANITATIS. Voila l'invention et le genie de la Societé des Antiquaires de Londres!

Prior to the year 1753 Mr. Hurd contested unsuccessfully the Tutorship of his College with the Rev. James Bickham, another of the Fellows of Emmanuel (afterwards Rector of Loughborough) an inferior scholar, who was elected, it is conjectured, from political motives, Mr. Bickham having the support of the seniors of the College, who were Tories, and Mr. Hurd being a Whig.

TO REV. MR. BALGUY.

Devereux Court, 14 March, 1753.

DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your kind letter. I have the pleasure to inform you that Dr. Heberden is quite recovered from his late illness, which, to the disgrace of temperance, ended in a fit of the gout. Besides its other ravages, it has stripped the doctor of a good deal of that flesh, with which, as you know, his bones were so unmercifully encumbered. He took your compliment, which I reported to him, very kindly. . . . .

Mr. Warburton has seen a thing against the Newtonian

* Daniel Wray, esq. F.R.S. and F.S.A., a Deputy Teller in the Exchequer, a memoir of whom by Mr. Justice Hardinge was published in the first volume of Nichols's Illustrations of Literature.

† The Chancellor's gold medal at Cambridge was first given in the year 1751 by Thomas Holles, Duke of Newcastle, then Chancellor of the University.

philosophy in favour of Hutchinson by one Horne,* of Oxford, and thinks it would be a good employment for some Cambridge Soph to answer it.

Mr. Allen's family is come to town, and betwixt them and my other friends I hardly know when I can make my escape from this place . . . . .

I am a little of Pope's humour, to love a courtier in disgrace. This, and a little business I had with him, carried me this morning to my Lord Bishop of Norwich.† The oily smoothness of this prelate ran over upon me in all manner of civilities, and I am to eat a bit of mutton with him on Sunday.

The present state of the Theatres confirms my theory of the Drama. A fine old enchanting story of our own, in the *Earl of Essex*,‡ took very much with the town, notwithstanding the clumsy execution of an Irish bricklayer. "*The Brothers*,"§ though an infinitely better play, has worse success. The story, though it reads finely in Livy, is a bad one for a tragedy; and is, indeed, but ill managed. The dresses and other decorations are prodigiously splendid. It was well acted, and yet if this virtuous age had not been fired with a primitive zeal for the propagation of Christianity, nothing, I believe, could have saved it from the poet's hell. The pleading before the King had the best effect in the representation, for which, as well as I remember, great thanks are due to Livy. The character of Perseus is much the best, but outraged, as almost every thing indeed is.

* George Horne, afterwards Bishop of Norwich. The essay was entitled "A fair, candid, and impartial state of the case between Sir Isaac Newton and Mr. Hutchinson," and will be found in the sixth volume of Bishop Horne's collected works, 8vo. 1809.

† Thomas Hayter, who was bishop from 1749 to 1761.

‡ By Mr. Henry Jones. See Biographia Dramatica, ii. p. 152.

§ By the celebrated poet Dr. Edward Young. See Biographia Dramatica, ii. p. 78.

This Night Thinker has deepened the horror of some parts so much that the *raven hour of darkness*, to speak in Shakespeare's phrase, does not *smile*, but frown. However, the smile is not lost: it is only transferred elsewhere.

Poor Mason is a wretched politician. He has taken it into his head to serve a friend, but has contrived such a way of doing it as, if the world knew it, would disgrace the very name of poetry. He wrote me a long letter about getting a Commissioner's place of Bankrupts from my Lord Chancellor, which he supposes may be done by a *friend's* asking for it. I referred him, as my Lord Archbishop of York* would have done, to parliamentary interest. When will these simple-minded men of Parnassus learn a little prudence?

Speaking of Parnassus puts me in mind to tell you that Mr. Warburton has found in Pope's library an edition of Bishop Hall's Satires,† with many expressions of admiration in the margin. The last of those satires, I think, is marked throughout in his own hand. And Mr. Warburton conjectures he had designed to versify it, as he had done some of Donne's. You may be sure I triumph in this discovery. . . . . .

Ever most entirely yours, R. HURD.

Cambridge, 27 Sept. 1753.

Poor Mason's affliction you have heard of. He has lost his father: and since that two servants have died out of the family, and his mother is now ill. All this looks like a contagious fever, which alarms us all exceedingly for him: besides we fear his situation in other respects is but indifferent. Pray write a word to him, if you have not already. Advise him to come away from Hull, or say anything else to him that you please. Anything from a friend on these occasions carries some comfort with it. . . . . .

* Dr. Matthew Hutton, translated to Canterbury 1757.

† This is still preserved in the Library of Hartlebury Castle.

(No date.)

My most honoured Friend,—After my hearty respects and commendations premised. Our cordial and singular well-wisher, the Master of Benet,* having on the instant signified unto me his loving intention of honouring his poor servant with his company this afternoon, I could not choose but give you this notice, most earnestly wishing you a part in this enjoyment, if so be you have not mishaply bounden yourself to any precedent engagement elsewhere. I will further acknowledge myself indebted to your courtesy for furthering this invitation to our respected acquaintance Mr. Powell,† provided you think of his discretion in such sort, as that he will not be forward to interpose any meddling concerning Bishop Fisher's *small scarfe*, or such like unseemly talk, upon so grave and reverend a personage. And so, commending you to your wonted prudence to determine as seemeth you fit, I rest, in all bounden service, your friend at commandment, Richard Hurd.

Emmanuel, Monday morning.

Dear Sir, — We had some chat last night at your Chamber about that sort of characters which, for want of a better word, I barbarously called *mawkish*. On coming home I found a book of *Characters* on my table, and, opening it, happened to fall on *one* which exactly answers to my idea, though I knew not how to express it. Pray shew it to Dr. Ogden,‡ and tell him if you please, (to gain it the greater reverence) that it comes from a Bishop.

My mawkish man, then, "is one that would fain run an

* John Green, D.D., afterwards Bishop of Lincoln.

† The Rev. William Samuel Powell, afterwards (in 1765) Master of St. John's (see p. 93).

‡ Samuel Ogden, D.D., Fellow of St. John's, Cambridge, Master of Halifax School 1744—1753; Woodwardian Professor 1764.

even path in the world, and jut against no man. His endeavour is not to offend, and his aim the general opinion. His conversation is a kind of continued compliment, and his life a practice of manners. The relation he bears to others a kind of fashionable respect, not friendship, but friendliness, which is equal to all and general, and his kindnesses seldom exceed courtesies. He loves not deeper mutualities, because he would not take sides, nor hazard himself in displeasures, which he principally avoids. At your first acquaintance with him he is exceedingly kind and friendly, and at your twentieth meeting after but friendly still. He has an excellent command over his patience and tongue, especially the last, which he accommodates always to the times and persons, and speaks seldom what is sincere, but what is civil. He is one that uses all companies, drinks all healths, and is reasonable cool in all religions. He considers who are friends to the company, and speaks well where he is sure to hear of it again. He can listen to a foolish discourse with an applausive attention, and conceal his laughter at nonsense. Silly men much honour and esteem him, because by his fair reasoning with them as with men of understanding he puts them into an erroneous opinion of themselves, and makes them forwarder hereafter to their own discovery. He is one rather well thought on than beloved, and that love he has is more of whole companies together than any one in particular. Men gratify him notwithstanding with a good report; and, whatever he has besides, yet, having no enemies, he is sure to be an honest fellow."

Thus far this discerning prelate,* who, after all, it is probable, was himself a little *mawkish;* at least if bishopricks

* John Earle, afterwards Bishop of Worcester and Salisbury, in his "Microcosmographia; or, a Peece of the World discovered in Essayes and Characters, 1628," which was re-edited by the late Rev. Dr. Bliss, 1811, 8vo. The character occurs at p. 84, and is entitled "A plausible Man."

were to be got *then*, as some say they are *now*, by a dexterous *application* of this quality. If you or the doctor call for instances, besides the worthies mentioned last night, I refer you to the master of every college, or, excepting the doctor himself, and perhaps one or two more, the whole vestry of St. Mary's. You will take notice that I name no names; and so far I may be thought to come myself within the description of an *honest fellow*. But in every other respect I disclaim the imputation, as being *de tout mon cœur* your sincere friend and servant, R. H.

In the year 1755 an opportunity was given to Mr. Hurd of signalizing his attachment to Mr. Warburton, of which he availed himself too much in the style of his friend and patron. Warburton, in the second book of his Divine Legation of Moses, had broached the opinion that the descent of Æneas into Hades, in the sixth book of Virgil's Æneid, was an allegory representing the ceremony of initiation into the Eleusinian mysteries. From this opinion Dr. Jortin had ventured in his Sixth Dissertation to express partial dissent, in respectful terms indeed, but, as was thought by Hurd, with that degree of faint praise which implies indirect condemnation. This gave occasion to a pamphlet from Hurd,* entitled, "The Delicacy of Friendship, a seventh Dissertation, addressed to the Author of the sixth." In this piece he exposes in the most

* To this attack Jortin made no direct reply; but a passage in one of his Sermons (vol. iv. p. 238) appears to bear indirect but forcible allusion to it.

unsparing manner what he deemed an insidious attack upon the theory of his friend. It is indeed a master-piece of keen and delicate irony, but no candid judge can do otherwise than regret that so severe an attack should have been made on a man of Jortin's talent and character on such slight provocation. And every friend to Hurd's memory must cordially agree with the sentiments expressed in the candid and manly letter on this subject of a mutual friend of both Hurd and Warburton, the able, but eccentric and most unfortunate, Dr. John Browne.*

That the dissatisfaction expressed in this letter was shared by another distinguished friend of both parties, the amiable and accomplished, but likewise unfortunate, Charles Yorke, appears from the following extract from an unpublished letter of his to Warburton, dated March, 1756. In this judicious and candid address one knows not which to admire most, the warmth of friendship, or the dexterity in managing the foible of a testy friend, which it exhibits.

The friendship of all you say and write *to* me and *of* me, upon all occasions I feel, and will ever return with equal warmth and cordiality. . . . You know that in London I am no general or hackney talker *de omni scibili* in all companies, or even to every acquaintance whom I respect. Having

* Author of "Essays on the Characteristics," &c. The letter in question is cited by Browne himself in his Letter to Bishop Lowth 1766; and republished by Parr in his "Tracts by Warburton, &c." p. 200.

said so much on the particular fact, allow me to add, that I have ever done justice, both in words and opinion, to the merit and the friendship, both of the Dissertation and of the writer. I think the first excellent in its kind, and I think the learning and parts of the latter to be equalled only by his candour and virtue. It is a strong thing which you say, and with complaisance call a misfortune, that your defences in print, whether by yourself or others, have never been greatly to my satisfaction. It is kind and just of you to speak of a difference in taste as the cause of our difference in judgment; but still it is an expression too strong. We are agreed in the thing always, in the manner, or rather as to some strokes mixed with the manner, not always. Perhaps it is that well-accorded strife (as Pope calls it) which has made the harmony of our friendship. And yet I must say that nobody has maintained with more freedom or with more heat your right to vindicate yourself against some persons, even with asperity. Your own pieces have pleased and satisfied me (which is a declaration not new to you), and I think Mr. Towne's* incomparable. After all, if my judgment at any time misleads me, I am conscious it must be owing to its own original and native weakness; for, in matters which concern your interest or honour, my affection for you makes it incapable of being perverted or receiving a false bias.

Mr. Hurd's connection as tutor with Sir Edward Littleton had ripened into a permanent friendship. Of this the following letters, continued at intervals up to the time of the Bishop's death, are a sufficient and pleasing evidence. As little is known of Sir Edward beyond the sphere of his

* John Towne, Archdeacon of Stowe, a zealous defender of Bishop Warburton. See his "Argument of the Divine Legation fairly stated, 1751."

neighbourhood and personal connections, a short biographical account of him may form a proper introduction to Mr. Hurd's letters.

Sir Edward Littleton * was born in the year 1727. In his fifteenth year he inherited from his uncle, the third baronet, the family estates in Staffordshire, which had been acquired by marriage by a descendant of Richard, second son of Judge Littleton, author of the "Tenures." The education of a youth representing such a lineage and such a property was justly considered by his guardians a matter of great importance. He was, therefore, on his entrance at Emmanuel College, at an early age, placed under the tuition of Bishop (then Mr.) Hurd. The seeds of this early education were not thrown away, and were apparent in Sir Edward's tastes and associations through life. He embraced, however, the habits of a country gentleman, and devoted himself till the time of his death to the care of his property, and to county duties and pursuits. He cultivated assiduously through life a friendship with the Bishop and his friends, a feeling cordially reciprocated by them all, but especially by the Bishop, whose last letter to him is very affecting.

* Bishop Warburton, in a letter to Mr. Hurd, dated, Prior Park, 1754, speaks thus of Sir Edward Littleton: "On Monday last Sir Edward Littleton was so good as to come and stay two days with me. He is a very amiable young gentleman. He has very good sense, and appears to have strong impressions of virtue and honour. The latter endowments were no other than I expected from a pupil of yours. He has a perfect sense of his obligations to you." (Letters, &c. lxiii.)

The Bishop dedicated to his pupil his edition of the Ars Poetica of Horace in terms highly honourable to the character of Sir Edward. In 1745 Sir Edward raised a company in the regiment of Lord Gower, in which he was a captain. He married Frances, daughter of Christopher Horton of Catton in Derbyshire, Esq., who died without issue, full forty years before her husband, who continued unmarried till his death. In 1793, a time of great political excitement, the Viscount Lewisham, who then represented the county of Stafford, having rendered himself unpopular, retired from its representation, and Sir Edward was invited by the almost unanimous call of the freeholders to represent them. This honour he earnestly endeavoured to decline, as he was then 64 years of age; but he was compelled to yield, and retained his seat during the remainder of his life, seldom, however, attending Parliament, except on urgent occasions. He died in 1812, aged 85.*

REV. MR. HURD TO SIR EDWARD LITTLETON.

Cambridge, 1st Dec. 1755.

My dear Friend,—I have your kind letter. By one from Mr. Fenton last night I learn that my poor father is at last released from his great misery. I and all his family have reason to be thankful for his deliverance.

* For this account of his venerable ancestor I am indebted to the Right Honourable Lord Hatherton.

And yet I feel the loss very tenderly. It is not to be expressed how excellent a man he was,—how benevolent and generous in his temper, and how kind, even to excess, to his family. Such instances of goodness, though very rare, cost people in higher life and easier fortunes very little. But his virtues were at the expense of his own ease and other satisfactions. I mention these things to you, who have a *heart*, and will feel with me and for me. The generality of mankind know nothing of these matters. My tears overflow while I write this. God give you ease and content in this life,—more is not to be expected, even in your fortune,—and reward your virtues in another. Your good and generous lady, I know, will sympathise with me. Remember me to her with all respect and kindness. My dearest friend, your ever affectionate and faithful servant,

R. Hurd.

Cambridge, 13 Dec. 1755.

Dear Sir Edward,—Let me thank you for the satisfaction I received from your very affectionate letter of the 6th. The religious considerations you mention are those which have the greatest weight with me. I know they are the only ones that bring us any relief in these distresses of humanity. The dear person I lament was supported by them in all his afflictions; and I should be much ashamed not to feel their whole force, when I consider who it is that recommends them to me. So just a turn of thinking, at your years, and in your fortune, is not very common in our days. But you have the virtue to begin where others end, in a true sense of piety and of the emptiness of earthly things.

Assure yourself of my constant affection. Your kindness and your virtues equally bind me to be, in a particular manner, dearest Sir, your most obliged and entire friend and servant,

R. Hurd.

P.S. It was exceeding good in Lady Littleton to favour me with so kind a letter, which I have acknowledged in a few lines.

The following extract is from a letter of Bishop Warburton to Sir Edward Littleton, dated May 8, 1756.

Our excellent friend Mr. Hurd has been of late in an ill state of health, and in worse spirits. He has consulted his physician, and I prevailed with him to consult mine. They have concurred to advise sea-bathing, to which he intends this summer to give a very fair trial. I am greatly anxious for his welfare, on the selfish consideration of private friendship; for his candid manners, his generosity of mind, and his warmth of heart make him the most amiable of men. But I am much more anxious for the sake of the public, he being born with abilities to adorn letters, and to support religion in a miserable time, when we are running headlong into barbarism and impiety.

MR. HURD TO SIR EDWARD LITTLETON.

Cambridge, 20th Oct. 1756.

Dear Sir Edward,—I beg your pardon for neglecting so long to acknowledge your two kind letters to me at Brighthelmstone; but I had a mind to wait the issue of an affair which I knew would give you pleasure, as it very much concerned me. One of our College livings became vacant just before I left Sussex. Mr. Hubbard* has been ever since deliberating about it. He has just now refused it, and I shall this day declare to the Society my intention of taking it. The living I speak of lies in Leicestershire, within three or four measured miles of Leicester. The

* Henry Hubbard, B.D., Fellow and Tutor of Emmanuel.

name is Thurcaston, and the extended value somewhat about 230*l.* a year. Mr. Hubbard and I went to see it last week. The situation is pleasant enough for the country, which you know is no paradise. The house good enough for a bishop, and in good repair, and the gardens, which to a bookish man you know is a matter of consequence, quite excellent. But what above all recommends this rectory to me is, that it lies within a day's ride or so from my dear Sir Edward. I have calculated the distance. It would be very possible in a long summer's day to dine at Catton and lie at Teddeseley. But, though the prospect of this delights me, I shall not go immediately to reside at Thurcaston. It will be near a twelvemonth before my Fellowship is vacant. And then I may have some concerns that may keep me here for some time. But I shall be backwards and forwards at certain seasons, which will give me the opportunity either of meeting you, or of waiting upon you in Staffordshire. In short I am very happy in the thoughts of being brought so near you, and I know your and Lady Littleton's kindness to me so well that it will not, I flatter myself, be a matter of indifference to either of you.

Indeed, your concern for the ease and happiness of your friend is very extraordinary. I understood your delicate hint to me at Brighthelmstone. But your generosity had taken care that I should have no more difficulty in leaving that place than in getting to it. My dear friend, believe me very sensible of all your favours, of those you intend, as well as those you do me. Give my most respectful services to your good lady. Let me hear that she continues in perfect health, that is, that you are both as happy as I wish you.

Dear Sir, your most faithful and obliged humble servant,

R. Hurd.

The next letter has no date, but was probably written shortly after Mr. Hurd's presentation to Thurcaston.

REV. R. HURD TO REV. W. WARBURTON.

MY TRUEST AND MOST EXCELLENT FRIEND,—. . . . . I am quite confounded with this fresh instance of your goodness to me, so little usual in *any*, and so much above example in *these* times. But I should have reason to be much more confounded if I did not return your generosity with the utmost frankness. I therefore embrace your kind favour with the utmost pleasure, and at the same time think it but fitting that you should know the full value of it. . . . . The profits of my living, (Thurcaston,) with a little good husbandry, will make me quite easy. I, who was born to no hopes, bred in the school of parsimony, have no large necessities, and have been trained to philosophy, ought to be ashamed if so decent a provision did not satisfy me. . . . . You see, my dear friend, I have poured out my whole heart to you. Your uncommon generosity required no less. And I do it the rather to relieve you from that anxiety you express for the interests of one you have taken into your bosom.

I am, with all my heart and affections, dearest Sir, your most obliged and, if there be any such thing in the world as gratitude, your most devoted friend and servant, R. H.

Among Mr. Hurd's Cambridge friends Mr. Mason has been already named. A similarity of taste and feeling had formed a close bond of union between them, although their characters were far from similar; Mr. Mason having much more of the fire and energy of the poetic character than his friend. On occasion, however,

of Mr. Mason's accepting an appointment which had an important influence on his future fortunes, his withdrawal from the studious scenes of their early friendship was thus elegantly and feelingly touched by Mr. Hurd:

A SONNET

ADDRESSED TO MR. MASON ON HIS LEAVING COLLEGE, AND GOING INTO THE FAMILY OF LORD HOLDERNESSE.

To Mr. Mason.

Was it for this insidious Friendship strove
To clasp our bosoms in its silken snare,
For this, thy virtues bloom'd so wondrous fair,
And Fame for thee th' unfading chaplet wove?
Say will yon linnet from her spray remove,
Where sportive she, and free from every care
Warbles at will her softly soothing air,
And for the glittering cage desert the grove?
Then may'st thou, sweetest of the tuneful quire,
Thy gentle muse, thy loved and loving friend,
The golden competence, the vacant hour,
Celestial blessings, barter for the hire
Of witlings base, and thy free soul descend
To toil for unbless'd gold, and flatter power.

R. H. 3 Jan. 1756.

Afterwards altered into the following, corrected by Mr. Mason himself.

A gentle linnet, débonnaire and gay,
Whilom had roved the wood in careless vein,
Perch'd where it pleased, and with its honied strain
Had waked the morn, and closed the eye of day.
A fowler heard, and o'er her custom'd spray
Inwove of liméd twigs the tangling train,
And with her favourite food bestrew'd the plain:
The wiry cage unseen at distance lay.

Blythe and unweeting, to the charméd tree
The songster comes, and claps his little wing,
Then downward bends to peck the golden fare.
Will no kind hand the struggling captive free?
He yields to fate. He droops: forgets to sing,
And greets his lord with no sweet-warbled air!

Between the year 1755 and 1757 were published those elegant and refined dissertations, respectively, 1. On the idea of Universal Poetry; 2. On the Province of Dramatic Poetry; 3. On Poetical Imitation; and 4. On the Marks of Imitation; which must ever place Mr. Hurd among the most acute, sagacious, and tasteful of critics. Of the second Dissertation Mr. Gibbon says; "Mr. Hurd's discourse upon the several provinces of the Drama is a truly critical performance; I may even say, a truly philosophical one." (Miscellaneous Works, vol. iv. p. 152.) In the third, Mr. Green points out the following passage, which he deservedly calls "wonderfully fine, and highly wrought up." (Diary of a Lover of Literature, p. 218.)

One may compare the subtle operations of these (the moral and economical) *sentiments* on the human form to the gentle breathing of the air on the face of nature. Its soft aspirations may be perceived; its nimble and delicate spirit may diffuse itself through *woods* and *fields*, and its pervading influence cherish and invigorate all *animal* or *vegetative being*. Yet no external signs evidence its *effects* to sense. It acts invisibly, and therefore no power of imitation can give it form and colouring. Its impulses must

at least have a certain degree of strength; it must *wave* the grass, *incline* trees, and *scatter* leaves, before the painter can lay hold of it, and draw it into description. Just so it is with our calmer sentiments. They seldom stir or disorder the human frame. They spring up casually, and as circumstances concur, within us; but, as it were, sink and die away again like passing gales, without leaving any impress or mark of violence behind them. (Works, vol. ii. p. 168-9.)

The opening and close also of the fourth, addressed to his friend Mason, afford a favourable specimen not only of his style, but also of his sentiments and feeling.

My younger years, indeed, have been spent in turning over those authors which young men are most fond of; and among these I will not disown that the poets of ancient and modern fame have had their full share in my affection. But you, who love me so well, would not wish me to pass more of my life in these flowery regions; which though you may yet wander in without offence, and the rather as you wander in them with so pure a mind and to so moral a purpose, there seems no decent pretence for me to loiter in them any longer. Yet, in saying this, I would not be thought to assume that severe character, which, though sometimes the garb of reason, is oftener, I believe, the mark of dulness, or of something worse. No, I am too sensible to the charms, nay to the uses, of your profession, to affect a contempt for it. The great Roman said well, *Hæc studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant.* We make a full meal of them in our youth: and no philosophy requires so perfect a mortification as that we should wholly abstain from them in our riper years. But should we invert the observation, and take this light food not as the refreshment

only, but as the proper *nourishment* of age; such a name as Cicero's, I am afraid, would be wanting, and not easily found, to justify the practice. Let us own, then, on a greater authority than his, "that every thing is beautiful in its season." The spring hath its *buds and blossoms;* but, as the year runs on, you are not displeased, perhaps, to see them fall off; and would certainly be disappointed not to find them, in due time, succeeded by those *mellow hangings* the poet somewhere speaks of. I could allege still graver reasons; but I would only say, in one word, that your friend has had his share in these amusements. I may recollect with pleasure, but must never live over again,

Pieriosque dies, et amantes carmina somnos.

I might indulge in other reflections, and detain you still further with examples taken from his works. But we have *lain,* as the poet speaks, *on these primrose beds* too long. It is time that you now rise to your own nobler inventions; and that I return myself to those less pleasing perhaps, but more useful, studies from which your friendly solicitations have called me. Such as these amusements are, however, I cannot repent me of them, since they have been innocent at least, and even ingenuous; and, what I am fondest to recollect, have helped to enliven those many years of friendship we have passed together in this place. I see indeed with regret the approach of that time which threatens to take me both from *it* and *you.* But, however fortune may dispose of me, she cannot throw me to a distance to which your affection and good wishes at least will not follow me. And, for the rest,

Be no unpleasing melancholy mine.

The coming years of my life will not, I foresee, in many respects, be what the past have been to me. But, till they

take me from myself, I must always bear about me the agreeable remembrance of our friendship.

With particular reference to the Essay on Poetical Imitation above mentioned, it should be stated that the Bishop's judgment of literary merit differed from that now prevalent. *We* are inclined to estimate it rather by the amount of energy exhibited in literary composition than by the perfection of the work produced by it. *He* took the contrary view. From him the *facetum* (finished elegance) of Virgil found more approval than the forcible simplicity of Homer.

Another idol of the present day is *originality*. In opposition to this the Bishop's opinion was that originality is an inferior merit to the dexterous use and application of thoughts already struck out. This opinion he has very ably and successfully maintained in his Essay; confirming it by the example of Sir William Davenant's failure in his "Gondibert" from the affectation of originality. In his well-stored common-place book we see the extent to which he availed himself of existing materials; and by a comparison of this with his published works it appears with what skill and judgment these accumulated stores were made to assist his own invention, and were worked into new forms and combinations.

SECTION III.

Having entered into residence on his new living, Mr. Hurd divided his time principally between the duties of his profession, and the cultivation of his taste for polite literature. His communication with his neighbours seems to have been sparing, and he appears to have been chiefly indebted for social enjoyment to the occasional visits of his college friends, and correspondence with them when absent. Considering his literary and studious turn, and the general tone of country and clerical society a century ago, this is not to be wondered at. The only source besides his own letters from which we derive any particular account of his mode of life at this period is from the following reminiscences of Mr. Cradock, which it may be proper to preface by a few words of introduction.

Joseph Cradock, M.A., F.S.A., of Gumley Hall in Leicestershire, was born in 1741-2. He was of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, but did not graduate, his degree of M.A. having been conferred by royal mandate. He was a classical scholar, an antiquary, a wit, a dramatist, and no mean performer in private theatricals. His neighbour and friend, Francis Stratford, Esq., Master in Chancery, adds, that he was "a good

neighbour, a kind friend, a highly finished gentleman, and sufficiently learned to be the fit associate of those who were most learned, with this advantage over the most learned, that he was altogether free from pedantry, and all inclination to be overbearing in his conversation with others avowedly less learned than himself." These qualifications, with his pleasantry, and inexhaustible fund of anecdote, recommended him to the best society of his time, including Bishops Warburton and Hurd, and Dr. Johnson and his friends, particularly Garrick, whom he resembled both in person and talents. His Memoirs, from which the following extracts are taken, were published by Messrs. Nichols in 1826 and 1828.

Many obligations were due from me to the Rev. Mr. Hurd, Rector of Thurcaston in Leicestershire, who much interested himself in my education; and, from the time he gave me an introduction to Emmanuel College, I was proud perhaps of speaking of him there, and he was not always averse, when at leisure in a lonely village, from hearing my accounts of his own university.

At my vacations I paid him occasional visits, and recollect that, the first time I accompanied him on a Sunday to his parish church, he after the service asked me what was my opinion of the discourse. "You are to speak freely," said he. I told him that I thought it was good, but I did not consider it as his own, for it rather appeared to me that it was given from a printed book. "You are right," replied he, "it was one of Bourdaloue's, and I had only the French volume before me, with many marks and alterations. This is a good practice to obtain the language, and I consider this sermon on the prospect of death as particularly suited

to such an audience; and let me recommend to you to make such experiments, for in a retired place it will become your duty to read something instructive perhaps on a Sunday evening to your own family."

When Mr. Hurd was deeply engaged he would often give me the key of his closet in the parlour, which contained letters and criticisms from Warburton and others of the most learned of his acquaintance, and required that I should make remarks, and sometimes extracts from them.

He once said to me, "I wish you had come sooner, for Mason has just left me. He got up very early this morning to plant those roses opposite, and otherwise decorate my grounds. He boasts that he knows exactly where every rose ought to be planted."

I walked over the lawn and shrubbery, and thought he had displayed much taste in the proper style of an English garden. A winding path conducted the visitor through rather an open grove, then crossed over the lawn opposite the house, passed through a much deeper grove, and came out full on the forest hills, in nearly the same point of view as they are seen from the last turnpike on the London road to Leicester. Such was "low Thurcaston's sequester'd bower;" but I do not think he considered himself as placed there, "distant from Promotion's view."

Hurd was a man of strict integrity, and very kind to those of whom he approved; but he was distant and lofty, and not at all admired by those who did not estimate him in a literary capacity. Indeed he paid no attention to them; for in one of his letters to Warburton he made use of a common phrase of his, "I am here perfectly quiet, for I have delightfully bad roads about me."

In summer he would sometimes honour me by bringing a friend with him to pass a day at Gumley, when I merely came down to my old house to look after my workmen. Of course it was my wish to make everything as pleasant

as possible, and indeed he was inclined to be pleased with everything, for I followed his own directions as nearly as was practicable. "My young friend, we shall not reach you till after breakfast, and then you will give us, as usual, only a nice leg of your mutton and some turnips, a roast fowl, and a plain pudding, or something only of that kind, as I do not eat anything but what is plain. I know you will expect me to drink the University of Cambridge in a bumper of your old hock. After tea we must have another walk, and return in the cool of the evening to Thurcaston. My young friend tells me he has adopted my tea rules from me. I like none so well as Twining's Hyson at seventeen shillings a pound! by choice I never take any other, and indeed I never find it affect my nerves. It is always a treat to me to walk over your romantic territory; and I shall minutely examine all the books that you have lately purchased. I do not wish to meet the Rev. Dr. Parry:* he is a good Hebraist, but he is devoted to some dignitaries who are the avowed antagonists of Bishop Warburton. There is a lady from Harborough, Mrs. Allen, who, I find, frequently visits at your house; I should be happy to be introduced to her. She is daughter of the late Professor Sanderson."

On examining my alterations, he observed, "This is a most interesting spot; from hence, on a clear day, both Bosworth and Naseby may be distinctly seen. My young friend, there must be either a building or pillar erected to commemorate the great events that have taken place there; and the next time I come I shall require one or two specimens of good inscriptions, which I shall very freely criticise, as usual."

* The Rev. Richard Parry, D.D., a student of Christ Church, appointed preacher at Market Harborough in 1754, and resident there until his death in 1780: see an account of him and his works in Nichols's Literary Anecdotes, vol. ii. p. 436.

Bishop Warburton once honoured Mr. Hurd by staying with him a week at Thurcaston;* and, though they were ever the best friends, yet no two could be more dissimilar in disposition. Hurd was cold, cautious, and grave; the Bishop warm, witty, and convivial; and, after he had been shut up for a day or two at Thurcaston he began to inquire whether there were no neighbours. "None that might be perfectly agreeable to your lordship," was the reply. "What," says the Bishop, "are all the good houses that I see around me here utterly uninhabited? Let us take our horses and beat up some of their quarters. I have no doubt but several will be well inclined to be friendly and sociable." "I certainly cannot refuse attending on your lordship anywhere." Accordingly they waited upon five gentlemen whom I had the pleasure to know, and they all kindly accepted an invitation to take a family dinner at Thurcaston. When I heard of this at Leicester, I determined to call on Mr. Hurd, who received me with great cordiality. "Why, Sir," said I, "there is nothing talked of but your gaiety; it has even reached your friend Dr. Bickham at Loughborough." "I don't doubt it," replied he, "and if you will pass the day with me, I will treat you with the remains of the festival, and give you an account of all particulars. I can assure you I was at first alarmed as to the provision that could be made by my little household; but all the company were disposed to be pleased. The Bishop was in the highest spirits; and when the gentlemen took leave of me in the hall, they went so far as to declare that, "They thought they had never passed a much pleasanter day." "And, as you have been so successful, Sir," I ventured to add, "in this first effort, I have no doubt but the experiment will soon be repeated." Mr. Hurd was silent.

At Thurcaston I think I had never met any one but

* Bishop Warburton was more than once at Thurcaston.

Mr. Ball, the curate, who always seemed dissatisfied with his situation; he said, "I do not pretend to be very learned, but I have never been treated with such distance, or rather disdain." I assured him it was the manner of Mr. Hurd to others; that I was certain he had a favourable opinion of him; and I urged him not hastily to give up his situation, for that I was convinced that Mr. Hurd was intrinsically good. Mr. Ball would not have long followed my advice, but that his rector had been appointed preacher at Lincoln's Inn, and he availed himself of his absence to be more comfortable. Mr. Ball, however, was at last convinced of the truth of all my assertions; for as soon as ever his rector rose to be Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, he presented the first living he had in his gift, without the least application, to his astonished curate, the unassuming Mr. Ball.*

From the time I first knew Hurd at Thurcaston until I visited him as bishop in Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, I do not recollect one discordant circumstance in his family. He was, of course, very careful about character, and he had very little intercourse with the world; but the same persons remained, and I do not recollect any one of them as unfaithful, nor do I ever remember the least complaint. To be sure, he was himself strictly good, but he was always upon his guard.

The year 1758 witnessed another of those overzealous defences of his friend Warburton which, however they may prove the strength of Mr.

* In a letter to Dr. Balguy, dated April 1777, the Bishop, speaking of the decease of one of his clergy, says "This death vacates a living of about £70 a year for poor Ball. But the Archbishop of Canterbury has asked it for a friend of his . . . . . and offers me in its stead for Ball two livings in the Isle of Thanet to the amount of £150 a year." Again, writing to Dr. Drake, in Oct. 1796, he says, "Mr. Ball has been here (at Hartlebury) this summer, and is reasonably well. I had a handsome letter from Lambeth, and believe our friend will be thought of if an opportunity should offer."

Hurd's attachment, reflect the least credit on his courtesy and liberality as a controversialist. This was his "Letter to Dr. Thomas Leland, on his Dissertation on the Principles of Human Eloquence;" in which the expression of some dissent from Warburton's sentiments in his "Doctrine of Grace," is treated with a keenness and asperity totally out of place, considering the deservedly high character of Dr. Leland as a writer, and the openness of the question under discussion.

The next year appeared "Remarks on Hume's Essay on the Natural History of Religion." This, being a joint production of Hurd and Warburton, appears in the collected Works of both. It was a piece of sufficient power to give some annoyance to Hume, who speaks of it in his short account of his own life in very acrimonious terms.

In 1759 Mr. Hurd published his "Moral and Political Dialogues." Of these, the *first* is "On Sincerity in the Commerce of the World"; between Dr. More and Mr. Waller: the *second* "On Retirement;" between Mr. Cowley and Dr. Sprat: the *third* and *fourth*, "On the Age of Queen Elizabeth; between Mr. Digby, Dr. Arbuthnot, and Mr. Addison: the *fifth* and *sixth* "On the Constitution of the English Government;" between Sir J. Maynard, Mr. Somers, and Bishop Burnet. These were followed in 1763 by a *seventh* and *eighth* "On the Uses of Foreign Travel;" between Lord Shaftesbury and Mr. Locke.

Upon this work Mr. Hurd's credit as an author may be fairly staked. It was a species of writing peculiarly congenial to his turn of mind. He was a curious inquirer into the hidden causes of things, and a sagacious investigator of the secret springs of action. He was also an acute observer of character, which enabled him accurately to personate those whom he has introduced as interlocutors: and his intimate acquaintance with the history of the speakers and of their times, aided by his complete mastery of the subjects discussed, qualified him to draw the justest conclusions, and to raise the most profitable reflections upon them. The exactness of his judgment has been shewn in his giving to his Dialogues only a *semi-dramatic* cast; so as concentrate attention not upon the characteristic traits of the speakers, which would have been beside his purpose, but upon the subjects under discussion, which was his main design.

The reception these Dialogues met with in most quarters on their publication is curious and amusing. Mr. Hurd, writing to Dr. Warburton Aug. 26, 1759, says—

> For his (Mr. Yorke's) obliging compliments on the *Dialogues*, it was perhaps the more acceptable, as the general opinion of them, as far as I can collect it, is not favourable. The Dialogues themselves, it is said, might pass but for the *Notes* and *Preface*. It is true, I have heard of no good reason why this playful part of my book should be so particularly disrelished. But there is no disputing about tastes; and if such be that of the public, I have that defe-

rence for its decisions which Fenelon had for the Pope's, and will myself retract, that is withdraw, them in another edition. What particularly pleases me in Mr. Yorke's compliments is, that he finds *an extraordinary reach of thought in some passages*. For it would have been mortifying indeed, if my pen had so far disguised the excellent hints you gave me for the two last Dialogues as not to be taken notice of by a capable and attentive reader. (Letters of a Late Eminent Prelate, &c. CXXXIV.)

Dr. Warburton also, in a letter to Mr. Hurd, dated 12 Sept. the same year, writes thus :—

I have just received a letter from Mr. Balguy, who, amongst other wonders of the taste, the sense, and the learning of the times, says: "Our friend, it seems, has written an apology for *Insincerity*, and an invective against *Retirement*, and has seriously endeavoured to impose upon the world a palpable forgery; such things are said not only by *great* and *grave* men (which is no more than natural), but by INGENIOUS men: and it is the universal cry, that the notes ought all to be expunged in the next edition. Which notes have not been understood by any man I have conversed with, except Tom Warton of Oxford, a man who, with the behaviour of a clown, has a good share within him of sound sense and learning. I judge from his account that the Dialogues are well esteemed at Oxford." (Letters, &c. CXXXV.)

When Mr. Hurd re-published his Dialogues in his own name, the original preface and notes, by which he so ingeniously veiled his incognito, were almost unavoidably expunged. They were indeed replaced by an admirable introductory essay "On the manner of writing Dialogue," in

which the subject is thoroughly discussed with reference both to ancient and modern times; but every reader of taste and intelligence must regret the loss of accompaniments which displayed so much genius and talent. It is to be lamented that these pieces should not have been inserted in the edition of the Bishop's collected works, published after his death.

TO DR. BALGUY.

Thurcaston, 6th Sept. 1759.

The moment almost I had sent away my last letter, I received your favour of the 26th past, together with two sheets of observations on the subject of the last Dialogues. All you say on the difference betwixt the Imperial and Norman feuds is very curious, and will serve to correct many mistakes and to supply many deficiencies in my account of the feudal constitution. Shall I be fairer than authors usually are, and confess a shameful truth to you? It is that, though in almost every thing I advance I have the authority of one or other of our best antiquaries and lawyers, yet my laziness would not suffer me to take the pains which you have done of tracing things to their original. The consequence is what you see. But if I ever give a complete edition of the Dialogues, I will reform the whole by your advice and assistance. And then I am sure, though I may omit a great deal of what might be said, I shall say nothing but what will bear the strictest examination. In the mean-time, accept my best thanks for this friendly trouble, and believe that you could not have given me a more welcome proof of your regard and affection.

Your account of Giannoni* excites my curiosity very much,

* His History of Naples; a favourite book of Lord Mansfield.

but where shall I be able to find the book in this obscure corner, and at so great a distance from libraries?

Mr. Warton and his Oxford friends are very indulgent to the Dialogues. The misfortune of Mr. Addison's character is this. He is known only to most readers, at least to most scholars, as a man of the gentlest manners, and as a polite writer. Under the last idea, we admire the elegance of his mind, the softness of his ridicule, the beauty of his moral sentiments, and the graces of his imagination. But he had another and very different character. He was a keen party man, and when heated in political controversy, he could be as *declamatory*, and more *vehement*, than I have thought fit to represent him. In proof of this, I refer you to all his political writings, but more especially to his *Whig-Examiner*, written with a poignancy and severity which could hardly have been expected from Mr. Addison. This then was his *political* character, and as such I have drawn it, though with many softenings, in the Dialogues. Still I was aware of the prejudice that would arise against this representation from his general character. And to obviate that, I have purposely contrived to lead the reader into my design by what Dr. Arbuthnot is made to say of his *vehement declamation* over the ruins of Kenilworth, in the opening of the dialogue—" that *his* (Mr. Addison's) *indignation was not so much of the moral as political kind.*" This, I thought, was going as far as the decorum of such things would permit. But it is ill trusting to the sagacity of one's readers. And because these words were not printed in great church letters, nobody, I suppose, has taken notice of them. You will perceive, by what I have said, that I am of your mind with regard to the *characteristic failing* of the present age. The want of attention and understanding must be lamented indeed, when there is not enough of either in the present race of critics to comprehend the obvious sense and purpose of these Dialogues.

But let me call a better subject. You have observed the great and only defect of Lord Clarendon's new History.* Its being a mere apology for himself has hurt the composition in so many respects, that I am willing to believe he intended it only, as he says, for the use and inspection of his own family. As a general history of his own administration, he could not but foresee that his minute account of some particular events must be very tedious to the reader. But the greatest misfortune of all is, that, writing in this view of an apology, he could make little or no use of his supreme talent at drawing characters—that talent in which he reigns without a rival, and in the display of which in his History of the Rebellion he so far surpasses every other writer. The persons of the court, except two or three whom he had made us acquainted with in his other history, were all his personal enemies; and to preserve a show of candour towards these, his inimitable pencil was restrained from expatiating, as it could have done, in the draught of their characters. Hence Arlington, Buckingham, Berkeley, and the rest of that crew of miscreants, escape. It did not fare thus with the enemies to the King and Monarchy. After all, what I regret most is, that his superstitious loyalty would not suffer him to give us a just picture of his infamous master—a picture by which he might have revenged himself at once for all the injuries he had received from the politest, if you will, but the meanest and most contemptible, of all our princes. The Chancellor's reserve does not give me much offence, and was in part owing, I suppose, to the apologetical design of his memoirs. For his own temper it was high enough; yet I can allow a great deal to his superior sense, and to *the pride*, as he finely calls it, of a *good conscience*. He was, besides, too arbitrary in his notions of government; and I cannot, you may be sure, forgive his

* The Life of Edward Earl of Clarendon, written by himself, first printed in 1759, in two volumes folio, by the University of Oxford.

vindictive persecution of the poor coffee-houses. Yet withal he was one of the ablest and without doubt the most uncorrupt and virtuous minister we have ever seen (till *lately*) at the head of the British Councils . . . . .

TO THE SAME.

Thurcaston, 2 Nov. 1759.

. . . . As to Lord Clarendon, I must tell you, it would cost you many a pipe of tobacco, and as much wine as your archdeaconry is worth, to talk me out of my good opinion of that man and minister. I know you think his fine pen seduces me into an admiration of him. But it has a higher source. I believe no very ambitious man was ever half so honest. And it has never been my fortune to meet with an honest minister half so able. But, alas! what could honesty and ability in conjunction do, in such times, and under such a master? To show you I require something more than ability in a writer, I must tell you that Davila, whom I amuse myself with at this time, is not half the favourite with me as Lord Clarendon. Not that he does not excel supremely in all the arts of historical composition; but he does not *feel for goodness* like Lord Clarendon. And, without this seasoning, a common newspaper would be almost as agreeable reading to me as a page of Livy. This Davila is a very politician; and we may truly say with the poet, I mean as interpreted by Lord Shaftesbury, *rarus communis sensus in illâ fortunâ.* Hence he is perfectly enamoured of that she-monster, something between a fox and hyæna, the Queen-mother: and hence he can relate the horrid Bartholomew massacre in a style that shews he regrets nothing in that affair but its want of success, or, at most, its defects in points of policy. I confess to you, I had much ado to bring myself to read any more of this accomplished Historian.

I do not wonder at your observation that you have gene-

rally found yourself disappointed in the characters you have most admired in history. The reason is, none but very ambitious men figure there, and their circumstances must be very happy if very ambitious men can afford for any length of time to be very honest. Hence these characters are such rarities when they occur; I mean the characters of ambitious men not infamously wicked. But it would be misanthropy indeed to take any measure of mankind from historic characters.

After all the demur against the Dialogues, they are now reprinting, and I do not submit to make a single alteration; not so much as to withdraw the preface. You see how very an author I am at bottom!

Having by just transition come to that grateful subject *self*, I must tell you I lead a life here which you will think pitiable, and most men wretched. I am so entirely alone, that for weeks together I see no human face but that of my own servants, and of my parishioners at church on Sundays. Yet with all this, one day slides after another so easily and insensibly, that I have no complaint to make of my situation. It is true, I should be happier far with you and others of my friends, but *use*, that great friend to human life, reconciles me to my lot, and keeps me from being positively unhappy. My chief amusement is in my books and the correspondence of my friends. When you write, (and perhaps, in this consideration, you will write to me very often,) let me know what books you meet with, new or old, that you think will give me entertainment. You know my taste pretty well, and I am so well acquainted with yours, that I am sure I shall be pleased with any thing you think fit to recommend to me.

Thurcaston, Feb. 8, 1760.

. . . . . Browne* and I are all to pieces, on a suspicion he has taken up, that part of my preface to the Dialogues was a disguised ridicule of him. I condescended to deny the charge, first by a common friend, and afterwards in a letter, which I writ to himself: all to no purpose, I believe; for, after an exchange of one or two letters, he appeared not satisfied, and so the affair rests. See the uncertainty, the *caducity* I should say, if I durst use that word, of modern friendships. Some fate snatches away; some the world takes from us; some die of I know not what brain-sick suspicions; and some again, without any violent means, die of themselves. I could moralize all my paper away upon this chapter. But all the use I should make of these profound meditations would be, only to cleave the closer to those few friends that should haply be left. . . . .

Thurcaston, May 1, 1761.

I know not whether I should condole with you for the loss of your patron.† He is gathered to his fathers in a good old age, and has left you in possession of two of the best things in the world, a *competency* and *liberty*. God send you health to enjoy these, and then you have all the happiness a reasonable man ought to look for.

I shall not dispute with you about the merits of Tristram‡; but I require you, upon pain of my displeasure, to retract your opinion of Rousseau. The New Heloise, I do not say as

* The Rev. Dr. John Browne (see pp. 54, 98.) To the mental obliquities of this ingenious but eccentric character, their unhappy cause, and their fatal result, allusions are made in the Correspondence of Bishops Hurd and Warburton *passim*, especially in a note by Bishop H. to Letter clxxxv.

† Dr. Benjamin Hoadley, Bishop of Winchester; he died April 17, 1761, aged 85.

‡ Tristram Shandy, by Sterne, first published 1759.

a romance, but as a moral composition, is incomparable. I do not care what you and Mr. Gray in the pride of criticism may pretend to the contrary. I appeal not to your taste, but to your *moral sense.*

The Bishop of Gloucester and you are severe on my Lord elect of ———— *. I think I could take upon me to make his apology against both of you.

I would begin with observing that the Duke of Newcastle himself could not possibly look for *gratitude* in his dependants. What virtue, pray, did he ever observe in them? And does he think that so big a virtue as gratitude can have room to expatiate in a mind that was too narrow for the entertainment of any other.

I would further ask, when the subjects he preferred had by accident any virtues, whether his Grace preferred them on that account, or from any generous esteem of their virtuous qualities? If not, gratitude, which respects the disposition of the heart, and not the outward act, has properly no root to spring from, and could not, therefore, be expected without absurdity.

Next, I would say, that if haply any one had a mind naturally turned to the cultivation of gratitude, the air of a court, or, which is all one, of Newcastle House, was so baleful to the growth of this virtue, that it could never come to any size or maturity. Rousseau would say that it has seldom or never been heard of since the *golden age*, by which he would mean the savage life, and that it is in a manner inconsistent with the state of men in cultivated society.

I would then urge in his behalf, that preferments, when conferred by the great on their dependants, are not so properly favours as *debts;* that a course of years spent in servitude is the price they pay for such things; and that

* Samuel Squire, D.D., Dean of Bristol, nominated Bishop of St. Davids. (Before noticed in p. 6.)

when promotion comes at last it comes in the way of recompense, and not of obligation. Would not any one laugh to hear of a slave's gratitude to his master?

Further, one might plead that words have not the same meaning in all places, and on all occasions. *Gratitude* is, no doubt, expected from a great man's tool; but by gratitude, when so applied, is only meant an attachment to him so long as he seems likely to serve oneself. When carried further, it means what in common language we express by the name of *folly*.

Lastly, to make short work, and to omit abundance of reasons as good as these, I would plead the example of the great man himself. Where was his gratitude in undermining and jostling out of his place his own patron,—I mean Sir Robert of famous memory, as he and his brother did, as soon as there was a reasonable prospect of getting into it themselves?

All these reasons taken together, and set in a good light, would, methinks, make a handsome apology for *ingratitude;* and when made might possibly be as serviceable to the rest of the duke's dependants in their turn as to Dr. S.

The Palace of Gloucester, July 26, 1761.

. . . . The Bishop and I have traversed the finest parts of this county, some of them indeed extremely fine. Every thing passed off well and smoothly in the Visitation, and, I have reason to think, with perfect satisfaction to the clergy. . . . . .

But I know you expect one word about the Charge. It was an exhortation to the study of letters, more especially of divinity, very lively and entertaining in the manner, and full of admirable things. It will not be printed at present, but will appear hereafter, as an introduction to a small volume he promised to his clergy, under the name of

"Directions, &c. on the *Study of Theology*." You will guess that a work of this sort will, under the Bishop's management, be very curious, as well as useful: and, I believe, we shall not wait very long for it.

Here is an excellent episcopal house, and elegantly furnished. What company the place affords we see; and when there is no company, we are still happier in our private amusements and conversation. In short, the time passes here so deliciously, that it is with regret almost I hear of shifting the scene even to Prior Park. . . . . .

Thurcaston, Jan. 29, 1762.

I know nothing of the intrigues of the late Bishop of London:* and now they are of no concern to any body. Your prediction of him was, I fancy, accomplished somewhat sooner than you imagined. His successor you see is the Bishop of Carlisle,† to nobody's joy, that I know of, except Dr. Browne's; and he, I dare say, believes that I wish him no joy from it, in which however he is mistaken.

I had the greatest pleasure, as you would have, in the news of Mason's preferments in the Church of York. I know nothing yet of the history of the Precentorship. The Residentiary's place was owing to Lord Montague, for which I honour him.

I think of Hume's History as you do. Pray send me your account of Plutarch's Miscellanies. I amuse myself among his works this winter.

The Letters on Chivalry are in the press; but there is not a word in them for your reading.

Mr. Bickham‡ is married, and is coming to reside at Loughborough in the spring, very early. Without doubt,

* Dr. Hayter.

† Dr. Osbaldeston; he died in 1764.

‡ The Rev. James Bickham, before noticed in p. 48.

as you say, he will be a good neighbour, but I am got into a way of living without any, which is much better.

The Bishop of Gloucester is in town, and, I hope, in perfect health. At least he seems intent on some new things he is preparing for the press, and is in good spirits. The family were a little alarmed for him some time ago, but, I believe, without reason. Mr. Allen, too, is reasonably well.

You do not say a word to me of Fingal. The following epigram is handed about town on Lord Lyttelton's admiration of it.

> Quoth my Lord, who so wise is, so thin, and so tall,
> What's the Iliad or Æneid, compared to Fingal?
> The once honour'd classics no more he defends,
> But gives up old bards, as he gives up old friends;
> Prefers new acquaintance in poetry and wit,
> Macpherson to Homer, Newcastle to Pitt.

I heartily wish the continuance of your health, and the recovery, if it may be, of your good mother's. . . . . .

Thurcaston, April 26, 1762.

. . . . . Dr. Barnard, of Eton, sent me the other day a new book by that Foster who wrote a simple thing on Elfrida.* This is much better. Considering the subject, he has acquitted himself very notably: and the subject itself does not misbecome an usher of a grammar school. If you have not seen it, it is called "An Essay on Accent and Quantity," &c. A Dr. G. (whom I suppose to be Dr. Gally) and the University of Oxford, who it seems have renounced accents, are not unjustly, but cavalierly treated. If you happen to have read this learned treatise, you will be somewhat prepared for my *Letters*, which are on a subject as insignificant, with this disadvantage, that it is not set off by the same erudition. Foster's book is the fruit of what Pope

* John Foster, M.A., born 1731, died 1773.

calls Learning's luxury; mine of its idleness, as you will see one of these days, when you receive a copy of it. Need I give a better reason for its not being to your taste?

Tell me about (to use a phrase of little Ralph Warburton when he wants to hear a story of a cock and a bull,) this new Grammar of Dr. Lowth.* They say it outsells Tristram Shandy. But, above all, let me have your directions about Plutarch's Miscellaneous Works, which I fancy will be more to my taste than this doctor's Elements.

Mr. Hurd's reputation as a critic and an adept in polite literature was enhanced in 1762 by the publication of his twelve "Letters on Chivalry and Romance." "In these letters," Mr. Green well remarks, "the origin of the spirit of chivalry, (the distinguishing spirit of modern times,) as it exhibits itself in the characteristics of generosity, gallantry, and religion, is satisfactorily traced to feudal institutions; the heroic and gothic manners are ably compared, and the superiority of the latter, in a poetical view, successfully asserted."

Of this elegant and judicious work, Mr. Charles Yorke (although he differed from Mr. Hurd in assigning the origin of chivalry to the Crusades,) expresses the following high opinion in an unpublished letter to Bishop Warburton; "Mr. Hurd's piece on Chivalry is incomparably the justest and most ingenious defence of the great Italian poets which has appeared, and drawn 'ex fontibus rerum.' The application of the whole to Spenser is inimitable—gives him his true

* A short Introduction to English Grammar, first published in 1762.

merit in his proper sphere—and illustrates every line of him more than all the quartos and octavos of all the editors and critics who have gone before."

Bishop Warburton, writing to Dr. Balguy, in April 1762, says, "Mr. Hurd has received a long letter of two or three sheets from the Attorney-General on his Letters upon Chivalry." This letter probably contained Mr. Yorke's different idea of the origin of chivalry, and the argument by which it was sustained, as quoted by Mr. Hurd in Letter IV. This idea Mr. Yorke has summarily expressed in the following passage from his letter to Bishop Warburton above quoted. "You will see that my notion of chivalry arises out of the Holy Land; and the spirit of the Crusades was the policy of the Western princes to prevent troubles at home. Out of the chivalry so born grew knight-errantry, that is, the spirit of personal adventure, and romantic honour and gallantry improved by the later refinements of gothic courts. The romancers jumbled the whole together in their long-winded tales; and the modern poets, Ariosto, Tasso, &c. took advantage of it to adorn their writings."

The writer of the memoir of Bishop Hurd in the Ecclesiastical and University Register for 1808, justly characterises these Letters as distinguished by "elegance of language, propriety of sentiment, felicity of illustration, and beauty of imagery." He adds, "Of all the works of Bishop

Hurd, as they have been most admired in the present age, so do they stand the best chance of being known to every future one."

Whether from the caprice of literary taste, from the intervention of novelties, or from the sneers of sciolists, these Letters have suffered a temporary neglect; but good sense and good writing will in time be sure to re-assert their claim to public attention; and we cannot doubt that they are destined to experience a revival of credit and estimation.

TO DR. BALGUY.

Thurcaston, 1 July, 1762.

I have your kind favour of the 5th past, and am so well satisfied with your general approbation of the trifle I sent you, as to give you leave to make any objection you please to particular parts. The *first* edition went off so quick, that Millar would needs print a *second* forthwith; though I can hardly think the demand will continue for so mere an amusement.

I sent a copy of the Letters to Mr. T. Warton. I certainly meant no incivility to him, and shall be sorry if he takes it in that light. I had spoke my opinion very plainly and truly of his *Observations* in the letter on Imitation.

. . . . . I obtained a sight of so much of the Discourses on the Spirit* as is printed off. Some sheets came hither to the Bishop. It will be a very fine and useful work. I am particularly taken with the part that concerns Wesley, though the whole abounds with very curious things. If any thing can preserve the clergy in their senses, it must be such an admonition as this. As to those who are already run mad,

* Warburton's Doctrine of Grace, &c. published 1762.

they are fit only for Monroe, to whose charitable care indeed Wesley and his coadjutors commit them . . . .

P.S.—It will perhaps be an amusement to you to understand that my quondam friend Dr. Heberden likes the Letters on Chivalry better than any thing I have ever written. This intelligence I receive from Sir E. Littleton, who has been lately under his hands in town.

Thurcaston, Dec. 3, 1762.

. . . . I had a very obliging letter from Mr. T. Warton, in answer to one of mine, which carried my thanks for his agreeable present of the Observations. I am exceedingly pleased with this second edition of his work, and still more with his project of a History of English Poetry. On both these accounts he is very much in the good graces of the Bishop of Gloucester. What he said to me on the subject of my Letters shews him to be a very candid and amiable man. He only exceeds a little in his favourable opinion of their author. By the bye, these Letters seem to have had the fate which trifles in our time usually have,—I mean, to have had the reception which is due to better things. Amongst other compliments I have received one from the Attorney-General* in a very polite strain, and which should speak him something in earnest, for his letter consists of two or three sheets.

You are too old, and too much of a philosopher, to read Ariosto with enthusiasm. The Italian poets address themselves to a young imagination, and you and I are, alas! turned of forty. Not but Tasso, as you observe, can upon occasion touch the affections; and even this weakness we shall outlive one of these days. But if you love the pathetic read Metastasio, where you will find the tenderness, not to say the morality and good sense, of Euripides. He is wonderful in what dramatic people call situations.

* The Hon. Charles Yorke.

Thurcaston, Oct. 20th, 1763.

. . . . I have just now put into the press a new Dialogue, on a subject not unpopular, I mean *The practice of Foreign Travel considered as a part of an English gentleman's education.* It is in two divisions, or what the ancients would call two books. In the former, Lord Shaftesbury is the chief speaker, and is the advocate for travelling. In the latter, Mr. Locke disputes against it. You will have no objection to the *personæ dramatis:* the difficulty, you know, is to sustain them. I cannot tell whether I am likely to become a fashionable writer, but I deserve to be so; for my writings are of the kind you well characterize in one of your letters to me, *which neither demand nor presuppose any degree of attention.* What pleases me best, is that I find means to apologize for the universities, and in a manner which I think you will not dislike. My intention is to do a little good, if it may be, in the reproof of a very absurd practise; but the reader I dare say will look for nothing but a little amusement. The time of publication is uncertain; but you shall have a copy of these Dialogues as soon as they are printed off.

This important matter being now out of my hands, I amuse myself with revising the old Dialogues, especially those on the *Constitution,* and for this purpose I have now before me a long letter of yours written to me soon after the first edition, together with a sheetful or two of remarks on the feudal part of the fifth Dialogue. I have considered these remarks carefully: and if my purpose were to compose a treatise in form on that subject, they would be of great service to me. As it is, their chief use will be to enable me to correct some mistakes, and to qualify and guard some general principles and assertions. The subject is extremely nice and difficult; but I took care, when I drew up this part, to build on the best authorities, I mean principally Selden

and Spelman. I have not these books, or indeed any of the sort, now by me; but I think I could dispute (and that is a bold word) some things you object to me, out of their authority. My purpose requires me to give a true indeed, so far as it goes, but only a general account of the Norman feuds, as planted in this country. And, if I possessed all the knowledge of all the feudists, it would not be proper for me to descend into all the specialities of this subject. I will only add, that I see no cause to alter anything from what Hume has said in the last volumes, which are by far the best, of his History. I am sure he knew little of the subject when he wrote the others; and I am also sure the subject is of some importance; though he affects to think otherwise.

The Bishop of Gloucester I suppose will be in town against the meeting of Parliament. The rage of parties seems to promise much business in that quarter. When the old barons contended for *Magna Charta*, with swords in their hands, the scene was interesting. When modern peers contend for I know not what, with their pockets full of angry pamphlets and North Britons, I take my philosophic chair and look down with contempt on the great and little vulgar.

TO SIR E. LITTLETON.

Prior Park, July 6, 1764.

DEAR SIR,—I had your favour of the 27th June, transmitted to me from Gloucester, this day, and am extremely glad to find that you have at last met with a physician who seems to understand Lady Littleton's case. This, I hope, will be a great step towards a perfect cure.

You have heard before this of the melancholy event which occasioned the Bishop's and my removal hither.*

* The death of Ralph Allen, Esq. of Prior Park, on 29th June.

The distress of the whole family is what you will conceive, and will probably make my stay here somewhat longer than I had designed: in which case I shall be obliged to return directly into Leicestershire, without giving myself the pleasure I had proposed of calling upon you at Teddesley.

Mr. Allen seems to have disposed of his fortune very equitably. He has left many large legacies to his family and friends, and the bulk of his estate to Mrs. Allen for her life, and afterwards to Mrs. Warburton and her son, with entails, in case of failure, to his other nephews and nieces, with a preference among these to Captain Tucker, and then to Miss Allen.

I performed the painful office yesterday of burying him at Claverton. His funeral, by his express desire, was as private as possible.

My best wishes and respects attend Lady Littleton, and I am ever, dear Sir, most faithfully, your affectionate humble servant, R. HURD.

TO DR. BALGUY.

Prior Park, July 10th, 1764.

. . . . . The consternation and distress of the family for Mr. Allen's death were what you would imagine. Only poor Mrs. Allen supported herself under the stroke somewhat better than was to be expected; and this circumstance was some relief to everybody else. Nothing but time can reconcile them to their loss. It is true that among other large legacies he left 1000*l.* to Mr. Pitt. He even desired upon his death-bed Mr. Pitt might be assured he died in perfect good will towards him.

The bulk of his estate is left to Mrs. Allen for life; and afterwards to Mrs. Warburton and her son; and, in case of failure in that line, by several entails, to his other nephews

and nieces, with a preference first to Captain Tucker, and then to Miss Allen. I should have told you that the Hampton Estate, about 600*l.* a year, goes at Mrs. Allen's death to Mr. Philip Allen senior and his family.

I think I shall stay here about a fortnight longer, and then return directly into Leicestershire. I have scarcely ever passed so distressful a fortnight as the last. The recollection of it is still so painful to me, that it is with reluctance I write these few lines to you.

Thurcaston, Sept. 29, 1764.

. . . . I amuse myself at present with reading the new History of France by Velly and his continuator. It is agreeably written, though the writers frequently show themselves to be very Frenchmen. I confess this does not displease me. I am even edified by their zeal to confute the apostate Rapin. Their patriotism in this instance, if it be a prejudice, is, I think, an amiable one. They frequently quote *Essais Historiques* with much applause.

Pray what is this book, and by whom written?

The Preachership of Lincoln's Inn is likely to be vacant soon, and the offer of it is likely enough to be made to me; but I still persist in my resolution to decline it. I never had vigour of mind enough to conceive anything of ambition, and I grow every day less apt for so sublime contemplations. Quiet and leisure are the idols I pay court to, and in this courtship I am likely to have no rivals.

Prior Park, Feb. 6, 1765.

I rejoice with you very sincerely (and desire you will let our friend know it) on Dr. Powell's election to the Mastership of St. John's.* Merit is so rarely found in its own

* William Samuel Powell, D.D., of whom see a long memoir in the first volume of Nichols's Literary Anecdotes.

place, that I confess I did not much expect this event, though you had given me some assurance of it. I hope the state of the University is better than you represent it. If not, I know of nothing so likely to retrieve its credit as two or three such elections as this. I should indeed have thought the thing done, if the Margaret Professorship * had been as well disposed of as the Mastership. . . . . .

I can guess how melancholy your attendance on your good mother must be, from what I see of Mrs. Warburton on poor Mrs. Allen. Yet a sense of duty supports her, as it does you. . . . . .

I had reasons for wishing to keep the Letter to L.† a secret; but, as the Bishop detected me, and you suspect me of it, I will not dissemble to you that I wrote it out of pure indignation at a coxcomb, though I am sensible the wiser way had been to follow Mr. Pope's advice,

> And charitably let the dull be vain.

He has announced an answer, which I shall probably never read.

The new edition of the Dialogues is out. I have a present for you, and only wait to know when and whither you would have it sent. I shall scarcely turn author again in haste, notwithstanding your edifying story of the Winchester fiddler. All here are much yours. Let me hear of you before I leave this place. . . . . .

* This was given to Zachariah Brooke, D.D. of the same college.

† "A Letter to the Rev. Thomas Leland, in which his late Dissertation on the Principles of Human Eloquence is criticised, and the Bishop of Gloucester's idea of the nature and character of an inspired language, as delivered in his lordship's Doctrine of Grace, is vindicated from all the objections of the learned author of the Dissertation." See above, p. 72, where, by a mistake of the Editor, the publication of this Letter is referred to the year 1758.

Thurcaston, July 13, 1765.

. . . . . In a letter I received lately from Sir Edward Littleton, he says his lady is not well since her return into the country, and that he now almost despairs of her being so beyond the time she may continue at Bath or elsewhere. When I contemplate this faculty the ladies have got of being well everywhere but at home, and that such otherwise excellent women as Mrs. Wright, &c. are of the number, I shudder at the thoughts of matrimony, and half acquit this libertine age for the disgust it has conceived of it.

I must tell you after all, but by way of secret, that I am likely to go to Lincoln's Inn. I had peremptorily refused Mr. Yorke * three or four times, but his kindness to me was so obstinate that he would take no denial. This occasioned me at last to explain the true motives of my conduct to him, such as you may remember I mentioned to you here. The effect was that, besides writing to me, he sent my letter, with an elaborate one of his own with it, to the Bishop, who, of course you see, would join Mr. Yorke in removing my scruples. In short, I followed their advice, and suppose I shall be nominated the first of Michaelmas term, which is the day appointed for the election. Nothing gives me much pleasure in this affair but the uncommon kindness and generosity of my friends. . . . . I agree with you as to the *Castle of Otranto*;† but the sort of composition, even according to his own idea of it, is an absurd one. 'Tis true he explains that idea in his preface most miserably.

Our men of taste seem to be in the condition of their famous predecessor, who bade high for a new pleasure, and could not get any.

You had best write to me through the Bishop of Gloucester, who will always know where to find me.

* The Hon. Charles Yorke.

† By the Honourable Horace Walpole, first published in 1765.

TO SIR EDWARD LITTLETON.

Thurcaston, Sept. 27, 1766.

I had this morning the news of poor Mrs. Allen's death. My distance from Prior Park, and the fear of giving me an ungrateful trouble, prevailed with the family not to send for me. My promise to poor Mrs. Allen, as I told the family, was only to come if I should chance at that time to be at London or Gloucester; and these terms were fixed by herself, so that, considering the nature of the request, I think they did very well not to construe my engagement too strictly. Mrs. Warburton's delicacy of respect to her aunt's inclinations made her willing that I should be sent for wherever I was. But in this I think she carried her scruples too far, and her good sense upon second thoughts has justified my opinion.

To this point of time belongs the following continuation of Mr. Cradock's reminiscences:

Almost as soon as Dr. Hurd was fixed at Lincoln's Inn he was seized with rather a dangerous illness, which confined him to his apartments for a great length of time; and, as I then resided in Dean Street, Soho, I thought it my duty to devote as much time as possible to his service. Indeed it was a service that could not be rendered by every friend, however inclined, for in summer his room was kept so very hot, from fear of an eruption being struck into the system, that his servant has retired for air whilst I remained with his master. Here he was amused with the little occurrences of the day, or I sometimes read to him specimens of new publications. His table was generally covered with various books of reference which he had borrowed from Mr. Cadell; and, when he was overcome with fatigue by looking them over, I several times took many of them home with me

for more minute examination. I had from early life always, more or less, studied divinity; and it was some satisfaction to me if I could make any due return, by my assiduity at least, for innumerable favours that I had formerly received. Whilst writing his "Discourses on Prophesy," I particularly alluded to all the books he had occasion to examine. "Why, my good friend," said he, "you are better read in Daubuz on the Revelations than I am. I hope you do not think that it has passed unobserved by me, that you have made yourself well acquainted with those works, that you know at this time are particularly interesting to me. I duly estimate your attention."

Before Dr. Hurd was quite recovered, at Lincoln's Inn I once called upon him; and he told me that Bishop Warburton was to preach that morning at St. Lawrence's Church, near Guildhall, an anniversary sermon for the London Hospital. "Then, Sir," said I, "I shall certainly attend him." "I wish you would," replied he; "and bring me an account of all particulars. I believe I know the discourse;* it is a favourite one; but I could rather have wished that his lordship would have substituted some other;" then, hesitating, he added, "but it is perhaps of little consequence; for he does not always adhere to what is written before him; his rich imagination is ever apt to overflow." I was introduced into the vestry by a friend, where the Lord Mayor and several of the governors of the hospital were waiting for the late Duke of York, who was their president, and in the mean time the Bishop did everything in his power to entertain and alleviate their impatience. He was beyond measure condescending and courteous, and even graciously handed some biscuits and wine on a salver to the curate who was to read the prayers. His lordship,

* On 1 Cor. xiii. 13. It is amongst his printed sermons: a fine and characteristic composition, and worthy of him in all respects.

being in good spirits, once rather exceeded the bounds of decorum, by quoting a comic passage from Shakspeare, in his lawn sleeves, and with all his characteristic humour; but, suddenly recollecting himself, he so aptly turned the inadvertence to his own advantage as to raise the admiration of all the company. Many parts of his discourse were quite sublime, and were given with due solemnity; but a few passages were, as in his celebrated Triennial Charge, quite ludicrous; and when he proceeded so far as to describe some charitable monks who had robbed their own begging boxes, he excited more than a smile from most of the audience. "Though certainly, Sir," said I, "there was much to admire, yet upon the whole, to speak the truth, I was not sorry that you were absent; for I well knew that you would not have absolutely approved." "Approved, Sir," said he, "I should have agonised!"

REV. MR. HURD TO DR. BALGUY.

Thurcaston, Oct. 10, 1766.

I am glad to find by your letter of the 1st that you are got to Bath, and in so good a plight.

I wanted to know where you was, that I might put you in mind of what you mentioned to me about passing your winters in London. Why should you not take a lodging in Lincoln's Inn Fields? Can there be an opener situation, or freer air for you to breathe in? By this means we should be as near to each other as we used to be at Cambridge. And why should not you and I spend the evening of life together, as we have done the morning? We have drove a'field together, why not to fold?

> For we were nurs'd upon the self-same hill,
> Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.

In short, I am much in earnest about this project, and hope you are no less so.

I am less surprised than concerned, as you will suppose, at the ill news from Pall Mall.* The general cause of this catastrophe is apparent enough: but what could bring it on at this moment? Was it the mere agitation of his Russia scheme, or was there any disappointment in it? Poor man, at one time or other some misadventure of this sort could hardly be avoided. And what matter whether the scene lay at Petersburg or London?

Joe Warton does me too much honour. I find Theocritus is to be a more considerable thing than the Greek Epigrams. But will not the same editor stand in his way here too? I understand that Reiskius has given an edition of Theocritus this year at Leipsic.

Honest John Ludlam † has been to dine with me to-day. He is reasonably well, and full of joke and waggery as usual. It is true he shakes his head at St. John's; but the main cause of his disgust is, that they seem to hesitate about allowing him a faggot and a farthing candle to work by in the new Observatory. In this he thinks, and surely with reason, they do not use him quite well. . . . . .

* This melancholy incident was the suicide of the Rev. Dr. John Brown, already mentioned in this correspondence. This ingenious but eccentric man had received and accepted an invitation from the Empress of Russia to superintend some grand measures of civilisation which she had projected. Preparations had even been actually made for his journey, when failure of health obliged him to decline the engagement. This, added to other disappointments, caused an attack of insanity, of which he had before exhibited symptoms, and resulted in self-destruction, Sept. 23, 1766, in the fifty-first year of his age. See Letters from a Late Eminent Prelate, &c.; Letter CLXXXV and note; Nichols's Literary Anecdotes, vol. ii. p. 214; and Letters of Gray and Mason, (edit. Mitford,) 1855, p. 360.

† The Rev. William Ludlam, B.D., is here alluded to. He was called *John* by his friends in allusion to his college. See an account of him in Nichols's Lit. Anecd. iii. 639.

Thurcaston, Feb. 6, 1767.

. . . . I despise the whole controversy about Subscriptions so much, that it must fall into better hands before I pay any attention to it. I know nothing of Farmer's book,* but from some scraps in the papers. What I know of himself is, that he is a young man, though a great dealer in old things. For the rest, I remember the Laureate's advice, to shun all authors. The truth is, I have found by experience that, as "Manners maketh man," according to the wise adage of your great prelate of Winchester, so Letters marreth him; and I resolve in my future conduct to be governed by this new maxim—the prince of coxcombs is the scribbling coxcomb. Write this down among my wiser sentences . . . . . You must write to me sometimes, as ill as I deserve from you. When I am in a humour to do anything, I write sermons: and in this work I find the want of a good Harmony: pray direct me to the best. I wish to know too, what edition of Aristotle's works I should buy, and what edition of Petrarch.

REV. MR. HURD TO SIR E. LITTLETON.

Thurcaston, Aug. 7, 1767.

I would not let so good a friend as you be informed by the newspapers only, that the Bishop of Gloucester has done me the honour to appoint me his Archdeacon.† This preferment, besides what they call the dignity, is of something more value than such things commonly are, there being a small rectory in Gloucestershire annexed to it, and it being the only arch-

* Dr. Richard Farmer's Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare, published in 1766.

† ". . . When I have two such able friends in the Lower House of Convocation, I think myself a great loser by no business being done there. From this you will conclude perhaps that Pitt judged not amiss when he told Mr. Allen that I had very much the spirit of Atterbury." (Bishop Warburton to Dr. Balguy, Aug. 17, 1767.)

deaconry in the diocese. I suppose it may be worth near 200*l.* a year; but then a curate for the rectory is to be paid out of it.

BISHOP WARBURTON TO SIR E. LITTLETON.

[Endorsed by Sir E. Littleton, "Received 29th August, 1767."]

Dear Sir,—I have just now had the honour of your obliging letter of the 15th. Lady Littleton's satisfaction on this occasion I am sure is equal to ours. Indeed it would be hard to say which of us of the *parti carré* (I mean of his four real friends), receive most pleasure in our Archdeacon's promotion. But this I am sure of, that the least is much greater than what he himself feels for it.

One step higher on the ecclesiastical ladder would be something to an able climber, such as those he sees both on his right hand and his left, who by turning their backs, as they rise, upon those that hold the ladder for them, make quick work of it. But our friend is so awkward in mounting, that he still keeps his face towards them; which must naturally hinder his advance. However, he pleases himself; and he thinks it ought to please his friends.

My wife joins with me in our best respects to Lady Littleton; and I have the honour to be, dear Sir, your very faithful and obedient humble servant, W. Gloucester.

On Commencement Sunday, July 6, 1768, Mr. Hurd proceeded D.D. at Cambridge; and the same day was appointed to open the lecture founded by Bishop Warburton for the illustration of the argument in favour of Christianity derived from Prophesy. This important appointment he fulfilled to the entire satisfaction of the learned and judicious audience who assembled in the chapel of Lincoln's Inn. The twelve sermons delivered on

this occasion were afterwards published, agreeably to the tenor of Bishop Warburton's trust deed, and still maintain their reputation, as one of the most acute, learned, and sober dissertations extant on this difficult subject. In criticising this work Mr. Green, in his Diary before quoted, remarks with great judgment:—

> The same spirit of discrimination which leads him on some occasions to distinguish too subtly, prompts him on others to view a question in all its phases, and not to content himself, as writers of a more sanguine temperament too frequently do, with one leading circumstance in the solution of a difficulty, where many might be taken into account as conspiring to solve it: he is often eminently happy in this respect.

This work, as Mr. Chalmers remarks, produced a private letter from Gibbon under a fictitious name, respecting the Book of Daniel, which Dr. Hurd answered; and, the Editor of Gibbon's Miscellaneous Works having printed the answer, Dr. Hurd thought proper to include both in the edition of his Works published after his death (in 1811). It was not, however, until the appearance of Gibbon's Works in 1796, that he discovered the real name of his correspondent.

In 1769 Dr. Hurd published a selection from Cowley's Works, in which he very judiciously made a separation between the wheat and the chaff of that original and thoughtful but very unequal writer. It is well remarked by the author of the short memoir of Bishop Hurd before referred to,

that there was a strong similarity in many points between Cowley and the Bishop, and that a great part of the fine character of the former drawn by his friend Bishop Sprat would, *mutatis mutandis*, serve equally for Bishop Hurd. We observe in both the same sincerity of heart and simplicity of manners—the same delicacy of taste and devotion to study—the same love of freedom and retirement—and the same contempt for the trappings of greatness. It was, no doubt, the sympathy arising from this resemblance which directed the Bishop in his choice of Cowley as one of the interlocutors in his Dialogue on Retirement from the World, and which dictated the present selection from the poet's works.

DR. HURD TO DR. BALGUY.

Thurcaston, Sept. 13, 1768.

. . . . Your sermon will certainly suit the occasion very well, and will do you credit from the press, provided you do not retouch and correct too much. I know the anxieties of you late adventurers, and I have some experience of the public taste: therefore the best advice I can give to one who always writes accurately is, *Manum de tabulâ.* The Duke of Grafton, as you say, has made some amends for his Archbishop,* by the new Professor of History.† I heartily wish that Mr. Warton may succeed at Oxford. 'Tis something to keep the fountains clear. The larger rivers, unless they flow through a better soil than ours, are always dirty.

I agree with you about Robertson's book.‡ I think Cadell told me he was to have 3,500*l.* down, and 500*l.* more

* The Hon. Frederick Cornwallis, translated to Canterbury 1768.

† Mr. Gray.

‡ History of Charles V.

on a second edition. The Scotch, I suppose, who are passionate admirers of their historian, are to make the fortune of his publisher. I read Byron's Narrative * some time ago with pleasure. Porter † has yet escaped me.

I had last week from Mr. Yorke a notification in form of being appointed by the trustees to preach the Bishop's lecture. It was attended, as usual, with compliments. But I remember my friend Horace's rule, *ne cui de te plusquam tibi credas.* And so far, you will say, is well: the worst is I must write, in spite of my own modesty. Let me desire you to recollect for me such books as you think it will be useful to read; and chiefly those that have been written *against* Prophesy.

Thurcaston, Oct. 28, 1768.

. . . Your notions of preaching are certainly right. Few hearers distinguish between one sermon and another, when the general sentiments are, as they commonly must be, much the same. The person, the look, the voice of the preacher does everything, even in the best auditories. 'Tis true, these sermons on Prophesy are of a different consideration: and therefore for the benefit of the lecture I could wish it in your and not my hands.

. . . I went some time ago to visit Sir Edward and Lady Littleton, who had been here for some days this summer. There I met with Lord Lyttelton. We had much discourse on many subjects, for he is a *shiner* in conversation. He was profuse in his compliments to me on the Dialogues on Travel; to all which I bowed, and said nothing—no, not a word on his great History.‡ So that I doubt we parted on

* The Narrative of Commodore John Byron's Expedition round the World. 1768. 8vo.

† Observations on the Religion, Laws, Government, and Manners of the Turks. By Sir James Porter, F.R.S., Ambassador at Constantinople. 1768. 2 vols. 12mo.

‡ Of Henry II., published in 1767—1771.

no good terms, though he invited me to Hagley, an honour I firmly mean not to do myself. He told Sir Edward he found me a different man from what he had expected from my writings, and more than intimated that that difference was to my disadvantage. I dare say you know the meaning of this.

Lincoln's Inn, May 13, 1796.

I have a just resentment at the colds which persecute you, and, the keener perhaps just now for having one myself; though Mrs. Warburton tells me she saw you in good spirits at Prior Park, which are almost better things than good health.

. . . My Visitation begins at Dursley, and not at Bristol, as you had heard. Had it been otherwise, I should have taken Bath in my way, for the sake of passing one day with you. I set forward to-morrow morning on my journey. I had provided Pope's new Letters for my entertainment on the road; but, casting an eye upon them, I found them so slender a meal, (for by Dodsley's management twelve short letters are spread through a two-shilling pamphlet,) that I even dispatched them just now over my tea. They are chiefly curious for containing, as they seem to do, the first overtures of friendship with Patty Blount. It grieves me to see what a dupe a warm heart made of so good an understanding. Patty, it seems, had a turn for scribbling verses, and that was one of the *hairs* with which she drew him. So that his "heedless youth" was more than once "caught with a female wit." If ever I fall in love, it shall not be with a poetess. So resolves at present your affectionate humble servant,

R. HURD.

Thurcaston, Sept. 25, 1769.

. . . . . Last week I sent my respects to you in a short letter to Mr. T. Warton, which was only to tell him that I could not yet procure an answer from Mr. Gray, who has been

from Cambridge ever since the Commencement, and as Mason informs me is now rambling in the North, to Keswick and other places, and will not return to college till the end of next month.* I suspect he is better at executing a plan than at contriving one, and therefore have no hopes that the scheme he had projected for himself in writing the history of English poetry will be of much service to Mr. Warton. However, I dare say I shall easily prevail to have a copy of it sent to Oxford; for thither I guess Mr. Warton will be going soon. I thought you hypercritical in censuring his Ode as careless: to me it appeared highly finished, as well as masterly in the design throughout: and yet I only saw it lamely given, as it might be, in a common newspaper.

It is true, as you say, I have not been curious enough to read Priestley; and I do not so much as know the title of his book.† All I do know is, that he is a wretched coxcomb, and of a virulent spirit; on both which accounts, as well as for his want of sense, you will do perfectly well to follow your Bishop's advice.

Lincoln's Inn, Nov. 8, 1769.

. . . . . Aristotle and you are a couple of choice philosophers. Instead of endeavouring to allay the fever of the passions, you encourage and promote it. But we must have something to hope or to seek; and are there no objects of desire or means of activity but deaneries and bishoprics? Are there no books to read or to write? Is there no such thing as conversation or amusement?

> ——————— Or, to be grave,
> Have we no friend to serve, or soul to save?

Will not all this keep a divine from sinking into insipidity

* See his exquisite description of this tour, addressed to his friend Dr. Wharton, in Mason's Life, vol. ii. p. 259, ed. 12mo.

† Considerations on Church Authority, occasioned by Dr. Balguy's Sermon on that subject. 1769. 8vo.

and disgust? I grant you, in some professions, where the views of advancement are necessarily connected with the exercise and improvement of our best faculties, you and Aristotle may be right in your philosophy. I should advise a lawyer, for instance, to aim at nothing less than the seals, because, whether he obtains them or not, he will still be happy in himself, and more and more useful to the world by cultivating his knowledge, his eloquence, and his judgment. But say this of churchmen if you can. Is a man likely to be the better divine, or to cultivate one useful quality the more, for aspiring to Canterbury? I trow not, and I defy you to make good so outrageous a paradox. If all this does not satisfy you, let me have you by my fireside, and see if I do not talk you out of this scandalous philosophy. Be sure come hither as soon as you can, and do not forget to put half a dozen sermons in your portmanteau. You can't imagine how serviceable you may be to me; and you shall always be at liberty to preach or not at a moment's warning. There are motives, too, for you; you may hope to please this learned audience; and can you do better than seek the conversion of our demi-pagans?

Thurcaston, Sept. 13, 1770.

. . . I have read, as you have done, Archbishop Secker's Sermons, of which I think better than you do. Information is not the object of a good sermon,—no, not from the press. Its end is to persuade men to the *practice* of what they know, confusedly at least, beforehand; or to confirm them in the *belief* of their religion, either by plain familiar argument, or by pathetic representation. For the latter the Archbishop had no talents, but he excels greatly in the former. I grant you that *discretion* is the capital virtue, both of the man and the writer; but discretion in the degree in which he possessed it is perhaps the rarest quality of all

others, and is hardly to be found in any other of our divines except Tillotson. The Life is ill written,* and of no great value.

When I am well enough to amuse myself with anything it is with commenting on Mr. Addison. My grammatical notes are grown so numerous that I begin to think in earnest of giving an edition of his Works—I mean if the booksellers will consent to print an edition of them entire and separate from the other trash of the Spectator, &c. in 8vo. a thing they have never yet done. On this idea I have even gone so far as to write a preface to the whole, with which I am not displeased, and which you shall one day see. If I have talents for anything it is for this sort of work; and it will not be a slight benefit to the rising generation if I should be able to give them a just value for Mr. Addison's writings.†

Lincoln's Inn, Dec. 3rd, 1770.

You did finely to go to Gloucester, and to do I know not what mischief, and then run away to Bath and Winchester without sending me notice of what had happened. However, what is passed cannot be helped, or rather I hope is helped, that is remedied, in a good degree, by this time, and therefore I only use this objurgation to introduce a command, which is that you forthwith (your pockets being now full and your audit over,) repair to this place for the rest of the winter. I want you for a hundred things, among other things, to know how the world goes, for, though I am stationed in the centre of the metropolis, I am as much a stranger to what is passing in it (unless you take a lying morning paper to be an authentic intelligence) as if I lived at Pekin, or at Thurcaston.

* By Dr. afterwards Bishop Porteus, his chaplain.

† An edition of Addison's Works, with the Bishop's Notes, was published in 1811.

. . . . . My Lecture proceeds prosperously, I mean it has all the outward signs of prosperity, (and who would regard any other?) for, besides the two chiefs,* I had yesterday the Chancellor of Cambridge † and the Speaker of the House of Commons ‡ to hear me harangue for an hour by Lincoln's Inn clock on the subject of Anti-Christ. I dined afterwards at Bloomsbury Square, and heard my Lord Mansfield (who is actually alive and in appearance well, in spite of Junius,§) trumpet me to the Bishops of Durham ‖ and Worcester,¶ without so much as paying the good company the ordinary civility of blushing. See how I grow every day in fame and impudence! . . . . . .

Lincoln's Inn, May 1, 1771.

. . . . I am reading Dr. Beattie's book** on the Nature of Truth, and I must tell you that it is very well worth reading. He is very ingenious, and, what I value infinitely more, I think a very good man. He may be less subtle than Hume, but I honour him for this defect. . . . . .

Between this amiable philosopher and Dr. Hurd a mutual regard, springing from similarity of tastes, sentiments, and studies, prevailed. It

* Lord Mansfield and Sir Eardley Wilmot.

† Duke of Grafton. ‡ Sir Fletcher Norton.

§ This mention of Junius leads to the remark that in a forthcoming work of Mr. Joseph Parkes, in which he undertakes by new and important documentary evidence to identify Junius, it will be seen how high an estimate was formed by that distinguished writer of the literary talents, accomplishments, style, and constitutional principles of Bishop Hurd. According to Mr. Parkes, Junius, in published political writings, contemporary with the celebrated Letters, has quoted the Moral and Political Dialogues, and highly eulogised the Bishop.

‖ Dr. Egerton. ¶ Dr. James Johnson.

** Dr. James Beattie, Professor of Moral Philosophy in Marischal College, Aberdeen.

may even be supposed to have had a deeper root. Both had been raised to distinction from an humble sphere of life; and both had preserved in their elevation and intercourse with the great that upright simplicity of character, equally remote from servility on the one hand and presumption on the other, which forms so attractive a recommendation to persons of judgment in a superior station; and which thus became one principal means of their advancement. These particulars must have produced a close and attaching sympathy, which, had not distance of residence and the necessary avocations of both interfered, would no doubt have ripened into a still stricter intimacy.

Thurcaston, Sept. 13, 1771.

. . . . . Poor Mr. Gray's death * has affected me very sensibly. We have so few persons of any eminence in literature left, that the loss is great to the public, and to the University, I doubt, irreparable. He was so good as to call upon me a little before I left London. I told him I thought he looked thinner than usual. He said he had been much disordered of late: but I did not suspect that he was in so much danger, and that I was not to see him any more. . . .

You understand the subject of Dr. Beattie's book so much better than I do, that I will have no controversy with you on that head. All I have to say is, that I should esteem the man infinitely, even though you convinced me that there was not a word of sense in his book; and, what is stranger still, that I must think him the best writer, beyond comparison, that Scotland has yet produced. I mean in

* On the 31st of July this year. The cordiality here expressed was duly reciprocated by Gray. See his Letter to Hurd, Aug. 1757, in his Memoirs by Mason.

prose as well as in verse. As to the last, Mr. Gray, who had known him personally, and spoke of him with great esteem, thought the "Minstrel" too descriptive, but owned the description was in the best taste. . . . . .

Lincoln's Inn, Dec. 2, 1771.

. . . . . Yesterday I preached my Apocalyptic Lecture to a full and frequent audience, at the head of which was Sir Eardley Wilmot, for my Lord Mansfield was confined by a cold. However I dined afterwards with him, and met three lords and the young Prince Poniatowski, nephew to the King of Poland, whose adventure has lately made so much noise. Our conversation turned much upon Tokay, and other Hungarian wines. And this is called keeping the best company! . . . . . .

If I were vindictively disposed I might take ample revenge upon you for your contempt of Dr. Beattie.* The whole world is in admiration of his book. Lord Lyttelton surpasses me in enthusiasm, and Lord Mansfield goes beyond us both. This last lord went so far as to recommend the author to the Ministry, who, I believe, will do something for him. This is the more extraordinary, because David Hume is well known to his lordship. All agree that the *man* is as respectable as the *author*. In short you must change your note, or resolve to be silent, when you come among us in good company. Cadell tells me that the reputation of Beattie's book has already affected the sale of Hume's works: he says this, though he publishes for Hume, and has no concern with Beattie. . . . . .

Lincoln's Inn, July 10, 1772.

. . . . . I hope that you will seriously think of printing your Charge. It will certainly do good, and do yourself credit at this time. If the Hampshire Whigs as well as

* Warburton agreed with Hurd, and not with Balguy, on this subject. See his letters to Hurd.

Tories are not pleased with it (but I dare say they are) the more shame for them! . . . . .

Dr. Butler's performance I have not seen: but, sure, he is a charming critic; and, for a man who never uses a metaphor, a most lively and accomplished writer. . . . . .

You affect to wonder how the Court come to admire my sermons: as if the reason were not obvious! But to show you that the Court is not singular in this, I must tell you that I had the other day a visit from Dr. Heberden. He had been silent hitherto, but now he expressed himself to purpose. He said, he had at length gone through my sermons, and with the greatest pleasure: that the subject to be sure was nice and difficult, but that I had said a great deal upon it, and in a manner, &c. . . . . For modesty's sake supply this hiatus for me. He concluded with a word or two on Cowley, of which (I mean of my edition,) as well as the author, he seems a passionate admirer. Go, now, and wonder at the Court's partiality to me. . . . . .

Lincoln's Inn, Nov. 9, 1772.

. . . . . I must now tell you honestly that I like your Charge* extremely. It will do much good at this juncture; it will mortify the Petitioners, both those of the Church and the Conventicle, and it will do yourself a great deal of honour. . . . . .

I have had several letters addressed to me on the subject of the Sermons, some with names and some without—one especially of the last kind, very long and very ingenious, from a Free-thinker,† which I shall shew you when we meet.

The moment you have taken a *quantum sufficit* of the Bath waters, get you back to Winchester, squeeze all the pelf you can out of them at the audit, and then come directly hither . . . . . for the winter. I have left off reading

* On Subscription to Articles of Religion. † Gibbon: see p. 102.

and writing, and want you extremely. Besides, I shall be run aground if you do not bring me at least half a dozen sermons for Lincoln's Inn. In the mean time, committing you and your Charge to the candour of Dr. Kippis and Dr. Priestley, and all the doctors at the Feathers Tavern, I am here very quietly and serenely, though on my Lord Mayor's day, or rather night, yours to command, &c.

Lincoln's Inn, Nov. 30, 1772.

. . . . . Dr. Hallifax * . . . opened his course of lectures yesterday . . . I was not at the chapel, being martyr'd at the time with a sad bilious complaint . . . . . However, I got a sight of his sermon afterwards, and I think it a proper one, at least I ought to think so, for it seemed a recapitulation of my first six sermons. Henceforth, as he said, he is to stand on his own legs: and I doubt not he will stand ably. But *àpropos* to my bilious cholic. The news of it flew to Dr. Heberden, who very humanely came to me this morning. As soon as he had heard my history, and prescribed as he thought fit, he passed immediately, and with high approbation, to the mention of that note to your Charge which gives up the cause of the Bishops to the petitioning Dissenters. What followed was so warm on this subject, that we had no time to consider the merits of your Charge itself. He reserves himself, without doubt, for your own ear on that subject. Is it not much to be lamented, that so excellent a man, who might claim respect of all the world in his own department, will strive in another province, where, at most, he can but merit our pardon on the score of his good intentions?

Very faithfully yours without a name.

* Samuel Hallifax, D.D., King's Professor of Civil Law at Cambridge, Master of the Faculties, and Bishop successively of Gloucester and St. Asaph.

Lincoln's Inn, Dec. 16, 1772.

DEAR SIR, ... You know my opinion of Dr. B.* I doubt he is a prostitute man. His pamphlet, which, however, I have not seen, and only judge of from what I hear, does not vindicate him from this suspicion.

Dr. Kippis has taken it into his head to be marvellously complaisant to me: but his compliments must not restrain me from saying, that, though in his general argument he is unquestionably right, his *book* is weakly and impertinently written.†

As to our good friend in Pall Mall,‡ he is so rational, *i.e.* so Socinian, in his divinity, that, except the note I told you of, I question much whether the rest of your Charge be to his taste. I must tell you, however, that every body else I meet with is an admirer of you. Dr. Ross says, the whole is excellent: and paying last night a visit in Bloomsbury Square, where the conversation happened to turn on the petitioners, Lord Mansfield said he had just come from dining with Sir Eardley Wilmot, who spoke in the highest terms of a tract on that subject by Dr. Balguy, which had given him (Sir E. W.) the clearest and most satisfactory ideas on that subject. I said that Dr. Balguy had just printed a Charge on Subscription, &c.; that, as the doctor had not, I believed, the honour of being personally known to Lord Mansfield, I took for granted he had not taken the liberty of sending his lordship a copy of it, but that if he would give me leave I would send him mine. He said, he should be glad to see it, and the rather, as he knew Dr. Balguy to be an extraordinary man, &c.

* Dr. John Butler, afterwards Bishop of Oxford and Hereford, one of the persons to whom Junius's Letters have been attributed; who had now become a defender of Lord North's measures.

† His "Vindication of the Protestant Dissenting Ministers with regard to their late application to Parliament. 1772."

‡ Dr. Heberden.

Lincoln's Inn, June 12, 1773.

. . . . . For myself, whom you kindly inquire after, I do just nothing, unless trifling may be called something; for I have spent most of this week in seeing fine places in Surrey with my friends Sir Edward and Lady Littleton; and I am likely to spend as much of the next at Bulstrode with the Duchess Dowager of Portland. . . . . .

When I blamed your friend of St. Asaph* it was for preaching at all on such a subject. I never troubled myself about the side he took in the dispute. In good truth, this *good man* is a very coxcomb.

Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, June 15, 1774.

I hope this will find you at Winchester after your Visitation, and will suppose that your orthodox sermon to your clergy has prepared them to profit by the new book against Lindsay.† It begins to make a great noise here, and, if I am not mistaken, will give some disturbance to the rationalists every where, especially in Essex Street . . . . . Let me know your sentiments of it. You will find, without doubt, some texts mistaken, others alleged that are not pertinent, more perhaps reasoned from not conclusively: but still there is very much of real weight. What surprised me most was, to find some deep and solid reflections scattered through the whole, which yet seem to be the writer's own: for, as I am told, he knows little of our best divines, and, in particular, has never read Bishop Butler. The circumstance of his being a layman, and a gentleman, makes a prodigious impression, as it was easy to foresee it would. We

* Bishop Shipley.

† "Scriptural Confutations of the Arguments against the One Godhead of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, produced by Mr. Lindsay, in his Apology. By William Burgh, Esq. 1773." 8vo. A Sequel, entitled "An Enquiry into the Belief of the Christians of the First Three Centuries," was added by Mr. Burgh in 1778.

shall have answers in abundance. His name, I believe, is Burgh: he is a member of the Irish Parliament, and has lived of late at York . . . . . .

Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, July 16, 1774.

Indeed, indeed, my good Sir, you are much too severe and hypercritical. What, because the good man * has not expressed himself, you would interpret him into a *meaning*, nay would not see or acknowledge the merit of very many things not a little extraordinary from such a writer. But don't imagine I am going to dispute any one of these things with you. I respect them in secret, and, when I find any one of our divines, nay of our bishops, writing on an article of faith more reasonably than this layman has done, I shall know how to value him. When you say that "the revelation of a mystery destroys the *being* of it," don't you use the word *revelation* in the sense of clearing up? If so, I assent to the truth of your proposition; otherwise not. Is nothing revealed, by which I mean only *delivered* in Scripture, which you do not understand? If this be your case it is well; I think it is not mine. But, as I said, I will not dispute with you on these matters; it answers my purpose better to mortify you a little for your severity to Lindsay's confuter, and therefore I must tell you you are quite out of fashion, as you was in the case of Dr. Beattie. Everybody admires the writer's sense and parts at least, whatever he may think of the main argument. In particular, Mr. Edmund Burke has sent him a card of the most profuse compliments, and desires the honour of his acquaintance.

You may be sure I shall not communicate your letter to Mason. I shall only say to him what I did say before he left London, that he must not expect you to applaud as I do; and now for a new subject in turning over a new leaf.

* Mr. Burgh.

I am still here with scarcely any creature about me to speak to. My amusement, too, is the poorest in the world; it is only that of preparing a few sermons for the press. You will ask me what demon prompts me to print sermons, or, indeed, anything else, at a time when nothing is more contemptible than even a good author. To this question I hardly know what to answer; all I can say is that I have a few sermons by me which I shall not preach again, and yet do not care to fling away, and that I am willing to take this opportunity of paying my acknowledgements to Lincoln's Inn for their civilities to me; but, when this debt is paid, don't imagine that I shall ever be mad enough again to turn author; still, though I talk of publishing, it may be a long time hence, though I set the press agoing for my amusement. Towards the end of the month I think of withdrawing to Thurcaston for the summer. . . . . .

Great Russell Street, July 30, 1774.

I thank you for your kind letter. Without quibbling with you, I suppose when you say "your faith reaches no further than you think you have clear and distinct ideas," your meaning is, that you require the proposition which you are to believe to be an intelligible one: otherwise, you will say, you believe *nothing*. Let me ask you then, are not *these* propositions (clearly laid down in Scripture, if any thing be,) intelligible propositions? Namely, that the *Father is God*, that the *Son is God*, and that the *Holy Ghost is God*, and yet that the *Lord our God is one God*. You admit they are, and you believe them on the authority of Scripture. But what then do you conclude from comparing these propositions together? You will say, you conclude nothing. You keep to those propositions only, and go no further. But can you help concluding, that is believing, thus much, out of respect for the authority which delivers them: that the Father's

being God, the Son's being God, and the Holy Ghost's being God, is some way (though you know not how) consistent with the Lord our God's being one God? Thus far, methinks, you may go without deserting your ground of *clear and distinct ideas*. But if you go thus far, I do not see that you fall short of Dr. Wallis,* who thought that the Divine Being was in certain respects unintelligible to us, both Three and One. And this, after all, is, I think, as far as Lindsay's confuter goes: for I do not perceive that he forms any system on the subject, or intended to form any: he only concludes from a variety of texts, as interpreted by himself, and a great part of them, for any thing I can see, rightly interpreted, that thus a reader of the Scripture must needs think of the Trinity. I protest to you, I cannot see where the nonsense of this talk lies. But you refer me to Mr. Locke,† who has a deal to say to the Bishop of Worcester, about *Person*, *Nature*, *Substance*, &c. I know how dangerous it is to make use of these terms, and perhaps the less use is made of them the better. But I will tell you frankly my mind. Mr. Locke had edified me much more than he has done, if, instead of teazing the Bishop, page after page, about his not understanding this, and not understanding that, he had fairly said what he himself conceived on the subject, *i. e.* what he believed about it, and what was not the object of his or any man's belief. As he did not do this, it is not with the best grace that he resents so much the Bishop's hard thoughts of him in respect of the Trinity.

In a word, I cannot speak or think otherwise of the

* Dr. Wallis's term for the persons in the Trinity was "Three Somewhats." "In strictness of speech our metaphysics have not yet given a name to these distinctions, nor do I know any need of it." Seventh Letter on the Trinity, 1691, 4to.

† "A Letter to Bishop Stillingfleet, concerning some passages in a Discourse of his Lordship's in Vindication of the Trinity," published by John Locke, the philosopher, in 1697.

Trinity than Dr. Wallis and many of the others have done, if I admit Christ to be God, and the Holy Ghost to be God, in the *high* sense in which I think the Scriptures represent them. I do not mean to say that Dr. Wallis's notion clears up any thing, nor do I expect that any other man's notions should; I only take his notion to be *unavoidable* in consequence of what I take to be the sense of Scripture. If I could think myself authorised to lower that sense, I should be much disposed to sit at Mr. Lindsay's feet. Till then, I must continue your orthodox and most affectionate friend and servant, R. HURD.

Thurcaston, Sept. 17, 1774.

. . . . . In your second letter, you tell me that bishops and ministers are become patrons of merit. I rejoice for honest Tom's good fortune, but see nothing to applaud in the great man. Considering his connection with Trinity College, he could not well do otherwise. If he could, I should not have blamed him, for I think our good friend is fitter for almost any thing than to be the governor of a young man of fashion. What you say of your bishop's * virtuous resolution is just nothing. Out of regard to the Bishop of Oxford,† or to somebody else, he has given a good living,‡ which he knew not what else to do with, to Mr. Sturges. If he gives the next that falls, which none of his family can take, to the greatest dunce in his diocese, his friends may still say, and I believe with great truth, that he disposed of it to the best of his knowledge. . . .

* Dr. John Thomas, Bishop of Winchester. † Dr. Lowth.

‡ Alverstoke, in Hampshire, conferred on the Rev. John Sturges, afterwards LL.D. 1783, and Chancellor of the diocese of Winchester. He was a nephew of Bishop Lowth, but is said in Nichols's Literary Anecdotes, ix. 108, to have owed the valuable living of Alverstoke to having married the sister of Dr. Buller, (afterwards Bishop of Exeter,) who was son-in-law of Bishop Thomas.

SECTION IV.

The year 1774 witnessed Dr. Hurd's advancement to the episcopate as Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, on the translation of Dr. Brownlow North to the see of Worcester. This elevation has been ascribed to King George the Third's admiration of his Moral and Political Dialogues. It is said that "the King one day, pointing to these Dialogues, said, 'These made Hurd a Bishop. I never saw him till he came to kiss hands.'" Considering, however, the dexterity with which those about Courts contrive imperceptibly to direct the choice of princes, we can hardly doubt that his powerful friends, Lord Mansfield, Mr. Charles Yorke, and Bishop Warburton, had much to do with this important step on the ladder of promotion.

On the 5th of June 1776, on the resignation of Dr. Markham, afterwards Archbishop of York, Bishop Hurd was entrusted with the difficult and responsible office of Preceptor to the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York.

This appointment is more directly traceable to the impression made on the King's mind by his Dialogues, particularly by that on the British Constitution, which stamped him in the King's opinion as eminently qualified to direct the

education of a future sovereign. This favourable impression is said to have been confirmed by Lord Mansfield placing before the King the Bishop's Lectures on Prophesy delivered at Lincoln's Inn.

The advancement of Dr. Hurd to the episcopate rendered vacant the archdeaconry of Gloucester, the presentation to which fell, of course, for that turn to the Crown; but it would appear that Bishop Warburton, wishing to have an Archdeacon of his own choice, had applied to the Minister for the nomination. This produced the following handsome letter from Lord North:—

LORD NORTH TO BISHOP WARBURTON.

Downing Street, Dec. 6, 1774.

My Lord,—If I had not been prevented by a visit into the country, and the present hurry of business in the House of Commons, from paying my duty to His Majesty yesterday, I should already have troubled your Lordship with a letter upon the same subject with that which I received from you this morning.

I assure your Lordship that, after the great provision his Majesty's goodness has made for my brother, there is nothing which gives me so much pleasure, in the present arrangement of ecclesiastical benefices, as the opportunity which it affords me of acknowledging the very distinguished merit of Dr. Hurd, and of offering a small tribute of respect and gratitude to a person who has done so much honour to this age and country as your Lordship. Although I would not in another case presume to foresee his Majesty's resolu-

tion, yet I am so well acquainted with his Majesty's esteem for your Lordship that I will venture to promise that he will gladly accept of your recommendation to the archdeaconry of Gloucester. I must therefore desire your Lordship to let me know the name of the person * whom you wish to see Archdeacon of Gloucester, and beg leave to assure you that your commands will be no sooner known than obeyed by, my Lord, your Lordship's very faithful humble servant,

NORTH.

DR. HURD TO DR. BALGUY.

Great Russell Street, Dec. 9, 1774.

DEAR SIR,—I need not say how kindly I take your congratulations. I have now kissed hands, and have nothing more to do till the Bishop of Worcester is confirmed.

But one thing occurs to me. The other new bishop and myself shall, I suppose, be consecrated together, and I am told that I shall have the nomination of the preacher. You see what I am going to ask, but will it be possible to prevail upon you? 'Tis true I think more on the honour that will be done me than on your inclination or convenience. However, as to this last, I think I may venture to say that you will not be called upon till towards the end of January or perhaps later. Revolve this thing in your mind, and grace your old friend if you can.

The Bishop of London,† to say nothing of others, was very early in his congratulations. He affected to inquire after you, and to talk much of you, knowing that he could not pay his court more agreeably to the new bishop.

Mr. Drake has been so good as to leave his name. He is higher in my esteem than he perhaps takes himself to be.

* The Rev. John Webster, LL.B. succeeded Dr. Hurd as Archdeacon of Gloucester.

† Dr. Terrick.

Our good Bishop of Gloucester overflows in his joy on this occasion. By the way, he is so much considered at Court, that I believe he will have the disposal of my archdeaconry, in spite of the Court harpies. I expect every day to have to resign it into his hands. This will make him very happy, and is in my opinion but a just compliment, though an uncommon one, to his eminent merit . . .

Lichfield is on all accounts an eligible see, the value about eighteen hundred pounds a year. This I had both from Lord North and the Archbishop.

I have a hundred things to say to you, and therefore come hither as soon as you can. I am pestered with civilities from all quarters; but one heartfelt congratulation from such a friend as you is of more worth than a thousand well-penned compliments. I am truly, dear Sir, your affectionate and faithful servant, R. HURD.

FROM BISHOP WARBURTON TO DR. BALGUY.

Gloucester, Dec. 5, 1774.

I could not forbear troubling you on this occasion, though my address to you is at hazard, to congratulate with you on this happy occasion of our worthy friend's good fortune, on whom the King has bestowed a good bishopric, though we thought it long a coming. I believe it is not the least share of his happiness that he is sensible of the extreme pleasure that this gives to the friends he most esteems—yourself and me, for I do Dr. Hurd the justice to believe that he reckons us in that number.

Gloucester, Feb. 16, 1775.

. . . . . It was kind in you to preach the sermon for our excellent friend. Notwithstanding your modesty, I am

assured of the goodness of the performance It was friendly in him to ask you about your answer to me concerning his promotion. I received your kind letter on that occasion, which gave me much pleasure. But my infirmities make writing very painful to me, so I hope such friends as you and he will excuse my negligences, and never entertain the least thought that I am ever a moment forgetful of either of you.

BISHOP HURD TO DR. BALGUY.

Bloomsbury, April 24, 1775.

Dear Sir,—I thank you for your favour of the 17th from Bath.

The Memoirs,* I take for granted, were sent you from the editor. He is now at York, but removes to Aston in the beginning of next month. There is some difference in opinion about the Letters, but in general they are well liked. The Latin poetry pleases me, but many better judges incline to your sentiments.

Can you guess where † the following conversation passed yesterday? "The sermon preached at your consecration has been generally well received." "I believe, Sir, it has." "This is the second sermon on the occasion by the same hand." "Yes, Sir, and I therefore thought myself the more obliged by this civility." "Dr. B. is a very ingenious man, Mr. Harris †" (who stood next). "Yes, Sir," Mr. Harris replied, "I have the pleasure to be well acquainted with Dr. B., a very learned and ingenious man, and with

* Of Gray by his friend Mason.

† At the levee, the King being the questioner.

‡ James Harris of Salisbury, a man of much classical acquirement and great moral worth, author of "Hermes, or a Philosophical Enquiry concerning Language and Universal Grammar," and other learned works. He was M.P. for Christchurch, Hants, a Lord of the Admiralty, and afterwards of the Treasury, and father of the first Lord Malmesbury; b. 1709, d. 1780.

several of his friends at Winchester, Mr. Chancellor Hoadley, Dr. Warton, &c." And then the conversation passed to Winchester School and Greek, and the "Philosophical Arrangements."

After this dialogue I must disappear as soon as may be, and leave you to your own reflections. . . . . .

Dear Sir, yours, &c. R. L. & C.

We again resume the anecdotes of Mr. Cradock:

From the time that Hurd became Bishop, his Lordship has been fully before the public.

Dr. Hallifax wished to succeed him as Preacher at Lincoln's Inn, and calling at Mr. Cadell's in his way to dinner with the Bishop, took up a publication that lay upon the table, and said aloud to Mr. Cadell, "Who could venture to give an old hierarchical tract of Jeremy Taylor at this time of day?* I am sure you will have no sale for it." Mr. Cadell was silent. Afterwards at dinner in Great Russell Street, he mentioned the circumstance that some simpleton had republished at Mr. Cadell's an old hierarchical tract of Jeremy Taylor, and he told him that he would have no sale for it, but Cadell only turned away and would not say who it was. Here likewise a silence ensued. In Bloomsbury Square (I had the account from Mr. Mainwaring,†) Dr. Hallifax inquired whether he had dropped anything wrong about a pamphlet. The answer was, "I was quite alarmed about it, for I knew that Hurd had printed it at his own expense." "Then," said Hallifax, "I will go back immediately and apologise to his Lordship," but Mr. Mainwaring dissuaded him from it, and insisted that he would only make the matter worse.

* "A Moral Demonstration that the Religion of Jesus is from God:" republished by Hurd in 1775.

† The Rev. John Mainwaring, B. D., Margaret Professor of Divinity at Cambridge.

Hurd commenced the government of his diocese by issuing his summonses in the old Latin form, and hunting out for some other ancient formulæ, but was informed of some ludicrous comments which were imputed, and justly too, to a celebrated philosophical physician at Lichfield. This gentleman (possibly from his engagements in his profession) did not frequently attend the cathedral, although he went to hear the Bishop preach his first sermon there, and paid great attention. When the service was over, a friend of mine determined, if possible, to gain Dr. Darwin's real opinion (for why should his name be concealed?). The doctor was taken by surprise, and only, stuttering, replied, "The Bishop's discourse, Sir? Why—it—contained some very good words indeed."

Hurd would sometimes assert that Pope had shut the door against poetry, as Addison had, by his "Drummer," against all comedy, and then would refer to the fine correct taste of the ancients. Sometimes I ventured to take up a strongly contrary opinion, and would ask, "Why always the ancients?" &c.; and I read afterwards in his Chivalry and Romance, "But I know I shall be asked, Why always the antients?" and some other words, as then made use of. I understood them. His learning and his prejudice sometimes equally prevailed.

Of all the men I ever knew, Hurd, as a country divine, carried the loftiest carriage. No person at times in highest life looked with more disdain on little folks below, or, to speak more correctly, on unlearned folks. When Mr. Mainwaring paid his last visit to Dr. Hurd, then Bishop of Worcester, it was his public day. His Lordship, always rather irritable, was now become considerably captious and peevish, and, Mr. Mainwaring at dinner giving some account of the French emigrants he had seen in passing through Worcester, his Lordship suddenly exclaimed, laying down his knife and fork, "Have I lived to hear the

Lady Margaret's Professor of Cambridge call it emĭgrant?" The company was struck with astonishment, and the professor only coolly replied, "My Lord, I am certainly aware that the *i* in the Latin of *emĭgro* is long, but modern usage—" "Nay, Sir, if you come to modern usage, I can certainly say no more." Mr. Mainwaring, considering his Lordship's age and increasing infirmities, said no more.

Though no person could be more obsequious to his friend and patron Warburton than Hurd, yet they were totally dissimilar in disposition—the one cold, cautious, and refined, the other warm, daring, and unguarded. Hurd weighed every word he spoke or wrote, and Johnson once said, "Sir, he's a word-picker," and another replied, "Yes, Dr. Johnson, he always appears to me to be so very precise, that I term him an old maid in breeches." Indeed he was always so much upon his guard, that I do not believe that either his friend Lord Mansfield, or even Warburton, ever talked freely or intimately with him. Trifles from others gave offence. He once strongly reproved me from seeing Tristram Shandy in my classical library, and urged its instant removal.

I have mentioned that Hurd and Warburton were totally dissimilar. Hurd could read none but the "best things." Warburton, on the contrary, when tired with controversy, would send to the circulating libraries for basketfuls of all the trash of the town, and would laugh by the hour at the absurdities he glanced at. The learned world could never guess from whence the Bishop obtained so many low anecdotes, for his conversation, as well as some of his letters, were at times complete comedy. Another instance of contrast between the two Bishops—the one would have gone to Bath from Prior Bark on a scrub pony; the other, when he went from Worcester to Bristol Hot Wells, was attended by twelve servants, not from ostentation, but, as he thought, necessary dignity annexed to his situation and character.

BISHOP HURD TO DR. BALGUY.

Bloomsbury, Nov. 11, 1775.

Dear Sir,—I should think it necessary to apologise for my long silence, since the receipt of your favour of Sept. 15th, if you did not know my aversion to letter-writing when I have nothing to say.

My time passed at Eccleshall, as you would suppose, in receiving visits and in returning them, though in truth they were so numerous that more than half were left at last unpaid. The public business called me hither sooner than I could have wished, and now that matter in abundance is furnished to me, what shall I say? Only that I have spent three tedious nights in hearing what afforded me no information, and gave much pain. The malignity and folly of faction are not to be imagined. Yet the tide, I think, is turned. The defection of one or two weak or peevish people makes no impression; and the minority sank last night in numbers, in argument, and even in eloquence. Yet in saying this I do not mean to take advantage of Lord Lyttelton's concession to the ministry. You may depend upon it that Lord Weymouth is Secretary of State in the room of Lord Rochford, who resigns, and Lord George Germaine Secretary for America, in the room of Lord Dartmouth, who succeeds the Duke of Grafton in the Privy Seal. Of other things I cannot speak so positively, and these changes will be generally approved.

But why do I trouble you with this trash? Let me know when you come hither, and when you think of putting Dr. Powell's Sermons,* and I hope something of your own, to the press.

Mr. Arnald was so good to stay with me till his business called him to college in the beginning of October. He is a good creature, but I think should leave college, if we could

* These admirable Discourses were published by Dr. Balguy in 1776, in one vol. 8vo.

find a proper occasion to take him from it. I shall insist on your being as good as your word, to see next summer how we pass our time at Eccleshall.

Dr. William Arnald, named in the preceding letter, was the son of Mr. Hurd's predecessor at Thurcaston,* and was introduced to his notice by having been sent, when very young, to treat with him, upon his coming to the living, respecting the fixtures of the house. The night being snowy, Mr. Hurd detained him as his guest, and the favourable impression made on this occasion probably led to their future friendship. Mr. Arnald was educated under Mr. Lawson at Manchester, and entered at St. John's College, Cambridge, B.A. 1766, and a high Wrangler, Fellow of his college 1767, Tutor 1768. In 1775 he was Chaplain to Bishop Hurd, and in 1776 was appointed Sub-Preceptor to the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York. He proceeded D.D. in 1781, on which occasion he preached the Commencement Sermon. He was subject to occasional derangement, and was staying at Hartlebury, when his last paroxysm, of which he was perfectly aware, came upon him. Bishop Hurd in a letter to Dr. Balguy, dated June 9, 1782, says, "Poor Dr. Arnald grew ill before he left me, and is now under confinement." From that year to the time of his death, which hap-

* The Rev. Richard Arnald, author of a Commentary on the Apocrypha.

pened at Leicester, he continued under restraint. Several gentlemen, however, to whom he was known, used to visit him and play with him at backgammon. His delusion seemed to be ambition. He sometimes wore a mitre, and while yielded to was tolerably composed. His death is thus mentioned by the Bishop in his Dates of Occurrences, &c.: "My most deserving, unhappy friend, Dr. William Arnald, died at Leicester, Aug. 5, 1802."

Dr. Arnald was much valued by his friends for his great abilities, gentleness of manners, and goodness of heart. His Commencement Sermon, which gave offence by the honest freedom of its exhortations to maintain the character of the university by a regard to letters, morals, and religion, is a model of sober piety and sound judgment in its sentiments, and of elegant simplicity in its expression. It was published, agreeably to the directions of his will, in 1803.

BISHOP HURD TO DR. BALGUY.

Bloomsbury, June 7, 1776.

You will imagine what I felt, and still feel, though not perhaps so much as you feel for me. In duty and gratitude I could not decline this charge.* I am not anxious for myself so much as for Mr. Arnald, who sacrifices a great deal to his friendship for me.

I have a spare bed at Kew, and let me invite you thither, as I am not likely now to see you at Eccleshall.

The young Princes (I do not say it for form sake, and in the way of compliment) are extremely promising.

* That of the education of the Princes.

Kew, June 8, 1776.

. . . . . Something like a plan of studies is projecting, and will be wanted in no long time, and we shall not satisfy ourselves without your advice . . . . . .

Great Russell Street, April 25th, 1777.

I thank you, my dear Sir, for your kind favour of 23rd. Sir Edward will be at Bath before you receive this, and I hope will find my Lady Littleton tolerably, notwithstanding the croaking of her Jew doctor.* The reason of my wishing to hear so soon of Sir Edward was, that I wanted by his means to acquaint Mr. Edward Horton † (whom I knew not how to direct a letter to) that I had one of my pitiful little prebends of Lichfield to make him an offer of. It is the first that I have had fallen, and, though a trifle, (the reserved rent being about 13*l.*) I have fancied it may not be unacceptable to him.

The same death that vacates this stall vacates also a living of about 70*l.* a-year for poor Ball.‡ But the Archbishop of Canterbury has asked it for a friend of his, to hold with Eccleshall, (his option,) and offers me instead for Ball two livings in the Isle of Thanet, to the amount of 150*l.* a-year, and, as far as I can learn, not ill-conditioned, which I fancy he will accept.

I heartily wish the Bishop of Oxford may have life and health enough to reap the benefit of his new promotion.§ Dr. Ross will certainly, I believe, be the next Bishop.

* Dr. Ralph Schomberg, an eminent physician at Bath.

† Rev. Edward Horton of Queen's Coll., Cambridge, LL.B. 1775.

‡ The Rev. David Ball, the Bishop's Curate at Thurcaston and Ansty in 1763 (before noticed in p. 72) was collated by Archbishop Moore in 1785 to the rectory of Aldington with Smeeth, Kent; and in 1809 presented to the vicarage of St. Mary Sandwich by the Archdeacon of Canterbury. He died about the year 1823.

§ Dr. Butler, before noticed in p. 114.

I write by this post to Sir Edward, and will therefore only trouble you with my respects to Mrs. Drake.

Dear Sir, your most faithful and affectionate servant,

R. LICHFIELD & COV.

SAME TO SAME.

Kew Green, Aug. 11, 1777.

I have your kind letter of the 5th, and am sorry I cannot see you here, where indeed my friends cannot much enjoy themselves, nor I them.

Your papers on the German Empire will answer my purpose perfectly with a very little alteration. Your scheme on Government is too good to be thrown away on the occasion. Perhaps I shall put down something myself, or you may write in a single morning when we meet in London all I wish you to say on the reason and foundation of Civil Government, and of conformity to that mode of it which happens to be established in any country, &c. all which I mean chiefly in opposition to such schemes as tend to nourish tyranny in governors and licentiousness in the governed. You understand me. But let this sleep for the present.

Robertson's History * may be worth your running over. There is a deal of prate in it, according to the Scotch way of writing history, and indeed everything else. His civility to Gibbon and Raynal make me suspect his religion to be of a piece with that of his friend Hume. . . . . .

Our friend Mr. Arnald, I hope, will flourish in this soil. He takes to it well, and has plenty of Court dew sprinkled upon him. My anxiety is only for him, and that his merits should not go unrewarded. . . . . .

I wish you, dear Sir, a pleasant summer between your two delicious residences of Alton and Winchester. Here am

* His History of America, first published in 1777.

I chained on the banks of the Thames, for my sins, no doubt, as other culprits are. All I can do is, to send my *written* respects to Mrs. Drake, and to assure you in one word that I am truly yours, R. LICHF. AND COV.

Bloomsbury, Nov. 15, 1777.

. . . . . I have very little kindness for any Scotch writer, except one or two, and for those only or chiefly because they have the feelings of men. Vanity, parade, false taste, and infidelity are the portion of the rest. . . .

I have real pleasure in hearing that a scholar, and what is more an author, is springing up in the Peak. His design is good, and his execution, under your care, will not be contemptible. But I have no notion how he can answer Farmer to purpose without books, though I must confess that Farmer himself wrote against the Demoniacs without the use of many. It is true that he wrote accordingly.*

Dr. Ogden sent me his Sermons on the Articles of the Christian faith.† I am delighted with them. They will do infinite service at Cambridge and elsewhere. I sent him word I should put them into the Princes' hands, when they had finished Archbishop Secker.

I read the Colonisation of the Antients ‡ in the summer, at Kew, and was entertained. The author, as you would see by his style, is a Scotch minister.

* The Rev. Hugh Farmer published his "Essay on the Demoniacs of the New Testament" in 1775. A list of the several works in this controversy will be seen in Lowndes's Bibliographer's Manual.

† Fourteen Sermons on the Articles of the Christian Faith, 1777, 8vo. Dr. Ogden has been before mentioned in p. 51.

‡ A History of the Colonisation of the Free States of Antiquity, applied to the present contest between Great Britain and her American Colonies, 1777, 4to. It was written by William Barron, F.R.S.E., Professor of Logic and Belles Lettres in the University of St. Andrew's.

SAME TO SAME.

Great Russell Street, April 27, 1779.

The Bill of the Dissenters, with the Declaration, I suppose will pass; and then we shall have done with them. Cambridge has been absurd enough to boggle at the Declaration, and so, I conclude, has disobliged her sister Oxford. But both these illustrious bodies join in petitioning the Legislature for what they value more than ——, the privilege of printing Almanacs—the classics, I suppose, of the universities of England. The Vice-chancellor of Cambridge has been with me; but I could not make him sensible that the University had played the fool, or rather the knave, in taking no part, some time ago, in the cause of literary property.

London, May 12, 1779.

This will inform you, if you have not heard it before, that the Dissenters Bill was committed yesterday, and passed the House of Lords without opposition, and without one word on either side for or against it, except something, which nobody listened to, from Lord Abingdon. The thing is now over, and we shall hear no more from that quarter. ——I agree with you entirely on the Chapter of Toleration: but I do not think the Declaration, for which Oxford petitioned, and Cambridge would not, in the least degree intolerant; for the Bill respects only Protestant Dissenting Ministers, who are professed Christians, and I see no intolerance in requiring men to declare what they believe. The principle the Dissenters went upon is a horrid one, the principle of the old Puritans, and of the Papists, I mean the principle of independence of the civil power. "What business," say Price and his crew, "has the Legislature to enjoin any thing on me that respects religion? I am a Christian, but will not say this by compulsion." Indeed!

but what if the Legislature required you to declare your belief in God? or rather, does it not require you to make this declaration whenever it calls upon you to take an oath?

The short of the matter is, we are mad in more ways than one, and particularly in our notions about liberty, civil and religious. This makes me think that, much as I approve and admire your Charge on Toleration, it will not be seasonable to publish it just now. The Dissenters Bill, as I said, is not a Bill for universal toleration, but only for the toleration of men of a certain description. Nobody, however, will or ought to be punished for religious opinions.

Lord North is so supine that he has suffered the Adultery Bill and the Universities Bill for Almanacs to be thrown out in the House of Commons. I agree with you that the Universities deserved this treatment, as I frankly told the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, when he came the other day to solicit my assistance.

Kew Green, August 18, 1779.

I returned to this place this day from Windsor, whither the Court went for about a fortnight to celebrate the birthdays of our two Princes. The time passed in jollity and dissipation, notwithstanding the cloud that hangs over us. . . .

During our stay at Windsor I was dragged again to Farnham. The old man * seemed well and hearty. For the rest, I have little concern about him, and none at all about his bishopric.

I agree with you in the detestation of David Hume's Dialogues,† but not in thinking that no notice is required of them. On the contrary, I hold it fit, and even necessary, that they be confuted: and yet I know but one person that can do it to

* Dr. John Thomas, Bishop of Winchester; he died in 1781.

† Dialogues concerning Natural Religion, 1779, 8vo.

purpose. I beg of you, my dear Sir, to think seriously of this design. You understand the subject perfectly, and you have the art of representing in few and clear words what would set it in a just light. As little of controversy as you please, but let something be put together this summer from your papers that may obviate, I do not say the whimsical fancies, but the destructive impiety, of this blasphemer. Again, I must press this upon you, as a matter of strict duty.

Kew Green, Sept. 6, 1779.

I do not write this to say one word to you on Mr. Arnald's promotion.* You will guess, without my doing so, how sincerely rejoiced I am at it. Indeed, I could not be at ease till I saw him satisfied, in some degree, for the lucrative station he left at College at my request. In time I trust he will be to his heart's content.

I only write now to put you in mind of what I said in my last. This book, as you say, is ingenious, but so portentously mischievous, that I hold a good answer to it of more importance than a victory over the combined fleets; and I know not whence to expect such a one, but from you. Pray set about it in good earnest. It will do you infinite honour. To say more, it will brighten the evening of your life, and give a satisfaction as well as glory to it which the mitre of your diocese (so well deserved by you) could not have done.

Bloomsbury, Dec. 10, 1779.

I have so many things to say to you that, according to my usual laziness, I make none of them the subject of a letter. I incline to your opinion about the impropriety of publishing the fragment of the ninth book of the Divine Legation. But the thing may not be in our power; as the

* To a Canonry of Windsor.

good man,* by I know not what neglect or forgetfulness, said nothing of it in his will. I thought it right, however, to take the opinion of Mr. Towne, to whom I sent a copy of this piece, but have not received his answer.

. . . . . I will not attempt to say one word of public affairs. The folly of some, and the madness of others, is incredible. What turn the Irish affairs will take we shall know on Monday next. All men that are in their senses hope for the best.

What I have most at heart is to understand from you that you have thought seriously of confuting that enemy of all godliness, David Hume. Think better, *i. e.* more justly of yourself, than to suppose you cannot do it to the satisfaction of all reasonable readers. It is your infirmity to see difficulties where there are none, or none insuperable. Have a confidence in yourself, and all the world will have it too.

These earnest persuasions of the Bishop were not lost upon his friend; for in 1781 Dr. Balguy published his antidote to the poison of Hume's infidel notions, in the form of a short treatise, entitled, "Divine Benevolence asserted and vindicated from the Objections of Ancient and Modern Sceptics." This, though but a specimen of a larger work, is a piece of uncommon merit, and fully justifies the high encomium passed upon it by the Bishop in a subsequent letter.

The reputation, both as a divine and as a preacher, which the Bishop had acquired by his Warburton "Lectures on Prophesy," was fully

* Bishop Warburton, who died Jan. 7, 1779. The fragment here mentioned, which had been printed by the author, was first published in the 4to. edition of his Works in 1788.

sustained by his publication in the year 1776 of a volume of Sermons preached at Lincoln's Inn, which was afterwards followed by a second and a third. These discourses are distinguished by acuteness, originality, exact method, and, above all, by a vein of serious piety, and are written in a style of simple unaffected elegance. They are precisely such as would be heard with interest and effect by persons accustomed to reasoning and investigation, and as such were fully appreciated by the learned auditory to which they were addressed.

Professor Mainwaring, in the dissertation prefixed to his sermons, says, "No person ever understood the art of method so thoroughly, or has been so successful in shewing the advantage of it, as the present Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry."

Mr. Green's judicious remark * on these Sermons is:

"I have never met with discourses which, without yielding to the prevailing laxity of opinion, are so admirably adapted to work upon the reason and feeling of the age as these."

Mr. Kilvert, the Bishop's chaplain, in his copy of the Bishop's Sermons, in possession of the Editor, has made the following note—

The Bishop's manner of preaching is well described in the following words of Pliny:

Equidem Parentis publici sensum cùm exhortatione ejus, tum pronunciatione ipsâ perspicere videor. Quæ illa gra-

* Diary of a Lover of Literature.

vitas sententiarum! quam inaffectata veritas verborum! quæ asseveratio in voce! quæ affirmatio in vultu! quanta in oculis, habitu, gestu, toto denique corpore fides! (Paneg. in Trajan. C. lxvii.)

BISHOP HURD TO DR. BALGUY.

London, Sept. 23, 1780.

DEAR SIR,—I send you the inclosed at the instance of the indefatigable Sir David.* He is now translating Minutius Felix, or rather, as he writes, has done it, and wants your revisal. But you scarce deserve this honour, if it be true, as he complains, that he has heard nothing from you since he sent his last book. This cannot be, for the book was dedicated to you, and you could not, in conscience, neglect so long your dedicator.

The poor man, I believe, amuses himself with these things to forget some distressful circumstances in his family. So it will be kind in you to revise his MS. . . . . .

TO THE SAME.

London, Dec. 14, 1780.

. . . . . My Sermons have the fortune to be reasonably well received; these two volumes better than the first. I scarce know for what reason. All this you will not wonder at, for our wise readers like an author who writes to their own level. I hope and believe that your work (which I reckon on your putting to the press as soon as you come hither,) will be very unpopular. For I stick to my text, on which you will find I have commented very notably—*woe to that man* or writer *of whom all men speak well.*

* Sir David Dalrymple, titular Lord Hailes (or New Hailes), a well-known Scotish lawyer, scholar, and antiquary, born 1726, died 1792.

Mr. Arnald and I are *in statu quo*. Yet we think there is a prospect of release and liberty with the new year.

The indefatigable Sir David is translating Minutius Felix, and writing notes. Of the *last*, I have a large farrago in my hands, and am to keep them, I suppose, till his Arch-Critic arrives. This Sir David is a good, well-intentioned man, has learning and sense, but is withal immoderately vain; which I conclude, not from his writing so much, (for then how should another friend of yours escape?) but from his teazing his friends so immoderately with his MSS. However, with all his imperfections upon his head, give me a writer—an animal that is now become a *rara avis*, and much to be stared at, even in our learned universities. . . . .

Bloomsbury, May 4, 1781.

. . . . . Your little book* is universally applauded. I do not mean by that, that it is universally understood. But your name convinces, or rather silences, those who do not or cannot understand. This I foresaw and reckoned upon, as one of the chief benefits of your confuting these blasphemers. Your work will do immense good: I wish this or any other consideration could prompt you to go on with the rest.

In the year 1781 the Bishop was elected a Member of the Royal Society of Göttingen.

Dr. Thomas, Bishop of Winchester, having died May 1, 1781, Bishop Hurd received the next morning a letter from the King by a special messenger from Windsor with the offer of the see of Worcester, in the room of Bishop North, who was to be translated to Winchester, and of the Clerkship of the Closet in place of the late

* See p. 137.

Bishop Thomas. These marks of royal favour the Bishop with due gratitude accepted.

From the time of his advancement to the see of Worcester, Bishop Hurd appears, from the scattered notices preserved in his letters, as well as from traditional evidence, to have divided his time between the calls of his important diocese, his studies, and becoming hospitality towards his friends and neighbours, varied only by occasional visits, and attendance upon his parliamentary duties.

His first act on coming to his new diocese, was to put his noble episcopal residence, Hartlebury Castle, in complete order, to build a library, and to furnish it with the books of Bishop Warburton which he had purchased.

Hartlebury is a village pleasantly situated on the road from Worcester to Kidderminster, distant about ten miles from the former and four from the latter. The Castle is a venerable pile, consisting of a centre containing (besides other apartments) a fine baronial hall, and of projecting wings, one of which, to the south, is formed by the Chapel. The Library built by Bishop Hurd occupies a considerable part of the western side or back of the Castle. It is on the first floor, eighty-four feet long, and built over a gallery of equal dimensions.

The Castle is picturesquely placed on the edge of a deer park of about a mile and a half in circuit, on a gentle eminence, above a fine arti-

ficial lake which skirts it on the west. The gardens contain elevated terraces of turf to the south, sloping down to the level of the lake. On these terraces, which are visible from the park, being separated only by a sunk fence, the royal family, on their visit to the Bishop in 1788, exhibited themselves to the admiring gaze of a great concourse of the country people. The front approach from the east is by a noble avenue of lime-trees.

From this point of time the Bishop's correspondence with Dr. Balguy proceeds as follows:

Hartlebury Castle, July 16, 1781.

At length I am come to this place. It is large and handsome, and will be an agreeeble residence when the house is thoroughly cleaned, and repaired, and furnished. But all this will take so much time, that I cannot expect to live in it as I would this summer. However, I shall be able to entertain a few of my friends: and if you can contrive to make me in your way as you return from the North, you know how glad I shall be to see you. To tempt you the more, Dr. Arnald comes to me after the 12th of August, and stays till towards Michaelmas. This time may perhaps suit you. This Dr. Arnald has been preaching at Cambridge, and, like a knight-errant, would needs be telling the truth, and so has very naturally given offence. The worst part of the story is, he is made unhappy by this so necessary effect of his own plain dealing—a sure proof that nature never designed him for a Reformer. And so, for the future, I take for granted, he will preach, not so well indeed, but more like other men.

I take it for granted that the Bishop of Gloucester goes

to Ely;* and it is not improbable that Dr. Hallifax† will have Gloucester. You had heard at Bath, and mentioned to me, the rumour about Mrs. W.‡ and Mr. Smith. The last week she wrote to tell me that she had resolved to marry him, and gave many reasons for her conduct. You may be sure I did nothing else but give her joy of this connection. I suppose the wedding is over by this time.

My house is full of appraisers and surveyors, &c. This is no time, therefore, for writing long letters. Only come to me, and we will talk it out.

I desire my respects to Mrs. Drake, and am always your affectionate friend and servant, R. WORCESTER.

Hartlebury Castle, Aug. 6th, 1781.

MY DEAR SIR, — A mitre so offered is a real honour, and a greater so refused. I cannot enough venerate the King for making you this offer; but, as happy as I should have been with such a neighbour at Gloucester, I cannot in earnest blame you for not accepting it.

To make me some amends, come and spend the next month with me here. Dr. Arnald, you know, comes after the birthdays, and my hurry in receiving company will end with this month. You will find this an agreeable place. The worst is, there is not a book here, nor any repository for those I have at Gloucester. This, I doubt, will put me to the expense of building. But this is only one of the many embarassments we draw upon ourselves by accepting bishopricks.

I am, dear Sir, your most faithful and affectionate servant,
R. WORCESTER.

* The Hon. James Yorke, Bishop of Gloucester 1779, translated to Ely 1781, died 1808.

† Dr. Hallifax, (before noticed in p. 113,) was now raised to the see of Gloucester; to that of St. Asaph in 1789; died 1790.

‡ Mrs. Warburton, the widow of the Bishop, was married at this date to the Rev. Stafford Smith. She died at Fladbury, Sept. 1, 1796.

P.S. You did well to write to Dr. Arnald. He would say what was fit; and the King thinks so nobly, that he would take your refusal in good part.

Hartlebury Castle, Nov. 13, 1781.

. . . . . Your account of the heats in Yorkshire does not surprise me. There is a madness among us that threatens to be universal, especially if this war continues. The state of the Church I could weep over, if tears would do any good. You did wisely to keep to your private station. And, by the grace of God, mine, which is already much too high, shall never be more public. . . . . .

Bloomsbury Square, May 11, 1782.

I wrote a hasty line to you last night to Bath, forgetting at the moment that you are now at Alton; I therefore repeat what I said in my letter, that you may know it as soon as possible.

Late last night I had the honour to receive a gracious letter from the King, in which are these words: "My good Lord, on Monday I wrote to the Archbishop of Canterbury my inclination to grant Doctor Balguy a dispensation from performing the strict residence required by the statutes of the Chapter of Winchester, provided the Archbishop and the Bishop of the diocese (whom I desired him to consult) saw no objection in this particular case to such an indulgence. On Wednesday the Archbishop told me he had followed my directions, and that he and the Bishop agreed in the propriety of the step, and thanked me for having first asked their opinion, which must prevent this causing any improper precedent. I have now directed Lord Shelburne to have the dispensation prepared for my signature. You may now therefore communicate my intention to Dr. Balguy." I mentioned in my letter to Bath, that I

thought you should write to me such a letter on this occasion as I could shew the King, or, rather, that you should address a letter of thanks for this and all favours to the King himself, which I would deliver. But, as you are so near, I now think if you ran up hither, so as to be at his levee on Wednesday or Friday next, it would be better. I desire you will come directly to me. I shall have a warm bed for you, and another for your servant. I hope this additional mark of the King's favour to you will be a pleasure as well as a relief to you. Nothing was ever done with a better grace.

Always, dear Sir, yours affectionately,

R. Worcester.

P.S. If it should not be convenient to attend the levee on Wednesday or Friday next, write such a letter to me as I can shew to the King, giving some plausible reasons for not coming, and expressing your impatience to attend in person as soon as possible. I have seen the King to-day, and understand that you will receive a letter from Lord Shelburne.

Sabbath Evening.

TO DR. BALGUY.

Hartlebury Castle, Feb. 8, 1783.

. . . . Priestley's nonsense is not to be wondered at; but his impertinence in sending it to me, and calling upon me to read it, shews him to be out of his head. I suppose he was fool enough to think I would dispute with him, as poor Bryant did; but in this he will be mistaken.

(Copy of Dr. Priestley's letter inclosed in the above.)

"Birmingham, 11th Dec. 1782.

"Dr. Priestley presents his respectful compliments to Bishop Hurd. He begs his acceptance of a copy of his

History of the Corruptions of Christianity, and requests his particular attention to the General Conclusion, part ii."

Upon the death of Archbishop Cornwallis, May 1, 1783, Bishop Hurd was pressed by the King, with many gracious expressions, to accept the archbishopric of Canterbury. This however, as he himself states, "he humbly begged leave to decline, as a charge not suited to his temper and talents, and much too heavy for him to sustain, especially in these times." "The King," he adds, "was pleased not to take offence at this freedom, and then to enter into some confidential conversation on the subject." The Bishop, in relating the circumstance to Mr. Nichols, said, "I took the liberty of telling his Majesty that several much greater men than myself had been contented to die Bishops of Worcester, and that I wished for no higher preferment." The result was that the archbishopric was given to Dr. Moore, Bishop of Bangor, it has been stated, upon the recommendation of Bishop Hurd. On the 13th of the month he writes to Dr. Balguy: "I am truly happy, as you suppose, in having escaped Lambeth, though the offer of it could not but be flattering to me. A friend of yours * would not have said, *Nolo archiepiscopari*; but the King knows his Bishops well, and has provided better for us."

* Probably the Hon. Dr. Brownlow North, at this date Bishop of Winchester, and who had been Hurd's predecessor at Worcester.

Hartlebury Castle, Oct. 19, 1783.

. . . . . As to your duke,* he is, to express myself in Sir Edward Littleton's phrase, "a half-sense fellow," which is a thousand times worse than no sense, for that imposes on ninety-nine persons out of a hundred, and this upon nobody.

To tell you the truth, I have given the public over for gone ever since I was in a situation to look about me, which makes me the more solicitous to make the best of the present world, such as it is, by having as much of your company as I can, and therefore I the more regret the want of it in this gloomy season.

To enliven it what I can, I am turning over my old correspondence with Dr. Warburton, in which I find frequent and friendly mention of you. This, among other reasons, will tempt me to preserve many of his letters, and to give them in due time to this wretched world, if it be only to shame it into a better opinion of that excellent man by shewing it the regard he had to real merit.

I have also with the same design reviewed, and I think completed, my account of his life, which does not displease me. A vain author, you will say, is soon pleased; but in this case my vanity is out of the question, for I do not mean that this Life shall appear till I am out of the reach of the world's censures or applause.

In the year 1783 the Bishop received a visit from Lieutenant Budworth, the nephew of his old and highly respected schoolmaster, who has given the following graphic and characteristic account of their interview:—

* Qu. Harry Powlet, the sixth and last Duke of Bolton?

On my return from Gibraltar, I made Hartlebury in my way, and introduced myself to Dr. Hurd, purposely to thank him for the honourable mention he had, in his dedication to Sir Edward Littleton, made of my uncle.

He was in a flow of spirits, and I was vain enough to think the out-of-the-way visit from the only nephew of his early friend added pleasure to the fleeting hours. After my first reception, and the look of suspicion had vanished, he eyed me with growing complacency; and during our walk in his long gallery, and after two or three silent turns, he did me the satisfaction of saying I was like my uncle; but, as he said, "Mr. Budworth had more ruddiness of face, and was fairer; and yours wears the sun-burnt tinge of having served in a hot climate; and, indeed, young man, the having witnessed that siege will be a recommendation to you in your profession, and go down with satisfaction with you to the grave." He raised himself, and in the most animated language expatiated on the learning, friendship, and benevolence of his early friend; and, taking me most kindly by the hand, we sat down, and, with a look I shall never forget, he said, "I am happy to see you, Mr. Budworth;" and welcome indeed he made me, telling me many anecdotes of my relation; and, stopping in the midst of a flow of words, he asked me, "Are you a good singer, Sir? Your uncle had more melody in his voice than I ever heard; he did not sing with such science as your father, whom I have often hearkened to when he came to see his brother; but his had all the sweetness of the Æolian harp."

He then asked me why I did not call upon him when the regiment I was in marched through Worcestershire on their way to Manchester to be reduced; that he had observed my name amongst the officers, and supposed me to be a relation to his earliest friend. I told him that, being acting Adjutant to the division I marched in, and the men being made too much of through every town we halted at, my presence

and activity were necessary; or I fully intended doing myself the honour, the day we halted at Kidderminster, of paying to him my utmost considerations. "Your reasons, young soldier, make you the more welcome."

As my visit was not built upon design, I felt myself as much a guest as if amongst my brother officers, and gave range to every question he asked me about the Old Rock, with the unadulterated warmth of an animated partaker of everything that had gone forward; he pointed to a mark on my temple, and said, "I suppose you got that wound there." I told him, "It was amongst the first received; and that it was still a heavy affliction, and I feared ever would." "I am concerned to hear so; but it will be of service in your claim. Recollect the temple is the seat of honour, both in mind and action." I replied, "I was then on my way to London, to endeavour to get upon full pay again; but that my hopes were few." He said, "A Gibraltar officer ought to have more than hope to trust to." "I take the liberty, my Lord, of repeating some rude lines I saw chalked upon a sentry-box on Europa Guard:

> God and a Soldier all people adore
> In time of war, but not before:
> And when war is over, and all things are righted,
> God is neglected, and an Old Soldier is slighted.

His Lordship remarked, "It is to be feared there is some truth in it, and probably the lines were written by some soldier that had received a better education; for, though the verse is lame, there is mind in it." I observed, "The officers and men are necessarily so mixed on some of the guards, a certain freedom amongst themselves in point of conversation is unavoidable; and I have often witnessed in the strange jumble some noble sentiments and good military remarks." I begged to intrude a short lively

piece of wit. "Being on guard in the mines in Landport ditch, when the enemy were firing briskly, two shells fell into it. The men were warned to guard against the bursting of them, but they happened both to be blind shells (so called when fusees do not take effect). An old soldier instantly said, 'That verifies Scripture, When the blind lead the blind, they both fall into the ditch.'" "What a spirit," said his Lordship, "must that man have had, to have been so ready in the midst of danger!" I said, "Danger was so habitual, it gave a spur to genius; and I had often seen the soldier on guard over his Bible; and that I remembered a straggling shot striking a light-infantry man of the 58th across his belly, and, being too severely wounded to be removed, he desired his comrade would pray by him; which was religiously performed, the whole guard kneeling around the sufferer until he died." "That was true religion," said his Lordship, "and Sterne was right in saying, a man could do his duty as well in a red as a black coat; but he was wrong in his inferences."

In conversation to this effect, the moments flew away; and he invited me to pass some time at Hartlebury on my return from the North. He walked me from the gallery into the park; and, observing two old women picking sticks from under the trees he said, "We had some strong wind lately; and, indeed, if it were not for thinking of mariners, I should like a storm occasionally, as it gives the poor an opportunity of picking up the scattered wood; and coal is scarce here." He edged towards them, and said, "he was glad to see them so well loaded." They dropt curtseys with looks without fear; went on "picking dry sticks," not "mumbling to themselves," but as placidly as mortals under the protection of Heaven. I silently blessed him in my heart, and was visibly affected by the divine lesson immediately before me.

A friend of Mr. Budworth's was coming to dine with him, a Dr. Johnson. I asked if it was Samuel Johnson (then

living). "No, not he, although he was an ancient acquaintance (and I think he said schoolfellow) of your uncle, but a Dr. Johnson of Kidderminster;" to whom I received an animated introduction. At and after dinner he opened the stores of his rich mind, unbending himself to ask questions of me. Amongst them he said, "Pray tell me how divine service was performed during the siege; and how many chaplains you had." I told him that there was only one, and he was a deputy to the chaplain of a Scotch regiment, the 73rd; that he did duty at seven in the morning to the English regiments according to the Established Church, and afterwards to the 73rd regiment after the Church of Scotland, to which he belonged; and that both services were performed off the drum-head. "Ah!" instantly replied his lordship, "that reminds me of my friend Hudibras;

> When pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
> Was beat with fist instead of a stick.

Had he been a soldier he could not have asked more questions relative to the garrison; of which having some minute and compressed details about me, I presented them to him; which he received with kindness, and I observed he took them as a second proof of the respect my unusual visit had impressed him with; for he immediately asked if I could remain some days; and on my informing him that I must return to Birmingham, whence I had rode over to pay my respects, he made me promise, that at some future period I would make Hartlebury in my progress. His chaplain attended me to my horse, and urged me to recollect the Bishop's invitation. I passed a few most pleasant and interesting hours, and have often since enjoyed them in reflection. This was in November 1783; and in February following I embarked for India, after writing a letter of thanks for my reception. . . . . .*

* Nichols's Literary Anecdotes, vol. iii. pp. 337-340.

BISHOP HURD TO DR. BALGUY.

London, May 31, 1784.

. . . . . The physician * whose tragical exit you mention seems to have been tutored by Mr. Hume. By the way, this system of suicide is just now well exposed by the Dean of Canterbury † in a little volume called "Letters on Infidelity." I think they would amuse you on your Visitation.

I am just now turning over (for either Nichols or Cadell has sent it to me, unasked,) the new volume of the Biographia by Kippis and others. It is full of the nonsense and impertinence of those people. One instance of the latter virtue, so predominant in all they write, be the subject what it may, struck me on opening the book, among the *Addenda* of the second volume: it is, in publishing the letter the editor has drawn from you on the subject of Brown.‡ But so they constantly use those who have any commerce with them.

Hartlebury Castle, Aug. 18, 1784.

My dear Sir,—It is I know not how long (for you forgot to date your letter) since I had your last kind favour from Winchester.

I cannot help thinking you too severe on the facetious dean. His wit may not be of the best kind; but it seems to me good in its kind, and not unlike Dr. Echard's, which has many admirers. I think, too, there is good sense in

* "Saturday, 24 April, (1784,) died suddenly, Dr. Staker, an eminent physician of this city." (Bath Chronicle.)

† George Horne, D.D., afterwards Bishop of Norwich.

‡ A very long memoir of Dr. John Brown (whose suicide has been already mentioned in p. 99) was given in the Biographia Britannica, vol. ii. pp. 653—674; the addenda to which Bishop Hurd refers are prefixed to the third volume.

many of his observations, especially on suicide. His answers to scriptural objections are not always satisfactory, perhaps, but they are such as others have given.

I know not whether you have seen Mr. Travis's book,* or Dr. Horsley's Letters.† I think them both excellent, and hope the authors of them will be distinguished.

But I come now to what I have most at heart, the printing of your own Tracts, in which you tell me you are now employed. If you observe any passages which want qualifying or altering, as some may through a change of sentiment, you will know how to do this without any difficulty. You are not used to reason on wrong principles, and your discretion may be trusted not to *express* these in an exceptionable manner. It is to be lamented that the school of Clarke and Locke has not always been so cautious. Indeed those great writers did not, perhaps could not, foresee the licence of our times.

The Bishop of Oxford ‡ has been here, and spent some days with me. He was very well and cheerful, and you may be sure we did not forget you over our cups. After he left me, I had also a visit from the Bishop of Gloucester.§ These good prelates are as civil to me as if it were in my power to do them any service, which they know it is not. So disinterested is their friendship. . . . . Always, my dear Sir, your faithful and affectionate servant,

R. Worcester.

* Letter to Edward Gibbon, Esq., on his History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, in defence of the authenticity of the 7th verse of the 6th chapter of the First Epistle of St. John. By George Travis, M.A., Prebendary of Chester, 1784, 4to. There was a third and enlarged edition published in 1794.

† Letters from the Archdeacon of St. Alban's, [afterwards Bishop Horsley,] in reply to Dr. Priestley, 1784, 8vo.

‡ John Butler, translated to Hereford 1788, died 1802.

§ Dr. Hallifax (see p. 113).

The Palace at Worcester, Oct. 19, 1784.

I had paid my visit to Prior Park before I received your letter. I found them * very well, and, in appearance, very happy.

I could not help smiling at your grave comment on the books of Travis and Horsley. It is a fancy that has grown up with you from your early days that nothing should be published but what is new, or at least better said than it had been before. Nothing can be more mistaken than this notion. There is a necessity every day to inculcate old truths, though it be in a worse manner. The people, that is all the world, except about half-a-dozen scholars, know nothing of what has been said or written by others; and, I believe, what has brought Church and State into their present condition is, that old and new nonsense has been perpetually obtruded on the public, while the few of better sense and principles have not condescended to expose the broachers of it, because able men had said long since what was proper on the subjects of Religion and Government. You now see why I wish Travis and Horsley to be distinguished.

I am glad to hear that the press swells at Winchester. The Essay on Redemption † may be sent to me in town, where I shall probably be some time before Christmas, in order to look after the impression of the Bishop's ‡ books; but what I am most delighted with is, that your own book § will be ready at that time. As to your kind intention of offering it to me, assure yourself that nothing can be more flattering and agreeable to me than to have our friendship recorded by yourself in any way you like best, whether by inscription, if that be not too formal, or by what classic elegance

* Mr. and Mrs. Stafford Smith; see p. 143.

† See p. 165. ‡ Bishop Warburton

§ His Discourses and Charges, published in 1785.

was most pleased with, a simple familiar letter. Rank and place, my dear Sir, make no difference, at least create no distance, between real friends. So this work of your affection cannot but be highly pleasing to me in any form you may think fit to give it, and I seem to have some little title to this distinction, because perhaps my importunity has made you an author.

Adieu, my dear Sir, and believe me always your faithful and truly affectionate servant, R. WORCESTER.

Hartlebury Castle, Nov. 27, 1784.

DEAR SIR,—I have your kind letter, and only write now to tell you what has occurred to me since I wrote last. What if you dedicated to the King? There is no doubt of its being well taken. It would come with propriety after being so much obliged by his Majesty, and with dignity to yourself, as the offer made you was declined. The dedication may be short, only expressive of your duty and personal obligation.* The civility to me would be just the same from your kind intention. Pray think of this, and let me hear from you directly. I propose being in town by the 17th of December: you must not publish till after Christmas; at all events a present must be prepared and made to the King before you publish. I write this in haste to save to-day's post, and am always yours, &c.

R. WORCESTER.

Jan. 28th, (1785?).

I should like the Fourth Discourse better as a political essay on the Restoration than as a thanksgiving sermon, of which it has not very much the air. Under this last idea you might have said more on the restoration of the Church and Monarchy, and you probably would have said it if your sermon had not been designed for Winchester. However, as

* This advice was implicitly followed.

I know of no partialities towards the restored family, or to the politics of that time, the discourse may stand very well, only your printer blunders everywhere.

I dine at home to-morrow, and wish you and Mr. Webster would dine with me.

Hartlebury Castle, Aug. 3, 1785.

. . . . The Bishop of Bangor's * Charge is like himself, plain, honest, and useful. He gives his clergy good advice, if not much information.

I am much pleased with Mr. Ludlam's book,† though the writer he confutes was scarce worth his notice. There is much good sense in his observations, and a modesty, or rather piety, which is edifying. For the rest, I have done with all theories on this subject; as somebody says, the well is too deep, and the line of our reason too short to sound it.

I know nothing of Paley's book,‡ and shall never read anything more on that subject unless it come from you; and I will still hope that you may be induced to revise some of your papers. It is not for any man at this time of day to compose a system of morals; but particular parts in your hands would be very useful and instructive. . . . .

Under the year 1786 the Bishop's memoranda of occurrences in his life present the following entry :—

"His Majesty was pleased this year to bestow

* Dr. John Warren. He died in 1800.

† Essays on Scripture Metaphors, Divine Justice, Divine Mercy, and the Doctrine of Satisfaction. See Monthly Review, vol. lxxiv. p. 15, and Nichols's Literary Anecdotes, vol. iii. p. 641.

‡ Evidently his "Moral Philosophy."

a Prebend of Worcester on my Chaplain, Mr. Kilvert."

And in a letter to Dr. Balguy dated July the same year he says; "You have heard of the King's favour to me and Mr. Kilvert. It makes us both very happy."

This mention affords a suitable occasion for a short tribute to the memory of an excellent person, closely connected, both by relationship and officially, with Bishop Hurd.

Richard Kilvert was born in 1756, at Condover near Shrewsbury, where his father Thomas Kilvert, a reputable yeoman, and first cousin to the Bishop, held the office of steward to the Owen family of that place. He was educated at Shrewsbury school, and in 1772 matriculated at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, B.A. 1777, Fellow of his college 1779, M.A. 1780. He was domestic chaplain to Bishop Hurd; Prebendary of Worcester 1786; Rector of Hartlebury 1801.

He was a man of real but unobtrusive piety, of high moral worth, and great benevolence of heart. These solid qualities, aided by modest and retiring manners, extensive acquirements, and correct taste, —set off by a vein of coy humour peculiarly his own—and refined by intercourse with the best society, obtained him universal respect and affection. In character and manners he much resembled his patron and friend. Like him, he shrunk from indiscriminate association with the world: like him, he cultivated literature, not as

a means of advancement or profit, but for its own sake, and for the great ends of mental and moral improvement: like him, he was a constant reader; and the Holy Scriptures, and classical authors, which had been the study of both from their youth, formed the delight and solace of their declining years. In one point they differed—that Mr. Kilvert's varied stores of information expired with him, having never been communicated to the world. He died in 1817.

The following notices of Bishop Hurd in the Diary of Madame D'Arblay (then Miss Burney, and Dresser to the Queen,) derive a peculiar value from the known tact and discrimination of character possessed by that excellent woman and distinguished novelist.

Windsor Castle, Dec. 23, 1786.—In the morning of this day the Bishop of Worcester, Dr. Hurd, arrived at the Lodge to spend the Windsor week. I was told that he had always dined with Mrs. Schwellenberg and Mrs. Haggerdorn upon these visits, which, it seems, he has made annually at Christmas for some years. As I had not any acquaintance with him, I had neither spirits nor pretensions to the honour of receiving him. His character and his works would have made me think it a good fortune to have met with him on any other terms but those of presiding at a table; and to avoid that I took as much pains as any one else, thinking equally well of him, would have taken to obtain it. I mentioned to the Equerries my respectful disinclination to the encounter, and begged that they would immediately invite him to their

table upon his arrival. To this they gladly assented, as he was well known and highly regarded by them all, and they had always thought it an infringement of their rights that he had hitherto belonged to the female table. . . .

At tea-time, when I returned to the eating-parlour, I found General Budé and Colonel Goldsworthy, and they told me the Bishop had desired them to introduce him to me, and was just coming to my room, when the King sent for him. I was glad to find by this civility he had taken in good part my relinquishing him to the Equerries.

At the same moment that they left me to go to the concert-room, Mr. Smelt found his way back. He came, he said, to beg a little tea with me; and we were beginning a conversation that was reviving to my spirits, when General Budé opened the door, and, announcing the Bishop of Worcester, ushered him in, and returned to the concert-room. His appearance and air are dignified, placid, grave, and mild, but cold and rather distancing. He is extremely well-bred, nevertheless, and his half-hour's visit passed off without effort or constraint. I was indebted indeed, for all its disagreeability to the presence of Mr. Smelt. . . .

Christmas Day.—The prayers at the Chapel Royal were ended with a sermon by the Bishop of Worcester, after which everybody left the chapel except the royal family, of whom the King, Queen, Princess Royal, and Princess Augusta remained to take the Sacrament. . . .

The sermon of the Bishop was excellent;—plain, simple, devout, instructive; written manifestly for royal ears, yet carefully and without disguise levelling them on this holy occasion with other creatures of the dust, alike and throughout the world dependent, frail, and unimportant. . . .

The Queen sent for the Bishop and ordered him tea in the concert-room, that he might be nearer at hand. He is, and justly, most high in her favour. In town she has his picture in her bed-room, and its companion is Mrs. Delany.

How worthily paired! What honour to herself such honours to them! There is no other portrait there but of royal houses. . . .

The next day the Bishop came again to my tea-table, where he found Mr. and Mrs. Smelt, and a very desirable discourse was beginning, when the Queen sent for him. She is very right, for how seldom can she enjoy conversation so worthy of her from those whose rank and station enable her to call for them thus publicly. . .

The evening was not concluded, for the Bishop returned, accompanied by Mr. Smelt.

"Her Majesty, Ma'am," said he, with a tone and look extremely pleasing, "has been so gracious as to order me tea, which I have drunk, but I was determined still not to be disappointed of having some with Miss Burney."

Mr. Smelt spoke of the Christmas-day sermon, and gave it delicately, yet pointedly, its due praise. I could not take that liberty except by small, little assents. The Bishop with a very expressive smile, turning towards me, said, "Mrs. Delany has been making a request to have a copy of the sermon to read; so I told her it would not do for her—it was a mere plain, simple sermon made for the King and Queen, but it would not do for a *bel-esprit*."

No further summons arriving to hasten them, the Bishop with Mr. and Mrs. Smelt stayed rather late, and the quietness with the solidity of the conversation, joined to my real reverence of the Bishop's piety, made this evening more tranquil and less strained than any I had passed for a long while.

Dec. 28.—This morning I met the Bishop of Worcester at Mrs. Delany's; he was very serious, unusually so, but Mrs. D. was cheerful. He soon left us, and she then told me she had been ill in the night, and had been led to desire some very solemn conversation with the good Bishop, who is her friend of many years' standing, and was equally

intimate with her lost darling the Duchess of Portland . . . . . she had been discoursing on the end of all things with the Bishop . . . . . her mind was relieved and her spirit cheered by the conference . . . he had spoken peace to her fears, and joy to her best hopes.

Jan. 2, 1787.—The Bishop of Worcester made me a visit this morning whilst I was at breakfast, but damped the pleasure I received from his company by telling me he came to take leave, as he returned to town at noon. There is no chance of his again visiting Windsor till this time twelvemonth, and I felt very sorry to lose sight of him for such a length of time. Piety and goodness are so markad on his countenance, which is truly a fine one, that he has been named, and very justly, "The Beauty of Holiness." Indeed, in face, manner, demeanour, and conversation, he seems precisely what a Bishop should be, and what would make a looker-on, were he not a Bishop, and a see vacant, call out, "Take Dr. Hurd! that is the man." (Diary of Madame D'Arblay, vol. iii.)

BISHOP HURD TO THE REV. DR. BALGUY.

No date.

My dear Sir,—I return your Charge with many thanks, after taking a copy of it, which I know you allow me to do. It is an extremely good one. You did right not to vindicate the Test, especially the sacramental test, directly, for the reason you mention. But you do it indirectly; for an Establishment without a test is nugatory. *Utility* is certainly the proper ground of Establishments. But, would the magistrate every where grant a toleration, I see no hurt, but possibly some good to religion, in his establishing that which he takes to be true. He might mistake, no doubt, but would have the credit of acting upon principle, which

makes the magistrate respectable in the eyes of the people, and prevents the suspicion of his regarding religion as a mere engine of state. Whence religion itself does and must suffer. . . . . .

TO THE SAME.

Hartlebury Castle, Sept. 13, 1787.

My dear Sir,—I thank you for your kind letter; but by the *magistrate*, I meant the supreme power in the State, which, with us, extends much further than the prince. Still, this explanation does not remove your difficulty;—for it must be unsafe for any power to prefer its own religion to that of a great majority, even with toleration. This I see: on the other hand, it is harsh to say, that a conscientious magistrate, in whatever sense of that word, should establish a religion opposite to and inconsistent with his own (a Christian magistrate, suppose, Pagan) if he himself be expected to conform to it, and without conformity there must always be danger, because the majority, for whose sake the Establishment is made, will not otherwise be satisfied.

Even in the case of Henri Quatre; one feels the hardship, and the iniquity. What then is to be done? One of these two things—the magistrate must either prefer his own religion, and risk the consequence, as James the Second did; or he must consult his safety and the public peace, when at the same time he prostitutes religion, and violates his conscience, as Henri Quatre did. This is the dilemma. How am I to escape from it?

I am really pleased with Holmes's book.* The Bishop of

* "On the Principle of Redemption, whether Premial or Penal." Written by Robert Holmes, M.A., afterwards D.D. and Dean of Winchester.

Oxford sent it to me. I told the Bishop that you were far from being attached to your father's scheme, and that I was sure you would read the book with candour; this I said because I thought it not unlikely that he might shew my letter to Mr. Holmes, who seems to be his friend. But you have done well to write to him yourself. The author in his manner of writing is a follower of Bishop Butler, though not *passibus æquis*. I lay no stress on that manner, which is conciliating indeed, but may conceal as much bigotry and *opiniatreté* as is expressed in the dogmatic form. But I take him to be a sensible, reflecting man, and what I particularly like in him is the regard he pays to the authority of Revelation; which after all must decide in all controversies between Christians, the only point being, which interpretation of the text is the more probable. And I confess from the impression which the tenor of Scripture leaves upon me I incline to his idea of Redemption. At the same time, I may not be able to answer all objections.

I agree with you, the two reforming projects now in agitation must be watched with care. As the former is now managed in most places (for the London Committee will come to nothing,) it may do some good, and can hardly do much mischief. The patron of the other scheme called upon me, as I guess he has done the other bishops. He is warm and heady: all I could do was to persuade him to take time, and to let the matter rest till it should be seen what effect the general zeal of the magistrates to enforce the laws had produced. I know not whether he will follow my advice.

DR. BALGUY TO THE BISHOP OF WORCESTER.

Winton, 17 Oct. 1787.

My dear Lord,—Your last letter gave me a singular pleasure, for it is not only written with your usual kindness, but with the appearance of good health and spirits.

If the province of the magistrate be not confined to the temporal interests of his subjects, but extend also to the salvation of their souls, I see not how he can escape from your Lordship's dilemma; but, if this principle be rejected, there will be no other difficulty than what may arise from his personal conformity. This in the case of Henri Quatre was great indeed; but the reign of James the Second might have been easy and prosperous if he had thought fit to abide by his own declaration; and in later times there have been frequent instances in which the religion of the sovereign has differed from that of his people without any material inconvenience. I am sure your Lordship will admit that a good prince, attached by principle as well as policy to the Church of England, may yet support the Calvinist religion in Scotland, the Lutheran at Hanover, and the Popish at Quebec. May we not advance one step further? I own I am not for introducing what I should think a new mode of oppression in Bengal, by compelling the poor Indians to maintain a Christian Priesthood. I cannot indeed conceive that a civil governor has anything to do with the religion of his people more than to apply it to the service of the State; but he has the same right which they have to choose his own religion, and is as much obliged as the meanest of his subjects to profess steadily and openly what he believes to be true. Reasons of state policy will never, surely, justify a Christian magistrate in violating so sacred an obligation. I suppose it makes no difference in any inquiry of this kind

whether the supreme power (of which only your Lordship seems to speak) be in one person or many, only in a free government the difficulty will seldom occur, for the sentiments of the legislature will seldom differ materially from those of the nation.

If writing were less troublesome to me I would not have sent my thoughts to your Lordship in so slovenly a form, but have transcribed and corrected what I have written; but you are so used to my careless way of setting down what occurs to me that I am sure you will allow me to proceed without further ceremony to Mr. Holmes's Tracts, which are apparently written with so good an intention that your Lordship could not but be inclined to think favourably of them. I had assured the author that I had no hereditary prejudices which could prevent me from reaping the full benefit of his inquiries; and I am obliged to your Lordship for doing me justice on this head in your letter to the Bishop of Oxford: I am not indeed attached to my father's scheme,* nor indeed to any other. It appears to me unquestionable that the death of Christ is the appointed means of our redemption; but the reasons of this appointment may probably lie too deep for our comprehension. To suppose that we know them all would be presumption, and we can know none of them unless from the declarations of Scripture, which, as I think, has not very explicitly declared them. I am the more confirmed in this way of thinking by observing that it agrees nearly with your Lordship's.

Something more I had meant to say, but a dark cloud has intervened, and made it impossible for me to see any longer. I shall only wish you the entire re-establishment

* His father was John Balguy, master of the grammar-school at Sheffield, and afterwards Vicar of Northallerton. He was the author of "An Essay on Redemption," which was republished by the Archdeacon, with an introductory discourse, in 1785.

of your health, and a good journey to town, where, I suppose, you are likely to be soon wanted.

I am, my dear Lord, your Lordship's most faithful and affectionate humble servant, THOS. BALGUY.

BISHOP HURD TO REV. DR. BALGUY.

Hartlebury Castle, Nov. 9, 1787.

MY DEAR SIR,—I will wrangle with you no longer. I am of your mind as to the ground of Establishments, but it hurts me to think the magistrate must play the knave or risk his authority; for, after all, that many-headed beast the people will not be satisfied, nor their governors be secure, without an outward conformity to their fancies, right or wrong. Still, anything is better than no Establishment, as the American states will one day find. Don't be too much concerned for the possible oppression in Bengal, for if only such an establishment of a Christian priesthood were made as should supply the needs of the real Christians in that quarter, the Indians will have very little to fear.

I agree with you that the blood, or, as you express it, the *death* of Christ, is the appointed means of our redemption; of the reason of that appointment I am not anxious to inquire, but I think a solicitude to investigate the reasons inclines many to reject the means. . . . .

Kidderminster, July 7, 1788.

MY DEAR SIR,—I return the inclosed with many thanks. You speak much too slightly of it. It is full of good sense and truth, and, with your leave, is written in sufficient method. Bishop Warburton's Works are not printed so accurately as I could wish, yet not so very carelessly as is pretended. The paper may not be quite so white as the Historian's; yet some in your neighbourhood may have seen it

through yellow spectacles. Whatever the faults, they are not to be attributed to Cadell, who had nothing to do with the edition but to sell it.

As to Gibbon, I have read a part of his third volume. Though a writer of sense, parts, and industry, I read him with little pleasure. His loaded and luxuriant style is disgusting to the last degree; and his work is polluted every where by the most immoral as well as irreligious insinuations.

I rejoice in hearing so good on account of your health. Take care to preserve it for the sake of your friends, and particularly of your most affectionate, R. WORCESTER.

In the summer of the year 1788 the quiet routine of the Bishop's life received an agreeable interruption. On the 2nd of August the King and Queen, then sojourning at Cheltenham, paid him a visit at Hartlebury, attended by the Duke of York, and the royal suite. After inspecting the castle, they breakfasted in the library, and gratified the loyal curiosity of the country people by walking on the raised terrace in the garden, visible from the park. On the Tuesday following, the 5th, the Bishop had the honour of receiving the royal party at his palace at Worcester, previously to their attendance on the meeting of the three choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester, for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the poorer clergy of those dioceses. On this occasion the King was pleased to receive the Bishop and clergy in the great hall of the palace, and to return a gracious answer to the address presented by the Bishop, in their name and

his own. During the stay of their Majesties at the palace, they set the good example of attending prayers in the chapel every morning, which were read by the Bishop. A minute and particular account of the incidents of this visit, is given by the Bishop in his Dates of Occurrences, &c.

BISHOP HURD TO DR. BALGUY.

Hartlebury, Sept. 14, 1788.

. . . . I should not trouble you with an answer so soon, but that I apprehend that you mistake my purpose in sending you Sir David's Latin letter. He himself sent it to me under my cover, and desired me to forward it to you at Winchester; so that you see you must tell our friend yourself how much you approve his Latinity. This I believe will satisfy him, whatever becomes of the irony, at which he has not the best talent.

. . . . You do well not to employ any body to read the new History to you. Besides licences of other sorts, the obscenities are such that it could not well be read to you.

Vol. v. p. 92, n. 9, Gibbon has the impertinence to call Mr. Addison *an English Gentleman*, and to say that his credit, at least the credit of his Tract on the Christian Religion, has been owing to the interested applause of our clergy.

Another visit to Windsor is thus noticed by Madame D'Arblay.

Queen's Lodge, Windsor.

1789, *Sunday*, *Mar.* 15.—The King this morning renewed his public service at church by taking the sacrament at eight o'clock. All his gentlemen attended him. The

Queen, Princesses, and household went at the usual time. Bishop Hurd preached an excellent sermon, with one allusion to the King's recovery, delicately touched and quickly passed over.

The excellent Bishop and Mr. Smelt again dined with us. The Bishop preferred our quiet table to the crowd now belonging to that of the Equerries. We had some very good treatises upon society between him and Mr. Smelt. He protested he never chose to meet more than six, and thought all added to that number created confusion and destroyed elegance. (Diary, vol. v. p. 11.)

BISHOP HURD TO DR. BALGUY.

Hartlebury Castle, July 7, 1789.

. . . The scene of the royal amusements is at present in your quarter. Dr. Gisborne* attends his Majesty at Weymouth, and sends me word that he is perfectly well.

For myself, I am pretty much as I was when I left London. This giddiness still persecutes me, and dispirits me so much that I am good for nothing. In my younger days, when I read Swift's letters, I thought that complaint was confined to wits and poets. I am now too well convinced to the contrary. I pay no visits, and I think shall pay none this summer, though I am pressed to go both to Hereford and Prior Park. God knows whether I shall be able to leave this place any more. . .

Hartlebury, Aug. 17, 1789.

. . . . . I have seen Mr. Gisborne's book,† and I had

* Thomas Gisborne, Fellow of St.John's College, Cambridge, B.A. 1747, M.A. 1751, M.D. 1758.

† "The Principles of Moral Philosophy investigated, and briefly applied to the constitution of Civil Society; together with remarks on

seen before that of Mr. Paley.* But I must confess to you I take no satisfaction in these theories of government, whether formed on the principle of consent or expediency. The people will, everywhere, be ready enough to resist their governors, when they feel or fancy themselves to be oppressed: and it is not only officious, it is cruel, to instigate them to that resistance before the time comes. What is now passing very near us, may show that more real suffering may arise in a few months or weeks from the misguided rage of a mob in the pursuit of liberty than could be felt in ages from the most despotic government in Europe. Half-a-dozen wretched victims were found in the Bastile; and most of them, perhaps, the victims of their own vices and follies. The Bastile is destroyed: but who can count the number of those who are every day wretched out of it? After all, my dear Sir, I do not plead for despotism, but I think some ways of removing it are worse than the worst that is apprehended from it.

You misconceive of my solitude here. Mr. Mason has been with me for a fortnight. He is now gone to his residence in York. When he left me the Bishop of St. Asaph and Mrs. Hallifax took me in their way, or rather out of their way, from St. Asaph to Warsop. And soon after the Bishop of Bangor † and his family were so good as to call on me in their journey from London to Wales. So, you see, my friends do not neglect me in my retirement. Besides, there are few days when I sit down to dinner without some of my clergy and neighbours. From all which you may conclude

the principles assumed by Mr. Paley as the basis of all moral conclusions, and on other positions of the same author. 1789," 8vo. This work by the Rev. Thomas Gisborne, M.A., Curate of Burton-under-Needwood, reached a fourth edition in 1798.

* "The Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy," first published in 1785, 4to.

† Dr. Warren.

that I want no company, and may say with the old philosopher, though not in his sense, that I am never *minus solus* than when I am, in the opinion of the world, *solus*.

With all this amusement I cannot boast of great spirits. But I bear the infirmities of indifferent health and advancing age as well as I can, and thank God that at seventy I am well enough to trouble you with this long letter. Its best use will be to convey to you the assurance of that unalterable friendship with which I am, dear Sir, your most affectionate humble servant, R. WORCESTER.

Hartlebury Castle, Feb. 2, 1790.

Your remembrance of me on the 24th* was very obliging.

The pamphlets that have been been sent me on the Test-laws do not please me. Something should be said strongly and decisively on what the Dissenters call their *right* of eligibility to offices, and the incompleteness of *Toleration* without it. But where shall we find such a writer?

As to the Letter to Dr. Parr,† I have read it, which is scarcely fair, as I never read, and never shall read, the thing to which the letter is an answer. The pamphlet is written with great spirit and vivacity, and with such a turn of humour, as well as glow of friendship, that only one person could write it. So that I wonder you did not guess at the author. But while I say this, I must own to you, that I have not the least degree of guidance *ab extra* to direct my judgment.

Letter-writing is grown irksome to both of us, though from different reasons. Yet I shall hope to receive a scrap

* The Bishop's birthday.

† "A Letter to the Rev. Dr. Parr, occasioned by his republication of Tracts by Warburton and a Warburtonian, 1790," 8vo. This pamphlet was written by the Rev. Robert Lucas, D.D., Rector of Ripple near Tewkesbury, who had married a niece of Bishop Hurd. The Bishop seems to have attributed it to his friend Mason.

from you now and then, to let me know how you are, and what amusement you find in London. Of myself I have nothing to say that you would hear with pleasure, except it be that, though my infirmities make me incapable of being much amused by any thing, yet such is the indolence of my nature, I am not thereby made unhappy.

The allusion in the preceding letter is evidently to that specimen of intemperate feeling and bad taste, the "Tracts by Warburton and a Warburtonian, with a Preface and Notes, by Dr. Parr," published the preceding year; a piece in which exaggerated charges against Bishop Hurd on account of his treatment of Jortin and Leland, and overstrained compliments to him on his abilities and learning, stand in awkward juxtaposition; and in which the effect of occasional splendid passages is spoiled by rancorous ill-nature in sentiment and pedantic mannerism in style.

Granting that a generous, though Quixotic, feeling for disparaged merit might be among the mixed motives for this attack, it is hard to rescue the memory of Parr from suspicion of personal pique in making it. The original case was not one in which the weak had been assailed by the strong: neither was it a cowardly violation of the sanctities of the tomb. Jortin and Leland were both living, and in the full vigour of their faculties, when Bishop Hurd's pamphlets appeared; both also men of mark, and quite able to do battle for themselves. So that we are forced to look elsewhere for an adequate motive for this

attack, and such an one is, with considerable probability, indicated by the Quarterly Reviewer, vol. xxxix. p. 276; where it is traced to a discourtesy, intentional or otherwise, offered by the Bishop to Dr. Parr when the latter went to Hartlebury Castle for institution to the benefice of Hatton, in receiving him coldly and offering him no refreshment.*

The Bishop's conduct in this instance, if not an oversight, lies fairly open to debate. On the one hand it may be said that it was at the very least an inexcusable omission to receive a man of Parr's high moral character and eminence in literature, a member too of the same university and even college, with stinted courtesy and hospitality. On the other, it may be replied, that at that time political animosities were at their height; and that Parr had embraced with open arms both the politics and the persons of those who had ranged themselves in violent opposition to a Court from which Bishop Hurd had received not only his public appointments, but the highest marks of personal favour and esteem. Thus circumstanced, it may be thought not unnatural or inexcusable that the Bishop should have chosen to mark his disapproval of Dr. Parr's political views and associations by giving him a cold reception.

Parr's enmity to Bishop Hurd is ascribed by Dr. Watkins, in his Life of the Duke of York, p. 39,

* See Life of Parr, vol. i. p. 307.

(though he does not state his authority,) to spleen and disappointment at his rejection by the Bishop when he applied for the office of sub-preceptor to the Princes, which was given to Dr. Arnald.

Whichever of these causes may have been the real one, (and both, indeed, may have concurred,) it seems an aggravation of Parr's offence in the republication of the Tracts,—the first of which originally appeared at a distance of thirty-four and the second of twenty-five years before,—that the Bishop was this time in his seventieth year, in infirm health, and in a great degree retired from the world.* Had this not been the case, there can be little doubt that Parr's position would have illustrated Solomon's comparison of the man who "meddles with strife that does not belong to him." Prov. xxv. 17.

In a note to the Tracts, p. 156, there is a charge alleged against Hurd, not on Parr's own authority, but on that of some anonymous Greek scholar of the first eminence, "of clipping and filing, softening and varnishing," the constitutional doctrines of his "Moral and Political Dialogues," so as to accommodate them to his relations with the Court. This charge was repeated by Parr upon his own authority (Bibliotheca Parriana, p. 439).

In reply to this, the Editor can state, both from

* On a recent visit to Hartlebury Castle, the pictures of these two eminent persons, in peaceful juxta-position on the walls of the library, suggested to the mind of the Editor some serious reflections on the vanity of literary animosities.

his own examination, and upon the authority of an eminent living character, thoroughly conversant with the Bishop's works, that, though there are frequent alterations and omissions in the progressive editions, there are none which affect the constitutional principles delivered in the first edition. The alterations are chiefly those of style, &c. The omissions are only (as has been already observed) of an ironical Preface, and some clever Notes of the same character, which were necessarily expunged when the Bishop laid aside his mask and appeared *in propriâ personâ.*

The only point which seems to give colour to the charge is, that a P. S. to the first edition of the Dialogues on the Constitution of the English Government, in which the author animadverts at some length upon Hume's Defence of the Stuarts, is in the subsequent editions reduced in length and thrown into the form of a note, softened indeed in tone towards Mr. Hume personally, but without any change in the sentiments expressed.

Mr. Green, so often before quoted, says on this subject:

> Parr's imputation on Hurd, given on the authority of a friend, who by the description must be Porson, "that he had softened the aspect of certain uncourtly opinions in the different successive editions of these Dialogues," I can affirm from a minute collation to be untrue. Alterations have indeed been made; but they are chiefly such either as were necessary when the writer exchanged the character of Editor for that of Author, or which evince his good taste and dis-

cernment in removing the blemishes of first composition. Those which respect the strictures on Hume's History are the most material and the most curious. (Diary, p. 71.)

BISHOP HURD TO DR. BALGUY.

Hartlebury Castle, March 7, 1790.

. . . . . This check of the Dissenters is very seasonable. I wish the people at large could be made sensible of their present happiness, and of the danger of innovating in Church or State. If anything can do this, it is the confusion of things abroad. I perceive the Parliament is wise enough to take alarm at it. . . . . .

Hartlebury Castle, Aug. 3, 1790.

. . . . . I had an obliging letter from Dr. Warton, who promises to send the volume of Milton to my house in town. I have pressed him by all means to finish the edition of the Minor Poems which his brother had begun.*

Hartlebury Castle, Nov. 6, 1790.

. . . . . When the King was at Worcester in '88, he was so gracious as to promise me a picture of himself, and another of the Queen, to be put up in the Palace there. These pictures are arrived, and very noble ones they are. They are hung up in the great drawing-room above stairs, one on each side the fireplace. Over the fireplace and between the pictures there is a vacant space, where I propose to fix an oval tablet of white marble, and upon it to have an inscription in gold letters, somewhat like that of which I inclose you a copy. You must criticise it severely, and tell me your minutest objections to it: I mean if the

* This edition appeared in 1791. In it the Editor acknowledges some valuable contributions by Bishop Hurd, which are marked H.

general idea seem passable to you. Otherwise the whole shall be suppressed, or you must suggest to me another. The sooner I know your sentiments the better. . . . . .

Hospes,
Quas intueris imagines
Augustorum Principum
Georgii III. et Reginæ Charlottæ,
D.D.
Rex dilectissimus
Richardo Episcopo Vigorniensi
1790.

Hartlebury Castle, April 30, 1790.

. . . . . I have seen the Considerations;* there is no doubt of the author. He has a great deal of vague and solemn prate, but no wise man will call for a revisal of our Ecclesiastical System with a view to improve it at this time, or indeed at any time, unless we had another Cranmer, and with all his authority, to take the lead in it.

The inclosed advertisement appeared in my paper of to-day. If you read it, as perhaps you may, (for I never shall,) you will tell me what it aims at.

Hartlebury Castle, March 3, 1791.

. . . . . It is almost too late to say anything about Mr. Burke's book; but I must own the sense and drift of it pleases me very much. The manner indeed is too florid. I should guess from the rapid and extensive sale of this work that the Dissenters will not very soon renew their attack on the Establishment.

* "Considerations on the approaching Dissolution of Parliament, addressed to the Elective Body of the People, with some account of the existing Parties, &c. By the Author of the 'Letter to a Country Gentleman,' and 'Royal Interview,'" &c. See Monthly Review, 1790, ii. 236.

You judged right as to *Reginæ* in my Latin inscription. It is altered to *Conjugis* with the approbation of Lord Hailes, whose opinion I asked. The whole, as reformed by him, now stands thus:

Hospes,
Imagines quas contemplaris
Augustorum Principum
Georgii III. et Charlottæ Conjugis
Rex ipse
Richardo Episcopo Vigorniensi
donavit.
1790.

Hartlebury, June 20th, 1791.

. . . . . You mention in your last poor Mr. Towne's death.* He was a sensible and acute, as well as good man, but so little skilled in the art of composition, that I have heard Bishop Warburton say, when any of his pieces passed through his hands, he had more trouble in reforming the style and method of them than it would have cost him to write the whole afresh in his own manner.

The Popish Bill, you see, has passed, with amendments, and I hope will not be attended with those mischiefs which many apprehended through the sudden repeal of so many penal statutes.

* The Rev. John Towne, before noticed in p. 55. In his Life of Warburton, speaking of Mr. Towne, Bishop Hurd says: "He was so conversant with the Bishop's writings that he used to say of him he understood them better than himself. He published some defences of the Divine Legation, in which, with a glow of zeal for his friend, he showed much logical precision and acuteness." Warburton, in one of his letters to Bishop Hurd, speaks of him as "a reasoning engine, as Voltaire calls Dr. Clarke." Four Letters of Towne are printed in "Warburton's Literary Remains," which fully attest his candour, discrimination, and acquaintance with Warburton's great work.

Hartlebury, Sept. 22, 1791.

. . . . Burke's writings are such as may be expected from a man long habituated to extemporary harangues in a popular assembly, and perhaps for that reason afford a presumption that they are properly written to answer his end; as to the multitude of words, Cicero, on the like occasion, would have used as many, only he would have put them together in a better method and in a purer style.

While I write this the melancholy news arrives that my younger brother * of Birmingham is no more. I feel this stroke sensibly, and the more so as it was not expected. But human life is full of these calamities . . . .

(No date.)

I want to know who is the author of "An Apology for the Clergy and Church of England," in answer to the "Hints. †" It has just now fallen into my hands, and is so well written that I want to hear what you think of it.

* See p. 3.

† "Hints addressed to the attention of the Clergy, Nobility, and Gentry, newly associated. By a Layman, a Friend to the Constitution in Church and State." (Gentleman's Mag. 1788, p. 893.) These "Hints" went through several editions. The first and second are noticed in the Monthly Review, 1789, pp. 186, 562; and the fourth edition in the same periodical for July, 1790, where the authorship is attributed to a nobleman lately at the head of affairs, probably the Marquess of Lansdowne.

The answer above mentioned is entitled, "Apology for the Liturgy and Clergy of the Church of England; in answer to a Pamphlet entitled 'Hints,' &c. by a Layman. In a Letter to the Author, by a Clergyman. 1790." The reviewer suggests the author of this to be Dr. Horsley, Bishop of St. David's; but that was contradicted by others. The Apology is not mentioned by Chalmers in his life of Horsley; but he published several anonymous pamphlets not included in his Works. In the same volume of the Monthly Review is noticed, "An Address to Bishop Horsley on the subject of An Apology, &c. By Gilbert Wakefield. 1790."

I would also know the writer of the Letter to Dr. Parr,* for the same reason. It is not Mr. Mason, as I had supposed, and yet, who else of my facetious friends could be so kind to me?

When you see Mr. Montague tell him I am by no means satisfied with a majority of 70. Surely on such a struggle the Church of England cannot be fallen so low. I expect much greater things from its friends, now called upon to shew themselves, particularly from his exertions, and those of his friend Mr. Burke. Surely Mr. Fox is playing a desperate game in putting himself at the head of the Dissenters.

I have not your Sermons here, and, possibly, I may not understand you; but the difference seems to me little or none, whether the restraint be on the *magistrate* or the *subject*, only, as the former is a Whig idea, the argument *ad hominem* may be more persuasive. The restraint on either is perfectly justifiable, and on the same grounds of public good.

I think your dilemma unanswerable. I am glad this soft winter agrees with you as it does with me. I ride out every day, and am the better for this exercise joined to the quiet of this place. But I must not be too confident; I can but just rub on with these advantages—a little reading or business too much throws me back, and I am certain my head would turn

Fluctibus in mediis, et tempestatibus urbis.

(No date.)

. . . . I can easily account for your laziness. *Haud ignara mali*—you know the rest.

I have taken to riding for the last month, and am on the whole better than when you left me. My intention is to stay

* See p. 171.

about a month longer, and then to remove to London. We shall meet there, I hope, as usual, about New Year's Day.

Have you seen the Bishop of St. Asaph's Charge to the King, or rather his libel upon him, served up in the old Scotch form of a prayer? The good man thinks it brave to abuse his sovereign, and without doubt he will be commended by his party; but a grain of common sense (which indeed no coxcomb ever possessed) might have taught him that a little civility was all that the occasion called for or allowed.*

In the year 1794 Bishop Hurd published, "A Discourse by way of General Preface to the 4to edition of Bishop Warburton's Works, containing some account of the Life, Character, and Writings of the Author." We learn from the advertisement to this edition, which appeared, as we have seen, in 1788, that the Discourse was at that time finished, but not then published, for reasons which the author hints at, but does not state. The Bishop has been blamed both for the delay of this Discourse, and for its alleged meagreness when it did appear. As regards the delay, it is not to be wondered at that, in the case of one whose strong opinions, and free expression of them, had given so much offence, a biographer

* This remark would, on Bishop Hurd's part, have satisfied the curiosity implied in the following passage: "It seems difficult to conceive two characters placed in the same sphere more opposite than Hurd and Shipley; and it would be pleasant to know, though it may be easy to guess, what sentiments these right rev. gentlemen entertained of each other." (Green's Diary, p. 164.)

should suspend his memoir as long as practicable, in order to give time for prejudices to abate, and angry feelings to subside; and, as to the comparative brevity of the sketch, it may perhaps be thus accounted for. The philosophic turn of Bishop Hurd's mind, his disposition for tracing effects to their causes, and his bent towards abstract reasoning, although, in connection with his acute penetration, they qualified him highly for drawing character, did not so well fit, or rather disqualified, him for collecting and detailing those isolated facts, minute anecdotes, and scattered traits, which go to make up the history of a life. In this latter point the discourse is obviously deficient; but, though comparatively brief, it gives a masterly view of Bishop Warburton's character and writings, judicious in its sentiments and graceful in its composition. Dr. Whitaker, in his review of Bishop Hurd's edition of his friend's work, says of this Discourse, "he has executed his task in a style of elegance and purity worthy of an earlier and better age of English literature."

Much odium has been cast upon the Bishop for his mention of Bishop Lowth in the Life of his friend, but apparently without sufficient reason. The following extract from the Bishop's Commonplace Book seems only to express the conclusion at which dispassionate judges acquainted with the talents and writings of the parties must arrive. Bishop Hurd had said in his Discourse: "Dr. Lowth's friends affected to bring his merits into

competition with those of Warburton." In his Commonplace Book he adds: "But there was no relation of equality, or even likeness, in their talents to be the ground of such competition. Warburton had that eagle-eyed sagacity which pierces through all difficulties and obscurities, and that glow of imagination which gilds and irradiates every object it touches: Lowth had the amiable accomplishments of a man of parts, and a scholar, but in no transcendent degree in either character."

Bishop Hurd had printed during his lifetime, and left for publication after his death, a volume of letters between Bishop Warburton and himself. These letters, in number 257, with five of Mr. Charles Yorke's to Bishop Warburton appended, range in date from 1749 to 1776. Of this volume 250 copies in 4to. were printed, which were disposed of to Messrs. Cadell for 400*l.*, and the amount, agreeably to the terms of the Bishop's will, made over to the Worcester Infirmary. A second edition in 8vo. appeared in 1809. These letters, notwithstanding the cavils of prejudiced critics, must be allowed fully to maintain the reputation of both writers. The work is thus prefaced by Bishop Hurd:

> These Letters give so true a picture of the writer's character, and are besides so worthy of him in all respects, (I mean if the reader can forgive the playfulness of his wit in many instances, and the partiality of his friendship in many more,)

that, in honour of his memory, I would have them published after my death, and the profits arising from the sale of them applied to the benefit of the Worcester Infirmary.

R. WORCESTER.

Jan. 18, 1793.

Warburton's share of the corrrespondence is by far the largest and most interesting. It was a kind of composition in which, in many points, he excelled. Without the grace and elegance of Walpole, Gray, or Cowper, his letters display a vigour of intellect, a richness of fancy, a brilliancy of wit, and an inexhaustible fund of information and anecdote, which at once instruct and delight. He had also the rare and attractive quality of expressing on paper his genuine sentiments about persons, books, and things, without fear or favour, softening or disguise. Like his friend Pope,

> He loved to pour out all himself, as plain
> As downright Shippen, or as old Montaigne;

a feature which gives a distinguished charm to his correspondence.

Bishop Hurd's letters, though of inferior merit, (for his cool and philosophic turn of mind unfitted him for that lively and gossiping detail which forms the principal charm of letter-writing, while his guarded caution kept a constant check upon his expression,) are yet not devoid of interest. They are correct and elegant as compositions, abound in good sense, and often in judicious cri-

ticism; are characteristic of the writer's prudence and discretion, and bear honourable testimony to his attachment to his relatives and friends. In particular, they shew with what dexterous management he occasionally contrived to influence the warmer and less guarded temper of his correspondent.*

TO DR. DRAKE.

H. C., Mar. 20, 1796.

. . . . I have lately received the present of a book called a Key to the Prophesies, from a Mr. Frazer, Minister of Kirkhill, near Inverness. I was surprised to receive so well-written a book from that remote and obscure corner. If you ever looked into Mr. Mede's famous book, you would not be displeased with this; though you must imagine there is a great deal of fancy and conjecture in it. On the whole, however, it deserves to be better known than, I doubt, it will be, which is the reason of my giving you this account of it.

BISHOP HURD TO SIR E. LITTLETON.

H. C., Jan. 11, 1797.

Dear Sir Edward,—I take for granted you are by this time at Teddesley Park, and therefore, with my best wishes on the new year, I return you my thanks for your two notes from London about new publications.

. . . I pray God to protect us from French invasions, and still more from French politics! Adieu, my dear Sir.

R. Worcester.

* See this point strikingly illustrated in Letters cxliv. cxlv. Correspondence, &c., where the Bishop combats his friend's eagerness for the revival of Convocation.

Hartlebury Castle, April 24, 1797.

. . . You are hurried up again to Parliament in a troublesome time. Pray send me some good news from Portsmouth. Our poor friend Mr. Mason was snatched away very suddenly. A slight hurt of his leg brought on a mortification so rapidly, that he died in a few days.*

H. C., May 22, 1797.

. . . I thank you for recommending the pamphlet in vindication of the Admiralty. But I have no doubt that our governors do the best to save us. The event must depend on the unsearchable counsels of God. Let us humbly hope, however, for the best.

H. C., May 27, 1797.

. . . You think no better than I do of those who would distress the Government. I believe they will stick at nothing. . .

H. C., June 19, 1797.

. . . Their Majesties are singularly gracious to me. But when the Queen asked about my coming to London, you might have said, not that I had made a resolution against it, but that I was under an incapacity of moving further than to Worcester. And I shall hardly be able to do that often.

Hartlebury, May 1, 1798.

. . . I perceive by the account you give me of your court-conversation, that my friends will not be convinced that I am old and infirm till I am dead—an event which cannot be far distant. . . .

TO THE SAME.

H. C., March 17, 1799.

I must acknowledge your two favours of the 27th past and 11th instant, before you leave London. The former ac-

* On the 5th April, 1797.

quainted me with your safe arrival in town, and the latter with your having paid your duty at Saint James's. You say truly, that I must have great pleasure in knowing that their Majesties are so good as to keep in their remembrance a worn-out, unprofitable servant. This confutes the old observation on courts, and indeed on private persons, of "out of sight out of mind." I have reason to think myself much honoured by this distinction. . . .

The weather continues very cold, and confines me, as usual; for, though you told his Majesty that I rode out in my carriage most days, the truth is, I have not done this more than twice or thrice for the last three months. . . .

An occasional visitor at Hartlebury Castle during the Bishop's latter years was Mr. William Parsons, his second cousin. This gentleman was born in 1755, and by the Bishop's influence with Lord Pigott appointed in early life to a Writership in the Honourable East India Company's service. Nor did the Bishop's care for his young kinsman rest here. He maintained a correspondence with him, and sent him from time to time such books as he judged suitable for his instruction and amusement. In the month of October 1782 Mr. Parsons underwent many hardships, and had a narrow escape of his life in a mutiny of native troops at Vizagapatam, in the Madras Presidency; on which occasion a miniature rehearsal took place of the horrors and atrocities so lately exhibited in that of Bengal. Mr. Parsons, having by means of his Writership and commercial speculations obtained a handsome competency, left India, and

withdrew to Wribbenhall near Bewdley, where he built himself a comfortable house, and lived in an elegant retirement, amusing himself with literary and antiquarian pursuits. From this easy distance he maintained an occasional social intercourse with his friend and patron. The lesson afforded by the Bishop's thoughtful kindness to himself had not been lost upon him; for one of his favourite engagements was keeping up an instructive correspondence with his younger friends and relatives, to their great advantage, profiting them at once by the wisdom of his advice, and by the simple elegance of his epistolary style. He died, generally beloved and regretted, in 1816, aged 61.

In his "Dates of Occurrences," &c., the Bishop thus recorded his birth-day of 1799:

By God's great mercy enter this day, Jan 24, 1799, into my 80th year. Ps. xc. 10. But see 1 Cor. xv. 22. Rom. viii. 18. 1 Pet. i. 3—5. "Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift." 2 Cor. ix. 15.

In contemplation of the threatened invasion of England by Buonaparte in the year 1803, it appears that Bishop Hurd had placed one or both of his episcopal residences at the King's disposal, as affording a suitable and secure asylum for the royal family. The following letter shews in what estimation his old and faithful servant was held by that considerate and warm-hearted master.

My dear good Bishop,—It has been thought by some of my friends, that it will not be necessary to remove my family. Should I be under so painful a necessity, I do not know where I could place them with so much satisfaction to myself, and, under Providence, with so much security, as with yourself and my friends at Worcester. It does not appear probable that there will be any occasion for it, as I do not think the unhappy man who threatens us will dare to venture among us; neither do I wish you to make any preparation for us: but I thought it right to give you this information. I remain, my dear good Bishop,

GEORGE.

The delicacy of the Bishop's constitution, and his frequent attacks of gout and dizziness, must have often feelingly reminded him of his mortality. But we are now to contemplate him as suffering, in addition, from the pressure of those infirmities which give unmistakeable warning of the approaching close.

In Dec. 1806, Mr. Hurd * writes to Dr. Drake:

I have the pleasure to tell you that the good old Bishop continues as well as can be expected. He is very feeble, and his sight fails him sadly; but he is tolerably free from pain, and has had no gout since the last winter: a severe fit at that time hung long upon him."

On July 23, 1807, the Bishop writes his last

* Richard Hurd was one of three sons of the Bishop's brother Thomas. He held the office of Registrar of the diocese of Worcester, and acted as private secretary to the Bishop. He was a worthy man, of retired habits, and inoffensive character, but not otherwise distinguished.

letter to his old and faithful friend Sir Edward Littleton, who, it appears, had offered him a visit, in the following affecting terms :—

My dear Friend,—You know what my answer would be to your kind letter of the 20th, if I were able to give any, to my mind. But the time is now over, and I am so weak in all senses, and decline so rapidly, that I can encourage no friend to come into this gloomy scene; having indeed been under the necessity of declining all company, even that of my few very old and best friends.

God bless you, my dear Sir, and continue to love and honour the best of Kings and Constitutions, as you have ever done. While I live, I must be yours affectionately and faithfully, R. Worcester.

On the 30th Jan. 1808, Mr. Hurd says to Dr. Drake—

The Bishop has just entered his 89th year, and in as tolerable a state of health as can be expected. The late severe weather affected him not a little.

So late as the first Sunday in February, though then declining in health and strength, the Bishop was able to attend his parish church, and to receive the holy sacrament.

On the 7th of May, Mr. Hurd's report to Dr. Drake is—

I can make no favourable reply to your letter of the 2nd. The Bishop is very much indisposed at this time, and has been so for more than two months. A troublesome cough, attended with a considerable discharge of phlegm, has of late weakened him very much, so that it is with difficulty he can move out of one room into another.

And on the 28th Mr. Hurd thus announces to Sir Edward Littleton the closing scene.

I take the liberty to acquaint you with the death of my truly excellent uncle, the Bishop of Worcester, which happened this morning between five and six o'clock.

No final close could be easier. He expired in his sleep, without a groan or a struggle.

At the Bishop's great age, and with his reserved and retiring character, it was not to be expected that his death-bed would be accompanied with those outward demonstrations of religious faith and experience which are often exhibited by persons of a more fervid temperament. But we have an equally earnest and less equivocal evidence of both in the deliberate record of his convictions in his Commonplace Book. As the entries in this are not generally dated, it is difficult to settle the precise period to which the following passages are to be referred; but from the feeble and tremulous hand in which they are written, and from a comparison with those of which the dates are given, they evidently belong to the three or four last years of his life.

HUMAN LIFE,

Subject to many pungent sorrows, and, at best, restless and unsatisfied,—abounds in sin and misery; in sin, through disobedience to God's laws, and in misery, through the regret, remorse, and fear, which the consciousness of that disobedience inspires. Add to this, the numerous accidents of

life; the injuries or discourtesies of our fellow-men; and the inevitable pains which flesh is heir to. Still, to complete the sad account of human suffering, even our enjoyments are not sincere.

——Medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid quod in ipsis floribus angit.
Lucret. iv. 1126.

LONG LIFE.

Among the inconveniences of a long life, one is, that it brings us acquainted with the moral as well as physical defects of ourselves and others. This unwelcome discovery unfits and indisposes us for society, at a time when we most want the refreshments of it. But let us not complain. It serves, too, by the wise disposal of a good Providence, to dissolve, or loosen at least, our connection with this world, till we are somewhat prepared to take a final leave of it; or, as the poet better expresses it,

Till half by reason, half by mere decay,
We welcome death, and calmly pass away.
Pope's Essay on Man, Ep. ii. v. 260.

But see the whole passage from verse 249 to 260, which is very fine.

PROVIDENCE.

How comfortable is the idea of living under the constant eye and care of an Almighty and all-gracious Providence! and with what horror must we regard a fatherless world, and the sad condition of being exposed to what the poet calls

Omnipotens fortuna et ineluctabile fatum.
Virg. Æneid. viii. 334.

Why puzzle and perplex ourselves about the intricacies of Providence? which, however inscrutable to us, we know

to be real, and not general only, but particular, since a sparrow falls not to the ground without our Father, nay, and that the hairs of our head are all numbered. (Matt. x. 29, 30, and Luke xii. 6, 7.) Why, then, be alternately elated or dejected at what takes place in the mysterious economy and shifting scene of this world? "O ye of little faith," ὀλιγόπιστοι! (Matt. vi. 30.)

CHANGE.

Things here are in a continual flux. Religion, morals, taste, every thing changes in this world. We have, assuredly, here *no abiding city.* Should we not, therefore, the more solicitously seek one to come? In which, as with the Supreme Author and Governor of the universe, *there is no variableness, or shadow of changing!*

DEATH.

It was nobly said by the famous constable Anne de Montmorenci, who dying mortally wounded at the battle of Paris* 1567, was then on his death-bed, in his eightieth year; that "it would be a shame for a man who had endured life for so long a time, not to bear dying for a quarter of an hour."

What a poor business is the first Tusc. Disput. of Cicero "de contemnendâ morte!" The whole of it amounts but to this: "that man is wretched here, and nothing hereafter." Sad consolation!

The supposed painful struggles of Death are its chief horrors. For, through the boundless mercy of GOD in CHRIST JESUS, all but the wilfully impenitent and unbelieving have good hope of what is to follow.

Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.

* St. Denis near Paris.

The Bishop was buried June 10, in the churchyard of his parish church, Hartlebury, at the western base of the tower. His funeral, by his own desire, was strictly private, being attended only by his tenants and domestics. A plain altar-tomb, inscribed simply with his name, title, and the date of his death, and distinguished only by the mitre and crozier carved in relief on its slab, marks the place of his earthly rest.

A cenotaph was afterwards erected to his memory at the east end of the Lady Chapel in his cathedral, bearing in Latin the same simple inscription as his real tomb.

He had presided over the see of Worcester for nearly twenty-seven years, a longer time than any Bishop of that see since the Reformation.

Having thus attended the good Bishop to the home of all living, it only remains for us to give a general view of his personal appearance, genius, and character.

In person, Bishop Hurd was below the middle size, of slight make, but well proportioned, his features not marked, but regular and pleasing, and his whole aspect intelligent, thoughtful, and in later life venerable.* This idea is fully con-

* The Rev. W. Cole speaks of him at College as "a terse, neat, little, thin man." Dr. Dibdin, in his "Reminiscences of a Literary Life," says of the Bishop,

"I shall never forget his appearance. It was as if some statue had

'Stepped from its pedestal to take the air.'

veyed in the portraits of him extant, by Gainsborough and others. Although he reached so advanced an age, his health seems never to have been good; and, notwithstanding his temperate and abstemious mode of living, we find in his letters frequent complaints of his suffering from attacks of gout, dizziness, and lowness of spirits, as well as of languor and indolence arising from these causes.

With regard to his intellectual endowments, he had received from nature remarkable clearness of apprehension and accuracy of judgment, great aptitude for methodical arrangement, and that sagacity which is the primary qualification of a critic. He had a peculiar bent for tracing moral effects to their causes, and much ingenuity in framing hypotheses to account for phenomena. He was also gifted with a keen discrimination of character, and great skill in seizing its salient points. His power of imagination, though not vivid enough to constitute him a poet, yet, aided by a nice perception and a fine taste, qualified him in a high degree for a judge of poetical composition.

These natural endowments he had assiduously cultivated first at school, and afterwards at college,

He was habited in a brocaded silk morning gown, with a full-dressed wig, stooping forward, and leaning upon what appeared to be a gold-headed cane. His complexion had the transparency of marble; and his countenance was full of expression, indicative of the setting of that intellectual sun which at its meridian height had shone forth with no ordinary lustre."

by the study of the best authors, under the most competent instructors, and amidst the most improving associates. An early love of study had led him into various tracks of reading, all of which tended to accomplish him as a man of general literature. He was critically acquainted with the Greek and Latin, and well versed in the French and Italian languages. Theology, moral and political philosophy, poetry, and criticism, were prominent objects of his attention. But his chief devotion seems to have been to that master-science, the study of man in the pages of History, ancient and modern, ecclesiastical and civil. In proof of this we may appeal to those marked and discriminative portraits which he has drawn of some of the most eminent characters in our own and other histories, as well as to those models of good sense, good learning, and good writing, his Moral and Political Dialogues. For the exact and physical sciences he seems to have had little taste or inclination. Nor did antiquarian research find more favour with him than with Bishop Warburton, who seldom omits an opportunity of expressing an unreasonable contempt for it and for its votaries.

His weak point seems to have been a too great fondness for systematising; and a disposition to carry to excess that liberty of framing theories to account for and explain facts, which, when kept within due bounds, the soundest philosophy allows. This foible of his has been touched a little too

much in the style of caricature by Johnson: see Boswell's Life of him by Croker, vol. viii. p. 179.

His moral character was distinguished by undeviating integrity, and exact propriety, arising from *principle*, rather than from *sentiment*. It was said of him by an unfriendly judge, that he was "a cold, correct, gentleman," each word being intended as emphatic; and, with due allowance for the quarter from whence it came, this judgment seems not destitute of truth. Another jocularly called him "an old maid in breeches," a sarcasm which, though it attributes to him, perhaps not unjustly, some share of primness and precision, bears testimony to the scrupulous correctness of his character. This constitution of mind, whilst it rendered him less generally amiable, exempted him from many of the temptations to which warmer tempers are exposed. In accordance with this natural disposition, his friendships were few, but they were sincere and lasting. Even such of his dependants as were chilled by the distance and reserve of his manner seem to have found him a steady and consistent friend when any opportunity occurred of serving them. He had learned from the best philosophy a true estimate of the common objects of ambition, and was thus above being seduced by the attractions of rank, wealth, and literary distinction, into forgetfulness of, or contempt for, the station from which he sprang. Accordingly, we find him in the height of his fortunes cherishing with pious regard and kindly

offices his immediate relatives, though in the humbler walks of life. It must be in candour allowed, that he partook of that fastidiousness and over-refinement which characterised Gray, Mason, and others of the same school; neither can he be cleared from some share of that superciliousness which conscious talent is apt with some to engender, and of that arrogance and disposition to undervalue his opponents which drew so much odium upon Bishop Warburton; although, agreeably to the difference of their tempers, that which in Warburton found vent in direct self-praise and crushing invective was exhibited by Hurd in a calm self-complacency, and what Hooker calls "disdainful sharpness of wit." Of these blemishes occasional traces appear in his Letters, as well as in his controversial works. For the asperity of style displayed in the latter, he apologised by an apt and graceful application of Horace's words "*Me quoque pectoris, &c.*" not long before his death.

He has been censured for his too great obsequiousness to Bishop Warburton; but the charge does not appear well founded. That he had a high admiration of the Bishop's genius and talents, a just appreciation of his friendly warmth and openness of heart, and a deep feeling of gratitude for the benefits he had received from him, there is no doubt. But there is no proof of any mean compliance with or cringing servility to him as a patron. On the contrary, he seems to have used

the freedom of a friend in remonstrance and expostulation (though with the delicacy and address that belonged to him) whenever the frank and impetuous character of the Bishop needed such a check. In his memoir of Warburton, (p. 122, 4to. edition,) he says, "I never took greater liberties with any man than with him, nor with less offence; and that, in matters of no small delicacy." (See Bishop Warburton's Letters: Letters cxlv. ccxxxi.) It was the testimony of one who was personally and intimately acquainted with both, the late Rev. Martin Stafford Smith, that at Bishop Warburton's visitation dinners it was an interesting sight to witness the quiet influence exerted over him by his Archdeacon, in toning down his exuberant energy, and giving an inoffensive turn to his unguarded sallies.

His manners and conversation among his equals and superiors we must conclude to have been graceful and attractive, or he could not have been the chosen associate of Lord Mansfield, Charles Yorke, Dr. Heberden, the Duchess of Portland, Mrs. Delany, &c., and of the select and accomplished circle so often assembled at Prior Park. Still less could he have been admitted, as he was, to the familiar intercourse of the King and Queen, and selected as the preceptor of the two elder princes. It is indeed upon record that the King spoke of him as the most naturally polite man he had ever known. Although thus qualified to shine in society, his preference seems to have been

decidedly for private and retired life; and his happiest hours appear to have been spent at Cambridge and at Thurcaston, in converse with his books, and a very few select friends. He always preserved a kind of dignified state in his equipage and household; not from any taste or value for such appendages in themselves, but because he considered them as belonging to his station, and necessary to maintain an outward respect for it. Although the Castle at Hartlebury is not above a quarter of a mile from the parish church, it was his practice to the last to go thither in his coach, with his servants in their dress liveries.

He was no traveller. Indeed it does not appear that he was ever out of England, strictly so called. His sentiments on travelling, particularly considered as a branch of education, are given at large in his fine Dialogue on Foreign Travel, where the subject is fully and very ably discussed. From this piece it appears that he laid little stress upon the rambling humour commonly dignified by that name. He was evidently of the opinion of Socrates, who had never stirred far from Athens, and who used to say that "stones and trees did not edify him." Should any be surprised at the extensive knowledge of human nature shewn in his works, notwithstanding this disadvantage, as it is commonly thought, their wonder will be abated, if they consider with how philosophic a view he had surveyed the best histories of the most stirring times both at home and abroad, scenes in which

so much more is learned of the play of human passions than any individual experience of foreign travel can afford.

He was never married, nor is there any current report, or allusion in his Letters, to any attachment. Whether this arose from early disappointment, or from his devotion to study and retirement, does not appear. The latter however seems the more probable supposition. It may be added that he was a subtle analyst of character: and it appears from some of the extracts from his Commonplace Book, as well as from his Letters, that, whilst he did homage to extraordinary merit in the gentler sex, he looked with no indulgent eye upon its foibles. This also might have had its effect in determining his choice to a single life.

As a Preacher, his manner was calm, dignified, and impressive.* His discourses, though not marked by force and energy, had yet a mild per-

* The following anecdote, given on the authority of the Editor of Lady Huntingdon's Life, is too honourable to the Bishop's memory to be omitted.

"The venerable Dr. Hurd, Bishop of Worcester, being in the habit of preaching frequently, had observed a poor man remarkably attentive, and made him some little presents. After a while he missed his humble auditor, and, meeting him, said, 'John, how is it that I do not see you in the aisle as usual?' John with some hesitation replied: 'My Lord, I hope you will not be offended, and I will tell you the truth. I went the other day to hear the Methodists; and I understand their plain words so much better, that I have attended them ever since.' The Bishop put his hand into his pocket, and gave him a guinea, with words to this effect: 'God bless you; go where you can receive the greatest profit to your soul.'" (Life of Lady Huntingdon, vol. i. p. 18.)

suasiveness, and a tone of gentle insinuation, which, joined to frequent originality of thought, and constant exactness of method, peculiarly recommended him to his cultivated and refined audience at Lincoln's Inn. They had also the merit, no inconsiderable one at that period, of being (as he recommends it to his clergy, in his first Charge, to make theirs,) "wholly Christian."*

In estimating his character as a Bishop, it would be unjust to try it by the standard of modern times. In his day the energies of the Church were imperfectly developed, and the most zealous of our prelates were content with holding their triennial visitations, and administering the rites of ordination and confirmation at the accustomed seasons. In these points, as well as in all matters of official duty, it cannot be doubted, from the general tenor of his character, that he was scrupulously exact. If he was more in his library and study than bishops now are, his conduct in this respect may admit of some excuse. Granting that our prelates were formerly too much devoted to their books, a doubt may reasonably arise whether in our day they are not too little so. Had the time of Usher, Pearson, Walton,

* He seems to have formed a correct estimate of his powers as a preacher, for in a MS. letter of the Rev. William Cole, he is reported to have said, previously to his appointment to Lichfield and Coventry, that he should prefer the living of St. George's, Hanover Square, to a bishopric.

Jeremy Taylor, Sanderson, and Stillingfleet,* been divided between a load of semi-secular business, which converted their study into an office, and the presidency of public meetings, &c., we must have been deprived of those great theological works in which our Church has so long triumphed. It was not thus that the heroic defenders of the faith in olden times were trained to "banish and drive away strange doctrines contrary to God's Word."

His theological opinions, though honestly grounded on Holy Scripture, as expounded by our Liturgy and Articles, seem to have varied in some measure from both the more prominent schools of our own day, and to have partaken of the freer speculations prevalent at Cambridge in his time, among men of the stamp of Balguy, Powell, Ogden, Hallifax, &c.

His view of politics was at all times limited by the bounds of the Constitution, though with some variation within those limits at different periods of his life. In his earlier years he seems to have warped more nearly to Whig, in his latter to Tory principles. For this gradual change a more honourable cause may be assigned than the interested motives imputed by his enemies. His experience

* Even of these great ornaments of our Church it may be said, with the exception perhaps of Usher, that they wrote no masterpieces after they became Bishops; and that the cause of religion and theological learning would have been better served had they never been promoted to the prelacy.

of the effect of republican doctrines in the inhuman atrocities perpetrated in the *name* of Liberty, and followed by the total loss of the *thing*, in revolutionary France, had shown him the easy abuse to which liberal principles, as they are called, were liable, and thus caused him to look with more indulgence on those which seemed more favourable to civil order and the public peace. He was never captivated by "the fine notion of a busy man." Though patronised by men immersed in civil affairs, his natural turn for retirement, and his acquired habits of study and reflection, withheld him from taking any prominent part in public business either in or out of Parliament. Accordingly we do not hear of him as speaking in the House of Lords, or engaging as an active partizan in any of the political struggles of his time.

As a writer his style is entitled to high praise. He had been early a diligent student of Addison, and had formed himself (though without servile imitation) on the model of that chaste and elegant author. His manner of writing is accordingly pure, correct, and simple without affectation, forming as nearly as possible a transparent medium through which his calm good sense is transmitted direct to the mind of the reader. His fine encomium on the style of his great patron, Lord Mansfield, may be well applied, *mutatis mutandis*, to his own, "Constant good

sense flowing in apt terms, and in the clearest method." It is evident that he had in his earlier years imbibed and carefully applied that judicious precept of Quintilian, "Primum hoc constituendum, hoc obtinendum est, ut quam optimè scribamus, celeritatem dabit consuetudo." This habit of accuracy is apparent even in the privacy and undress of his Commonplace Book, scarcely an article in which would not admit of being published without alteration or correction.

Dr. Johnson is said by Mr. Cradock to have censured Hurd as a "word-picker:" he was so in no sense but that of choosing "proper words," and putting them in their "proper places,"—the very definition given by Swift of a good style. There is, as I have just observed, plenty of evidence in his writings of logical accuracy of expression, but none of finical and affected nicety in the choice and arrangement of words.

To draw this estimate to a point: from his talents, his acquirements, and his virtues—in particular, from the even tenor of his life in an exalted fortune—from his generally dispassionate estimate of men and things,—from the intimacy and stability of his friendships with wise and good men,—from the moral and religious tendency of his works,—from the purity and correctness of his morals,—and, lastly, from the calm and dignified manner in which upon Christian principles he bore the infirmities of age, and welcomed the approach

of death, RICHARD HURD may justly be considered as having exemplified his favourite motto, "To think soberly,*" and therefore as entitled to that "highest style of man," a CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHER.

* This motto in the original Greek, surrounded by a wreath of bays, and with a pen beneath; the whole encircled by a luminous cloud, occupies a prominent position in the library of Hartlebury Castle. The Bishop was fond of allegory, and we may conceive the hidden meaning of this ingenious emblem to be, "that the true way for an author to attain immortality is to think and write soberly." The emblem is very appropriately transferred to the title-page of each volume of the Bishop's collected Works.

The following attempt to express the Bishop's character in his own favourite manner (see his Inscription on Mr. Addison) the Editor trusts will not be thought unsuitable in this place :—

RICARDUS HURD,
obscuro loco natus,
a puero literis iisque optimis institutus,
maturam ætatem
studiorum fructibus illlustravit :
Theologus probabilis,
Concionator gravis, simplex, severus,
Criticus doctus, acer, perelegans,
in causis rerum reconditioribus indagandis
apprimè sagax et subtilis ;
linguæ vernaculæ in exemplum scriptor,
ut Addisoni discipulum
possis agnoscere :
Idem
moribus integer, castus, verecundus,
amicitiis neque multus neque præfervidus,
sed constans et officiosus :
Hunc
mitis sapientia,
rerum atque hominum usus non vulgaris,
comitas inaffectata,
cum mirâ quâdam oris atque aspectûs dignitate,
principibus acceptum fecerunt,
et summis proprii officii honoribus auctum
ad sobolis regiæ instituendæ munus
commendaverunt :
cujus inter alia bona illud præcipuè notandum,
in summo apice fortunæ,
unde ortus fuerit
nunquam oblitum fuisse.

F. K.

PART II.

SELECTIONS FROM

BISHOP HURD'S COMMONPLACE BOOK.

I. CHARACTERS.

II. EXTRACTS.

1. THEOLOGICAL AND MORAL.

2. CRITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

The contents of Bishop Hurd's Commonplace Book are very various: consisting of—Extracts from and Analyses of Books, chiefly of poetry and history, in Greek, Latin, French, and Italian, having often his own judicious remarks appended; —Characters of Distinguished Persons in our own and other histories drawn with full knowledge and nice discrimination; Original Thoughts, moral, religious, and political; and Criticisms, chiefly on Virgil, Shakespeare, and Milton.

These accumulated stores show how extensive, and at the same time how discriminating, a reader he was; how admirably he had digested and applied his various learning, so as to give to its reproduction at once the charm of novelty and the benefit of utility; and, above all, how deeply his mind was imbued with the principles of true religion and sound philosophy; thus happily exemplifying his favourite motto,

"TO THINK SOBERLY."

From these varied sources the following selections have been made, upon the principle of giving the Bishop's *own* recorded thoughts and impressions, rather than those which he has drawn from others.

I. CHARACTERS.

LUCRETIUS.

One of the best of the Roman poets. The unlaboured ease and originality of his style and manner is almost more pleasing than the highly-finished expression and modulation of Virgil. The *vivida vis animi*, at least, makes amends for the want of the *molle atque facetum*. 'Tis pity his subject was no better.

How sensible Virgil was of his master's merit, appears from that charming digression in the Second Book of the Georgics, *Me verò primùm dulces ante omnia Musæ*, &c.; where he represents it as his highest ambition to rival him in his double character of philosopher and poet.

AUGUSTUS

is usually spoken of as a perfect model of good fortune and of human felicity; yet he lived to find himself in circumstances which made him wish that he had never been married, and that he had died childless. (See Crevier's Roman Emperors, vol. i. p. 387). This was said on occasion of the ill prospect he had of being worthily represented by any of his own family in the succession to the empire. Nor was this the only occasion of distress. What must have been the feelings of this *fortunate* prince, when, reflecting on the total defeat of his army in Germany, he cried out in a transport of rage and despair: "*Vare, redde mihi legiones!*" (Crevier, 453.) There are moments in the lives of the happiest men, when they can scarce help exclaiming, "Tædet cæli convexa tueri." So true is it that "man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upwards." (Job. v. 7.)

SAVONAROLA.

We have a curious example of this sort of men (enthuthusiasts) in Girolamo Savonarola, a preaching friar, who makes a great figure in the second and third books of Guicciardini's History of Italy. This man had acquired great fame by the strictness of his manners, his learning, and his eloquence, amongst the people of Florence. His sermons were warm and vehement, and, being continued through a course of years, had procured him a multitude of admirers in that city. Being perhaps naturally of a hypochondriacal turn, and deriving a vanity (as is not unusual in these popular discoursers) from the impressions of horror he found himself enabled to strike into the minds of men by his exaggerated invectives and tragical declamation, he came at length to persuade himself, or at least the people, that he was inspired, and had indeed the commission of a prophet to foretel the judgments of God, which, as he said, were due to their vices, and were, as he gave out, in a short time to descend from heaven upon them. It is probable he at first used this language only in a rhetorical way, and as the fittest to rouse the attention of his hearers; the authority which these men assume to themselves in Roman Catholic countries being very great, and the tone of their rhetoric very high, when employed in their office of expounding the Word of God, and of denouncing the threats of vengeance on the people. But what might be only flashes of his zeal came in a short time to be looked upon as prophetic illuminations. This was occasioned by the calamities which on a sudden befel all Italy by the famous expedition of Charles VIII. of France, in 1494, against the kingdom of Naples. The Italians, who had lived for some time in a profound peace, and which had all the appearance in the world of being lasting, found themselves at once, from this mad, unexpected step of the French King, in circumstances of the

utmost disorder; and the consternation of men's minds disposed them to see the visiting hand of heaven, and the truth of Savonarola's predictions, in the distresses which were now brought upon them. This fanaticism rose still higher in Florence, the scene and more immediate object of the friar's prophetic denunciations, by the confusion into which the government of that city was brought by the expulsion of Peter de Medicis, in consequence of some ambitious engagements, which he had been led to enter into at this time, to enslave his country. And it seems that, amidst his other wild talk, Savonarola had, before the irruption of the French, given some intimations of peculiar disorders that were to afflict the state of Florence, as well as of the more general distresses that were to afflict all Italy.

These great events happening to correspond in some sort to the vague and menacing harangues of their preacher, gave a colour to his pretences of inspiration, and led the giddy enthusiastic crowd to consider him in good earnest as a very prophet. And now at least it was, if not before, that certain worldly considerations struck in and mixed themselves with the heavenly views of this mortified ecclesiastic. He found himself the tongue and oracle of the astonished citizens; and the importance this gave him in his own eyes made him forward to maintain and improve the opinion he had thus acquired, by prescribing to them on all occasions and directing all measures that were to be taken to compose their civil distractions. In short, he took advantage of the madness of the time; and like another *Peter*, I mean the Hermit, who had presided in the affair of the Crusades, this friar became the soul of Florence, and animated and controlled all their deliberations. The government was settled by his instigation (and no doubt the part he took was most popular) upon the footing of the widest and most perfect democracy. He took upon him to manage their affairs with the French King, and went to preach and pro-

phesy to him, as he had done to his fellow-citizens. To support his authority amongst his followers, he had taken the usual method of inveighing against the great, and especially against the Pope and court of Rome, nothing being more apt to imprint an opinion of sanctity in the minds of men than such freedoms with their superiors. His enemies, in the mean time, took advantage of this liberty, and got him disgraced at Rome, and even silenced by the Pontiff. All this, however, might have had no consequences, but for a rupture, which followed the Pope's sentence, between the ecclesiastics themselves; while some of them adhered to the cause of the silenced prophet, and others, with more reason, to the papal authority. Unluckily for Savonarola, he could not perfectly control the enthusiasm he had raised. He himself had more reason in his rage than to pretend to miracles. But his idolizers, whose heads he had turned, had not this command of themselves. One of his brother friars, to prove the superiority of Savonarola's cause, had offered to put it to this test, that on a day and place appointed he would, in the presence of the whole city, throw himself into a red-hot fire, and demonstrate by this experiment, from which he reckoned with confidence to come off with safety, that his master was no impostor, but a true prophet. There was, it seems, another friar of the opposite party, whose zeal had made him mad enough to agree to this proposal, and submit himself to the flames, for the same purpose.

This, we may suppose, was going further than our more sage prophet designed. But the business was no longer in his own hands; and the people looked for this final and unanswerable confirmation of his character. Savonarola was prophet enough to foresee the consequence of this infatuation of his disciple. He even contrived an admirable expedient to elude it. When the day came, he advised his partizan when he went to the fire to carry the Host with

him in his hands, by which he said he would be secured from all danger. But the people taking fire upon this, and not enduring the profanation of exposing their God to the flames, (as the prophet, no doubt, had also foreseen,) would not suffer him to make use of this protection. Savonarola insisted absolutely upon it; which, not being complied with, the experiment fell to the ground: but the people having the sense, for this time, to take the thing right, and as a mere subterfuge to avoid the necessity of this fiery trial, his authority fell with it. And by this disgrace his enemies were now strong enough to seize his person, and put him into prison. The effect was, for now the tide ran as strong the other way, that he was brought to his trial before the Pope's Commissioners, found guilty of heresy, contumacy, sedition, and I know not what besides, and condemned to be burned; as he accordingly was, and himself forced to make that experiment from which he had wisely diverted his follower. To conclude this long story, he suffered with constancy enough; but, as the blaze of his *fanaticism* was over (and had been so, it may be supposed, from the time of his engaging himself so deeply in matters of *policy*,) he ended his life in a sullen silence, without saying one word for his cause or himself, or even against his persecutors.

Whatever may be thought of the reality of this unhappy man's enthusiasm in the time of his prosperity, it was not, we see, violent enough to withstand this last trial of martyrdom: "A dreadful period," as one excellently observes, "when nature, by the very shock and in the struggle it then suffers, becomes enabled to shake off all the fumes of MENTAL, as, on other occasions, of *corporeal*, intoxication." (Dr. Warburton, Sermons, vol. i. p. 238.)

MARTIN LUTHER.

For an account of Martin Luther's person see a curious Letter of Petrus Mosellanus, in the Appendix to Jortin's Erasmus, vol. ii. 356. The common prints, I think, represent him as a large, broad-shouldered, and butcherly fellow; whereas, in fact, he was a middle-sized, spare man, all bone and sinew, or, as Bentley said of Dr. Samuel Clarke, *all cordage*. But the whole passage in the Letter of Mosellanus is worth consulting.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

He was a learned, wise, and exceeding good man; extremely bigoted to the errors of Popery, which first made him the persecutor of the Protestants, and in the end cost him his life. Excepting in this instance, his character was almost faultless. He had every accomplishment of his time, and every virtue of humanity. He had a passionate love for learning and learned men. His own writings are esteemed the most elegant and masterly of any of that age. The liveliness of his wit and his zeal for Popery caused him to treat the persons he wrote against with more acrimony than was natural to his temper. But his controversial pieces, which are large and numerous, (for he was the chief person who appeared in that controversy,) are to be admired even at this day, for their good sense, the plausibility of his argumentation, the sprightliness of his fancy, and the elegance of his raillery. If truth had not lain so evidently as it did on the side of *Protestantism*, such an adversary, in its first appearance, must have given a considerable check to it. See further Bishop Burnet's character of him, Hist. Ref. vol. i.

BISHOP GARDINER.

It seems no easy thing to give the just character of this great prelate, occasioned, not only by the different representations of him in our history, but the singularity of his composition. He was eminently learned in the civil and canon laws, (which was the chief accomplishment of men of business in those days,) as appears from the head he had in Henry's divorce, and the attention paid to his advice and judgment throughout that affair. He was also a great master of polite letters, as may be seen from his writings, and a great patron of learned men. He had an uncommon genius for affairs, as appears, not only from his embassies, but his administration under Queen Mary, and especially his conduct with regard to the Parliament and the Spanish match. He was subtle, enterprising, and ambitious, as all accounts of him testify: a profound dissembler in matters of religion, as is clear from comparing his behaviour during the life of Henry with his conduct in Mary's reign. He is allowed to have been but an indifferent Divine; and indeed his constant employment in business makes that very credible, if his writings had not given, as Dr. Burnet thinks, full proof of it. From his pliant, supple, and temporising submission to Henry's projects in reformation, one should suppose he had no very delicate conscience. And yet his firmness and sufferings in Edward VIth's time, and his zeal for Popery under Mary, would suggest another conclusion. Perhaps his knowledge of the mild temper of Cranmer, and, in general, of the Protestant administration of Edward, and his resentments at being excluded from the Council, might make him less tractable than he had shewn himself to Henry's peremptory humour. Perhaps, too, his ambition, and his resolution to retain the place of first minister to such a bigot as Mary, might induce him to shew himself less a Protestant than he really was. He was, perhaps, as proud and impe-

rious as Wolsey, but less boastful, arrogant, and ostentatious. The love of power was his first passion, but he was not so ambitious as Wolsey to make a show of it. He had, perhaps, as great talents for government as his master, but with more popularity, and a more dexterous carriage in the management of it. It is certain he had the best parts, and the steadiest head for affairs, of any of the great men of that time. He seems cut out rather for the world than the Church, and, if he was a more dexterous man of affairs than Cranmer, he was not by a great deal so good a Bishop. (See further a very critical examination of his history in the Biographia Britannica, *art.* GARDINER.)

ERASMUS.

Two infirmities in this great man account for all the inconsistencies of his character. These were vanity and timidity. His vanity led him to expose the abuses which his penetration and love of truth had discovered in the Church: for Protestantism, or a free vein of disquisition concerning the then state of religion, was as fashionable in his time as infidelity is become in ours. But as such freedom in writing and speaking was sure to give offence, and could not but be attended with danger, his timidity led him again to palliate or explain away what he had justly advanced. Hence he was obnoxious both to Protestants and Papists. He certainly wished and aimed at a reformation of religion; but he wished, at the same time, that this reformation might be brought about by gentle and pacific means only: a thing impossible after a ferment had been raised in men's minds by his own free writings, and especially by the furious invectives of Luther. If his scheme could have been effected, the mischiefs and miseries (which were innumerable and excessive) of the Reformation had been avoided. It might have been effected if all men had been as prudent and

conciliatory as he was disposed to be; but by slow degrees and in a greater compass of time than the passion of the two parties would allow. On the whole, Erasmus was an excellent man as well as writer; and, though the boisterous hand of Luther did at once what the other had projected, yet it was done the easier for the agreeable and popular information conveyed by Erasmus. And therefore it was truly but coarsely observed, that the one laid the egg which the other hatched.

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

SOME TOUCHES OF HIS CHARACTER.

The most powerful and absolute minister that has ever been known in England: of singular penetration and unquestioned capacity for affairs. The superiority of his talents appears from his successful ministry, and the ascendancy he alone could gain and held for so long a time over such a prince as Henry VIII. He was immeasurably (self-) sufficient, haughty, and ambitious. Yet withal had a nobleness of nature, which showed itself in his preferring and employing men of the first abilities, as GARDINER and CROMWELL (of whom little ministers would have stood in awe), and in his vast projects of charity, not to speak of his liberality and magnificent state of living. It was singular in him that he made his own interested and ambitious views in the management of foreign politics consistent with the real glory and interest of the country. It is not easy to say to what his fall was owing: whether to any double-dealing of his in the affair of the divorce—to the disgust Henry took to him on his not being able to accomplish it, if indeed he really wished and designed it—to any resentments and practices of Anne Boleyne against him—to Henry's jealousy of his power and ascendancy over him,

which he was therefore willing to rid himself of as soon as he found he could do without him, as upon Cranmer's proposal to proceed in another manner about the divorce than by negotiating with the Court of Rome he found he could—to Henry's policy, in letting the Pope see what firmness he was capable of if provoked to the utmost, when he did not scruple sacrificing so great and favourite a minister; or in designing to bring the Pope to a compliance with his own terms, who, he might think, would rather do this than let Wolsey be ruined, whose views on the papacy would make him a fast friend to Rome (this last seems the more probable, since he did not ruin him so far, but that on compliance of the Pope, there was hope left to restore him to favour); or in the view of ingratiating himself to the people at a time he perceived he should have great need of their confidence (being about to break with the Pope) by sacrificing to their resentments an arbitrary, overgrown, and therefore odious minister—to his avarice, which longed for the plunder of the Cardinal's great wealth—or, lastly, to the mere wanton tyranny of this capricious prince. It seems a secret, whether these reasons, or any of them, procured his disgrace. Certainly, unless the first of these surmises be well founded, the King had no sufficient cause to proceed with such violence against him as his minister. As his virtues as well as vices seem to have been the effects of his ungoverned nature, so he neither bore his greatness without insolence, nor his disgrace without meanness. He had never taken pains to provide those moral or Christian graces, which might have taught him to support both states with decency. He was indeed much a stranger to the virtues either of a Christian or a Churchman. He was vindictive, secular, sensual. He was a bad man, and a worse bishop; but an able minister, and a bountiful and magnificent prelate.

CROMWELL EARL OF ESSEX.

He was a man of business and capacity for affairs: supple, dexterous, and indefatigable: he had been trained to an implicit and obsequious service under Wolsey, which, we may be sure, did not a little recommend him to such a master as Henry. Yet in his highest honours he was affable and moderate, partly of his own nature, and partly perhaps from observing the ill effects of the contrary behaviour in Wolsey. He showed a noble temper in his grateful remembrance of the merchant of Lucca, and in pleading with the warmth he did for his old discarded master in the House of Commons, at a time when his secretary Gardiner, though more obliged to him, had deserted him, or, at best, served him with more caution and reserve, and with a greater attention to his own interests. But the clearest proof of his merit is having deserved the friendship and esteem of such a man as Cranmer; and the best fruit of his ministry was his joining the Archbishop to promote the Reformation. His steadiness in this cause, together with the envy of his greatness (which, as he was of a mean family, could not but be very great), brought on his ruin; if it be not rather to be ascribed to the capricious tyranny of his prince, who, when Cromwell had served him with great diligence and capacity in the two great points he had most at heart, his Supremacy and the Suppression of the Monasteries, wantonly sacrificed him to the malice of his enemies. The greatest blot on his ministry is his compliance with the King's pleasure to attaint several persons in Parliament, without their being suffered to make their answer: a dangerous precedent, which fell afterwards on himself. After all, he was a great minister, and might have passed for a very great *man*, if the slavish submission he made to the King after his condemnation had not discovered an abject baseness of nature which no talents or services can atone for or excuse.

CRANMER.

An unquestionably learned, humane, charitable, and pious man. His nature was singularly frank and open. His zeal for pure religion as delivered in the Gospel was ardent: yet he was too fearful and compliant in some things against his own better judgment. Perhaps the sense of great obligations to Henry, as well as the resolute, vindictive temper of that prince, was sometimes a snare to him. He was by temper mild and moderate, sincere and constant in his friendships, and a great favourer of learning and learned men. It is no wonder his notions of Christian liberty were, in those times, imperfect, which made him, against the natural bent of his mind, in some few instances a persecutor. It is but of late we have understood the doctrine of toleration in its full extent. His greatest failing was his recantation at Oxford, the effect of a natural constitutional timidity, which yet he repaired as well as he could by giving the sincerest marks of repentance. On the whole, he lived in trying times, and was, with the exception of a few faults, an eminently great and good man.

ARCHBISHOP PARKER.

The first Protestant archbishop in Queen Elizabeth's reign. A man of unmistakably ancient manners. Trained up in the knowledge and love of Protestantism under Bucer, Ridley, and other great reformers at Cambridge: made Queen Anne (Boleyn)'s Chaplain 1533: much considered as a preacher under Edward VI.: absconded in Queen Mary's time: forced, against his will, into the Archbishopric of Canterbury by his friends Sir William Cecill and Sir Nicholas Bacon on Queen Elizabeth's succession. A prelate of an honest mind and firm temper: warmly attached to the Church as established by law, and therefore an enemy to all

innovations and puritanical fancies about habits, Presbyterian government, &c. for which many of the divines in that time had contracted strong prejudices during their residence abroad in Queen Mary's time. He was curious and greatly learned in the antiquities of England, principally such as related to the Church: of a bountiful and magnificent temper, as appears from his port and state of living while he was Archbishop, and his numerous benefactions to colleges, hospitals, &c. The greatness of his mind is seen in his unfeigned refusal of the Archbishopric, his plainness with the haughty Queen on several occasions, and his freedom with Sir Nicholas Bacon, whom he reproved for his practices to get the church-lands from the Queen. His letter to Lady Bacon, excusing the offence he had given his great friend on that account, shews an honesty and spirit superior to what we usually meet with in ecclesiastical, or indeed in any other, history. It seems from a letter written on his death-bed to Queen Elizabeth on the same subject, (which he had much at heart,) as if he had taxed his other great friend, Sir W. Cecill, on the same account. Whether he had used the same liberty with him as with Sir N. Bacon is not certain.

WHITGIFT.

The third Archbishop of Canterbury in Queen Elizabeth's reign seems to have surpassed his two predecessors, Parker and Grindal, in learning and abilities. He was zealously attached to the Church, yet not more so perhaps than the circumstances of the time required to defeat the restless and enthusiastic endeavours of Puritanism. His firmness and high spirit were so tempered by discretion that, notwithstanding some great enemies, he kept in favour all that reign. Two things bear hard upon his moral character: the *one*, his letter to Lord Burghley, acquainting him with a

letter written on his death-bed by Archbishop Parker, reflecting on his depredations of the Church-revenues, notwithstanding that Parker had been his great friend and promoter: the other, his excessive flattery to King James at the Hampton Court Conference. Of the two, this last, considering the zeal and dangerous attempts of the Puritans, and the struggles he had all his life had with them, is the soonest to be excused. It was the overflowing of his joy to find the new King so much in the Church's interests. The other, as I said, seems less excusable: yet, considering the whole of the Archbishop's character and conduct, the information conveyed to Lord Burghley might be intended only to give some check to that lord's depredations of the Church, which were great and notorious. He probably thought that the last words of Parker, who had been so closely connected with the Treasurer, and so much obliged to him, would carry more weight with them than any reprehension from himself, or from any other quarter; while, at the same time, he gave less offence to that minister, whom it concerned him to manage for the Church's sake, than he would have done by a direct reproof in his own person.

BUCHANAN.

His *De jure Regni apud Scotos*, a spirited and elegant dialogue betwixt the author and Thomas Maitland; in which the true principles of Government are delivered: next, the distinction betwixt a King and a Tyrant is explained: and the whole concludes with insisting that kings are accountable to their subjects; that this is the condition of kingship, particularly in Scotland; and that tyrants may be judged, and even put to death, without blame, nay with the highest honour, by their abused subjects. There is a singular spirit of freedom in this tract, especially for the time when it was written, and it gives me a high idea of

the honesty or boldness of this writer, that he presumed to address a discourse of this sort to his pupil, King James the Sixth. This strong love of liberty, to which his warm temper and elevated genius naturally inclined him, was catched or at least much confirmed in him by his familiarity with the classical story of the Greeks and Romans, the great doctors of civil liberty to all countries and ages. The whole was written with a view to the late dealings about the Queen of Scots. The dialogue, as to its manner, is very masterly, except that there seems a little affectation in conducting it according to the Socratic method. There seems no great difference between Buchanan's notions and Milton's on the subject of civil government. The former defends his nation's treatment of Mary Queen of Scots by the same arguments, and with the same zeal, with which the other vindicates the proceedings against Charles the First by the people of England. If there be any difference, it is what arises from the superior greatness of Milton's genius. There seems an equal bitterness and rancour in both.

D'AVILA.

"I remember, the first time I ever saw *D'Avila's* History of the Civil Wars of France, it was lent me under the title of Mr. Hampden's *Vade-mecum.*" (Sir Philip Warwick's Memoirs, p. 240). I don't wonder that Mr. Hampden was fond of this history, or that it was much read in the time of our civil wars. The *subject* itself was enough to recommend it. Besides, it must be owned there is uncommon merit in the *composition.* The *method*, natural, easy, and distinct: the *narrative*, perspicuous, lively, eloquent: the writer's *knowledge* of his subject particular and exact; his *sagacity* in penetrating the secret springs of policy, and, in general, his *comprehension* of human life and manners, wonderful. He had been bred in camps, and in courts; this

enabled him to succeed so well in describing both. Yet hence, too, arose the only faults I observe in him. Being a soldier by profession, his account of battles, sieges, &c. is more minute than perhaps is proper in a general history, and, having been brought up in the refined court of Catherine de Medicis, the politician gets the better of the historian. It does so remarkably in his description of the Bartholomew Massacre, and the Assassination of Blois, which he seems to contemplate on their political side only; whereas, if politics or some prejudice had not suppressed his *moral sense*, what a fine occasion for exerting all his powers of description! As it is, the Bartholomew Massacre is one of the coldest, and therefore most disgusting, parts of his history. A great historian should have all his moral sentiments undebauched, and vigorous. Corrupted by politics or his prejudice for the Queen Mother, he almost forgets that he is relating the most atrocious deed that ever was perpetrated, and almost seems as if he should be satisfied with these perfidies and sanguinary measures if the policy of them were but justifiable. It is not thus that Lord Clarendon would have treated such a subject.

"To show you I require something more than ability even in a writer, I must tell you that D'Avila, whom I amuse myself with at this time, is not half the favourite with me as Lord Clarendon. Not that he does not excel supremely in all the arts of historical composition; but he does not feel for goodness like Lord Clarendon. And, without this seasoning, a common newspaper would be almost as agreeable reading to me as a page of Livy. This D'Avila is a very politician, and we may truly say with the poet, I mean as interpreted by Lord Shaftesbury,

—— Rarus communis sensus in illâ
Fortunâ.

Hence he is perfectly enamoured of that she-monster, some-

thing between a fox and an hyena, the Queen Mother. And hence he can relate the horrid Bartholomew Massacre in a style that shews he regrets nothing in that affair but its want of success, or, at most, its defects in point of policy. I confess to you I had much ado to bring myself to read any more of this accomplished historian." (Letter to Dr. Balguy, dated Thurcaston, 2 Nov., 1759.)*

HUGO GROTIUS.

The genius, capacity, and learning of this extraordinary man are well known from his writings. His probity, his zeal for religion, yet tempered by an invincible love of peace, are amongst the principal ingredients of his moral character. He had very early observed the sad effects of religious zeal in the parties of the Remonstrants and Anti-Remonstrants, which so miserably distracted his country in the beginning of the seventeenth century, and to which himself was at length an unhappy victim. This experience, joined to his humane and charitable nature, inspired him with that benevolent but chimerical project of uniting all Christians in the profession of one common faith, which made the grand object of his thoughts and studies through the remainder of his life. To this project, in the pursuit of which he was somewhat enthusiastic, were owing in a good degree the enmities he had to encounter from many eminent persons, especially amongst the rigid Protestants, and some of the most exceptionable of his works. His piece concerning *Antichrist* was composed with the view of conciliating the Papists. For he had observed the application of the characters of Antichrist to the Pope to have been a principal cause of estranging the Catholics from all thought of agreement and union with the Protestants, and of fomenting an

* The reader will, it is hoped, excuse the repetition of this passage, which occurs at p. 79.

incurable dislike and hatred betwixt them. He even conceived the notion of the Pope's supremacy might be so explained as to agree with Scripture, the interests of the Church, and of religion. It was principally his love of peace, but subordinately to this his experience of the rancour of the Protestants and their ill-usage of him—his long residence in France, and friendship with Petavius and other learned papists—his veneration for antiquity, which is but too favourable to the cause of popery—that were so many snares to him, and inclined him, in the latter part of his life especially, too much on the side of popery. Not that he was a papist, but he flattered himself that by candour and some allowances popery might be so moderated as to induce all Protestants to a reconciliation with it. This was the weak part of that great man's character. In every other respect he was the blessing and prodigy of the age in which he lived. (See his Life by M. de Burigny. Paris, 1752).*

ARCHBISHOP WILLIAMS.

As for the character of this great prelate, considering the seeming inconsistency of his conduct, and the contrariety of reports and judgments which writers of the best credit give of him, it seems no easy matter to guess at it. Yet on a careful review of his life, as commented upon by friends and enemies, but principally, I confess, by his friend and chaplain Bishop Hacket, (who seems to have written his history with good fidelity, notwithstanding the affection by which he was visibly biased towards him,) I have ventured to give the following sketch as some little resemblance of him.

He was naturally of a high and confident spirit, presuming on his own abilities, which indeed were very great, whether we consider the force of his understanding, the vigour and promptness of his wit, his courage and resolu-

* See also Bishop Hurd's collected Works, vol. v. p. 221.

tion, or, lastly, his learning. This last was considerable, and, according to the mode at that time, he took all occasions to shew it. He was a man, from his early years, active, indefatigable, whether in study or in business, intriguing, and ambitious. His promotion to the office of Lord Keeper was an extraordinary thing; but, however he might have been unequal to it at first, it seems from the testimony of a great judge (Lord Chief Justice Hobart) that the experience of some time enabled him to fill it with good ability. There seems no doubt of his having been faithful and incorrupt in the discharge of it. His zeal for the Spanish match proved his ruin, though it is likely he first took it up as a good courtier, to please his master, and, as he then thought, the favourite; yet his honesty, or the warmth of his temper, made him not so compliant in some things as is expected of a good courtier, especially of one who has to do with such a master as Buckingham's. This great lord was also jealous of his intriguing turn, as well as disgusted with his earnestness in maintaining his own humour. "Whensoever I disagree with him," says he, "he will prove himself to be in the right; and, though I could never hitherto detect him to be dishonest, I am afraid of his wit." (Philips's Life of Archbishop Williams, p. 152.) He was hasty and choleric; but, as it seems, and, as usual with such natures, relenting and generous. He was of a liberal, munificent mind, as appears from his charities and his port, and whole manner of living. His conduct in affairs, if not able, was shrewd, and his talent was rather for fetches and expedients than for weighed and solid counsels. As a Churchman, he was less a *Papist* than, from some transactions during the progress of the Spanish match he was commonly reputed; and, after his removal from business, less a *Puritan* than his moderation, and, no doubt, resentment against Laud, gave a handle to many persons to represent him. Sir P. Warwick was of this opinion: speaking of this bishop

he says—" He understood a Court better than he (Laud) did, and was as high in spirit as he had been in place; and, if he had been looked on in his inside, was more a discontented courtier than an uncanonical bishop, notwithstanding his " Coal from the Altar." (Mem. p. 92.) He certainly affected the fame of a moderate man, but it is uncertain whether this moderation were not as much owing to his policy or disgust at some Churchmen as to his own judgment and principles. His warm and fiery temper gave his enemies great advantages against him, especially during his disgrace, and whilst the persecution in the Star-chamber was carrying on against him. Having a quick sense of his sufferings, he would sometimes break out into a freer and more unguarded discourse concerning persons and things than discretion should have prescribed, in which liberty, perhaps, he indulged also too much to his natural vanity. Yet, on the whole, I find no good reason to suspect his loyalty, unless perhaps in the affair of Conway Castle, in which it is certain he was too much transported by his passion. The wrong step he took in advising the Protestation was owing to the same cause. It may indeed he questioned whether both his good and bad actions were not rather the result of his natural temper than of any rooted and fixed principles. What lies heaviest on his memory is, the method by which he attempted to satisfy the King's conscience about consenting to the act of attainder against Lord Strafford. This would almost persuade one that in all trying conjunctures he was more directed by policy than principle, except perhaps when the violence of his passion proved too hard for both, and yet in this affair he had the concurrence of three other bishops of credit, and, amongst them, of Archbishop Usher himself.* However it be,

* There is reason to suspect this charge against the Archbishop, though made by Bishop Hacket and others, is not true. See his

this was the greatest *blemish* in his character, as his greatest *misfortune* was to be exposed to Laud's resentment and jealousy whilst he lived, and to be transmitted to posterity by so wise and good a man as Lord Clarendon under the notion of "a vain, light, inconstant, and turbulent man." †

ARCHBISHOP LAUD.

On reading the defence of this famous Archbishop written by himself in the Tower, and published from his original papers by Wharton, I find him to have been a very learned, able, and, I believe, honest man. The charge of his being a Papist was one of the groundless, malicious, and impudent slanders of that distracted age. It is certain he had high notions of Church-power, and of the regal prerogative, though in both he seems to have bounded himself within the laws as they stood, or were conceived by him to stand, at that time. His grand object was to secure the hierarchy against the restless attacks of the Puritan faction, and to maintain the Church of England in the uniform observance of that decent worship established by law. His having these points

Life by his Chaplain Dr. Parr, p. 61, folio, London, 1686. (Note by Bishop Hurd.)

* In a MS. letter to Dr. Balguy dated Nov. 27, 1753, Warburton says: "Mr. Hurd has entertained me and Mr. C. Yorke very greatly by an incomparable character of Archbishop Williams. We did not know his strength here; he is a painter and a master on first handling the crayons;" and in one of his published letters to Hurd (Letter LIX.) dated Dec. 6, the same year, he writes: "You have sufficiently shown me with what spirit and attention you have applied yourself to one period of history by the character you have drawn of Bishop Williams. I read it to Mr. Yorke, who had read Hacket, (Life of Archbishop Williams,) and he admires your thorough penetration into Williams's character, and the masterly manner in which it is drawn up."

so much at heart (which he further believed essential to the interests of the Crown, and the support of the monarchy,) was what disposed him to a more rigorous execution of Church censures, and a stricter enforcement of Church ceremonies, than those times, which from many causes were running wild with notions of religious liberty, would bear. A late writer says, "He had not knowledge of the world enough to govern a petty college."* This pitiful and indecent censure is of a piece with the other reflections in that factious work. All that is true of it is, that he did not attend so much to the circumstances of that wild age as from his great sense and experience might have been expected. This was his master's fault too. Sir Philip Warwick says well, "The rectitude of his nature made him not a fit instrument to struggle with the obliquity of these times." (Memoirs, p. 91.) He might have seen from what passed in Scotland what the Presbyterian party was capable of. But their fierceness too naturally increased the Archbishop's firmness and resolution. He acted from a strong conviction of the goodness of his cause. He thought the King's power sufficient to support him in his designs: and perhaps his superior genius, as well as his temper, made him slight the artifice of less direct and slower methods to accomplish his end.

But the time for Religious and Civil Liberty to prevail over an encroaching royalty, and a too imperious hierarchy, was at hand. The near approach of the *divine form* created an enthusiasm, which prevailed to that degree as in the end to frustrate the generous views of her first and sincerest worshippers. In these ecstatic orgies the unhappy King could not prevent his ablest and best ministers from falling victims to that fury which in the end forced off his own head.

* Lord Bolingbroke's Remarks on the English History.

Additions to this Character.

He was certainly no Papist, if by that term is meant one who agrees with the Church of Rome in its essential doctrines. But he was, in truth, much addicted to the pomp and ceremonious observances of that Church; both from his natural disposition, which was somewhat superstitious, and form a persuasion of the importance of external ceremony in divine worship to the great ends of religion. Hence he was forward to catch at any old and obsolete canon that would countenance him in reviving any ceremony; not considering the offence such innovations (for innovations they would be called, on account of their long desuetude, whatever might be alleged from some canons in their favour,) must needs give to the squeamish stomachs of that time. It must be owned he trusted too much to the integrity of his views, and the interest he had with the King; and regarded too little the circumstances of the age, and the dispositions of the people, on whom the principles of Puritanism had now made a very general impression. I cannot tell whether, all things considered, they could have been reclaimed from those principles by anything but the experience the nation afterwards had of the ruinous tendency of them. But certainly the Archbishop's method was very improper for that purpose.

What contributed to quicken the Archbishop's zeal for Church ceremonies and some other measures which gave occasion to his enemies to suspect him of bad designs in favour of Popery, was (besides the necessity he was under of keeping well with the Queen by all lawful compliances,) the strange project, so often and so weakly entertained by many great Protestants, of uniting the Protestant and Romish Churches in one communion. Laud, Heylin, and the other zealous churchmen of that time were full of this project; which, no doubt, they conceived, besides its other uses,

would prove an effectual security to the Establishment against the factious attempts of Puritanism. (See what has been said of the weakness of Grotius in this point under art. Grotius.)

His proceedings in the *High Commission* and *Star Chamber* have been much cried out upon. He was severe and rigid in his censures. But his plea was, that he was always guided in them by the love of justice, and an inflexible regard to his judgment and conscience. A moderate adversary would reply to this, that the infirmities of humanity are great, and how could he assure himself that his very judgment and conscience were not sometimes (perhaps imperceptibly to himself) corrupted and prepossessed by passion?

Perhaps this is the best excuse that can be made for his severity against *Williams*, the greatest blot, as appears to me, in his character. The enmity betwixt these two great men began out of politic considerations. They were rivals for preferment and Court favour. Laud had the advantage in this contention. Jealousy and envy afterwards widened this breach. The officious meddling of dependants and pick-thanks, no doubt, kept them at a still greater distance. Their notions and principles in Church matters were also different. No wonder, if from these causes some animosities should arise betwixt them. But can all this excuse the vindictive prosecutions in the Star Chamber? Say that Williams had been indiscreet, had been too refractory and obstinate, had even incurred some fault in the management of his causes: it would surely have been for the honour of the Archbishop to proceed against him more gently. Absolute ruin was too much to leave this great man free from all suspicion of using his power and influence too hardly, indeed vindictively, against him. Dr. Heylin surely slurs over this great matter too negligently in his apology for his life.

JOSEPH HALL.

Bishop of Exeter, and afterwards of Norwich, one of the most considerable churchmen and most extraordinary persons of the seventeenth century. He was educated at Cambridge in Emmanuel College, where he was admitted soon after the foundation of it, about the year, I believe, 1590, and of which he was afterwards Fellow. He very early distinguished himself by two anonymous works, the one his volume of *Satires*, the first in our language, and a moral fiction called *Mundus alter et idem*, which he composed at college, when very young. His Satires, if they have not the depth and sense of Donne's, are infinitely more classical and poetical. They were very much admired by Mr. Pope. The *Mundus alter et idem* is ingenious, and abounds in fine strokes of satire. But the allegory is often hard and displeasing. He had a fruitful and inventive genius.

He wrote a fine book of *Characters* after the manner of Theophrastus, which will bear reading after La Bruyère's. He was the first modern who introduced the way of *Epistolary Writing*, and of *Meditations;* the former of which gave such a character afterwards to *Balzac*, and the latter to Mr. *Boyle*, not to speak of those puerile trifles, the *Meditations of James Hervey*.

There is great learning and fancy in all his writings. But the disorders of the times broke his spirits and prevented his being altogether what might have been expected from his first essays and compositions. He was a very pious, devout, and for the times a moderate divine; as may appear from his being with Laud on the one hand, and the Sectaries on the other. He was one of the principal assertors of Episcopacy, and therefore drew upon him the invectives of Milton, who treated him with the malignity peculiar to that poet's nature, and with a contempt which his controversial

writings on that subject did not deserve. In a word, he was a learned man, a fine genius, and an exemplary bishop.*

BISHOP WILKINS.

A divine of acknowledged learning and ability. He was bred among those who had at least a leaning towards the Puritans, and on taking holy orders was made Chaplain to Lord Say. All this prepares us to expect that, on the breaking out of the Civil War, he would join the Parliament-party, and take the Covenant and, after, the Engagement. In 1656 he married a sister of Oliver Cromwell. In all this we acquiesce. But immediately on the Restoration we hear of his being preferred, and made Bishop of Chester in 1668. Does not this look as if he had no principle, or held none, but that of siding with the party that was uppermost? Yet he must have possessed many virtues to gain the friendship and esteem to that degree he did of such men as Lloyd, Burnet, and Tillotson. What recommended him much to them, we may suppose, was his moderation in politics and religion. Still there hangs a shade on his character, and the darker when we reflect that he was promoted to his bishopric by the Duke of Buckingham.

Dr. Wilkins and his friend Dr. Wallis seem to have acted on the same system, *i. e.* to make the best of the times they lived in, and to conform to every system of polity or religion that was uppermost; but in so prudent a manner, as to be ready and able to take advantage of any other change that might happen.

In general, these mathematico-philosophical theologians

* "Mr. Charles Yorke spent the Christmas with us. I read to him your fine account of Bishop Hall, which pleased him extremely." (Warburton to Hurd, Letter LI., Jan. 15, 1753.)

are not so compounded as to make martyrs or confessors. Yet the Immortal Barrow must be excepted.

LORD CLARENDON.

This great man had been vilely used by his master, as as well as others: and that usage merited his resentment. But he expresses too much concern for the loss of his place and dignity in the continuation of his Life and History. All that can be said for him is, that he who looked up with so much reverence, and that upon principle, to the Throne, could not but set an undue value upon all subordinate approaches in rank and office towards it. So wise a man should have been less surprised at a change of fortune; and so good a man should have felt it with less emotion. But with all his virtues, which were transcendent, his *three acquiescences*, at *Jersey*, *Madrid*, and *Montpelier*, which had taught him so many good things, had not, it seems, taught him that degree of apathy, or rather moderation.

Lord Clarendon's style is verbose, careless, and frequently even perplexed. Yet, with all these faults, there is so much life and vigour in his conceptions, and in his expression of them, and he everywhere discovers such a purity of mind and dignity of moral sentiment, that few writers in the English language give the reader more pleasure.

DUC DE ROCHEFOUCAULT.

Men of calm passions are they who have the surest and most perfect insight into human nature. Of these one of the most celebrated is the Duc de Rochefoucault; and of him Madame de Sévigné, who knew him long and well, says, "Quant à M. de la Rochefoucault, il alloit, comme un enfant, revoir Verteuil, et les lieux où il avoit chassé avec tant de plaisir; je ne dis pas, où il a été amoureux, car je

ne crois pas que ce qui s'appelle amoureux; il l'ait jamais été." (Tom. iv. p. 257.)

Such a man has nothing to obstruct or disturb his view of human characters: he sees them in their true proportions, and in a steady light; not distorted or discoloured, as they easily are, when contemplated through the shifting and turbid mists of passion. Hence it is not enough to qualify a man to be a just inspector of human life that he has a clear and penetrating understanding: this will frequently fail him in the closet, and perpetually in the practice of the world, if his temperament be not cool and staid. The advantage of this last qualification is so great that where it is possessed in an eminent degree it wants the assistance of but moderate parts: whereas the brightest and the strongest, when united, as they commonly are, with ardent affections, are liable, at every turn, to be dazzled and misled. This observation accounts for a remarkable fact, "That, in every profession and in every government, those who succeed best are generally men of the second rate for their parts and sense; such men having light enough to see their way, and no fumes of affection to divert them from the direct prosecution of it." Instances are innumerable in all history; take that of the Duc de Rochefoucault's contemporaries, Cardinal Mazarin and Cardinal de Retz.

DESCARTES.

The Queen of the South came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon. This was no ordinary enterprise; but less strange than that Descartes should take a journey from Egmond to Stockholm for the sake of displaying his wisdom before the conceited, capricious, and fantastic Queen of the North. But the French philosopher's vanity was to be gratified at any rate. What he suffered from his *five o'clock* morning lectures in such a climate,

from the little capacity, indocility, neglect, and perhaps contempt of his royal pupil does not appear. What we certainly know is, that he lost his life, and not a little of his reputation, by this adventure.

MR. ABRAHAM COWLEY.

To speak of this neglected writer, as a poet. He had a quick and ready conception; the true enthusiasm of genius, and vast materials, with which learning as well as fancy had supplied him for it to work upon. He had besides a prodigious command of expression, had a natural and copious flow of eloquence on every occasion, and understood our language in all its force and energy. Yet betwixt the native exuberance of his wit, which hurried him frequently on conceits, and the epidemical contagion of that time, which possessed all writers with the love of points, of affected turns, and hard unnatural allusion, there are few of his poems which a man of just taste will read with admiration, or even with pleasure. Some few there are and enough to save his name from oblivion, or rather to consecrate it, with those of the master spirits of our country, to immortality. I would chiefly mention *The Complaint, The Hymn to Light*, and *The Ode to the Royal Society*. The first and last are of the Pindaric kind, and, I think, well deserve the character given them by Mr. W[aller] of being better than his master's. The plan and ordonnance of the first is most masterly, indeed equal to any thing of any writer in that way; but both are executed greatly. The *Hymn to Light* is thick set with poetic beauties, and is besides enriched with a vein of moral sentiment, *the language of the heart*, superior to all poetry. In his other things, though there are passages we must approve, yet in general they are composed in a manner vastly below what we should expect from these specimens of his genius and ability. On the whole, he is a re-

markable instance of the hurt which immoderate praise does to a poet. His prodigious wit made him excessively admired in his own time, but, being in a false taste, that admiration could not last; and it is the humour of mankind to revenge themselves on a great writer who has engrossed more fame than he deserved, by denying him his due when his proper value comes to be once discovered.

HUET.

This very learned man, as I collect from his own account of himself in *Comment. de rebus ad eum pertinentibus*, had a good deal of trifling vanity mixed with his fine qualities. His supreme pleasure was, to be courted and complimented by the learned of his time. His passion for study was extreme; which made him apply to almost all sorts of learning in their turn. Or perhaps it was owing to a levity of temper that he changed the object of his studies so frequently. We find him constantly devoting himself to that science for which his latest acquaintance was most famous. Hence he was mathematician, astronomer, critic, divine, belles-lettres man, every thing according to the company he kept. But his leading passion, and that which stuck to him to the last, was Latin poetry. This indeed was, in good measure, the passion of the time. His genius, I suspect, was more brilliant than solid. Or, perhaps, if he had confined himself to one sort of learning, he might have consulted his *glory* more, though it is certain he would have gratified his *vanity* less.

JOHN LOCKE.

The affectation of passing for an original thinker glares strongly and ridiculously in Mr. Locke. Who sees not that a great part of his Essay on Man is taken from Hobbes? and almost everything in his Letters on Toleration from Bayle? Yet he no where makes the least acknowledgment of his obligations to either of those writers. They were both of them indeed writers of ill fame. But was that a reason for his taking no notice of them? He might have distinguished between their good and ill deserts.

Candour, and a perfect indifference to contradiction in the pursuit and love of truth, are in vain pretended to by learned men. We shall not easily find one of these more dispassionate or less bigoted to his own opinions than our philosopher Mr. Locke. At least, no one talked more of his unprejudiced search of truth, or vaunted of a greater freedom and liberality of mind in all his inquiries, than he. Yet it is clear enough that the obsequious and adulatory assent of *Molyneux* and *Collins* was far more agreeable to this free reasoner, than the well-tempered and perhaps solid objections of *Limborch* and his *Vir Magnificus*.

"Mr. Locke cared not for sermons." So Mr. Collins told Mr. Locke's cousin, King. (Works, vol. iii. fol. p. 740.) This was the dignity of the philosopher, who read, we may suppose, for instruction in speculative truths, not for edification in practical ones;—no rule for us common Christians. But we must not understand Mr. Collins (who himself, without doubt, was no sermon-reader, nor indeed very long a reader of his friend Mr. Locke,) too strictly. Mr. Locke was too wise to give himself these airs. He would have thought it no disparagement to his philosophic character to read now and then, without disgust, a sermon of Barrow, or even his friend Tillotson. Nay it appears that he did so, by the

esteem he expresses of those preachers in p. 753. So that, after all, with Mr. Collins's leave, we may conclude that, by *not caring for sermons,* Mr. Locke only meant to signify his little regard for those slight pulpit harangues in which some preachers undertook to confute a work of so much thought and research as his then decried Essay on the Human Understanding.

BISHOP BURNET.

We are apt to mistake, or dissemble at least, even to ourselves, our true principles of action. Bishop Burnet professes to write his "History of his Own Time" for public ends, *pro bono publico.* This might be one inducement; but who sees not that the main motive for engaging in that work was a love of prate, a busy, meddling humour to pry into State secrets, and the vanity of disclosing the part which he had, or fancied he had, in them? He had sense and honesty; but was warped in his judgment of men and things, as most men are, by strong prejudices, and a heat of temper that sometimes looks fanatical. As a writer, he is not very respectable. A vague, general, indistinct expression, and a slovenly neglect of grammar make the reading of his works uninstructing and unpleasant. He neither informs us clearly and precisely, nor entertains us agreeably. He wrote too much and too hastily to write well. The noble author of the *History of the Grand Rebellion,* it may be said, had some, if not all, of these faults. He had so: but he had a genius, and penetration, and knowledge of the world, which do not appear, or very imperfectly, in the prelate.

ADDISON, POPE, SWIFT, &c.

Of these three writers, Pope had more wit than humour, Addison more humour than wit. Swift had an equal share of both; but his wit was less poignant than Pope's, and his humour far less elegant than Addison's.

I have observed that Pope had more wit than humour—indeed he had little or nothing of this last quality, as may be seen by his papers on the Short Club in the Guardian, June 25 and 26, 1713, and his letter to Swift, Dec. 8, 1713, published by Lord Orrery. Mr. Addison's talent in this mode of writing seems to have excited his emulation, but without success. He saw this, and made, I think, no more attempts at humour.

The only Scotch writer that appears to have excelled in humour is Dr. Arbuthnot. I was acquainted with the late Dr. Beattie of Aberdeen. He wrote English better than any other of his countrymen, and had formed his style and manner of composition on our Addison; but what he admired in him was his tuneful prose and elegant expression: He had no notion of that writer's original and inimitable humour.

I know not whether to impute this defect to the serious and argumentative turn of that people, or to the little acquaintance they seem to have with what we call life and manners.

I have lived to see the day when some have called in question the claim of Addison to be a good writer in prose, and of Pope to be a good poet. With the same discernment and good taste some, we know, have censured the "inanity" and "smooth verbosity" of Cicero; and Bavius and Mævius, without doubt, accounted Virgil a bad poet.

INSCRIPTION TO MR. ADDISON,

WRITTEN IN 1805.

Eximio viro
JOSEPHO ADDISON:
gratiâ, famâ, fortunâ commendato;
humanioribus literis unicè instructo;
haud ignobili poetæ;
in oratione solutâ contexendâ
summo artifici;
censori morum
gravi sanè sed et perjucundo,
levioribus in argumentis
subridenti suaviter,
res etiam serias
lepore quodam suo contingenti;
pietatis porrò sinceræ,
hoc est Christianæ,
fide, vitâ, scriptis
studiosissimo cultori:
eximio proinde viro,
JOSEPHO ADDISON,
hoc monumentum sacrum esto.

(Bishop Hurd's Commonplace Book.)

VOLTAIRE.

I transcribed the following letter of Voltaire [to Mr. Pope] from the original in the hands of Dr. Macro of Norton, near Bury, in Suffolk:—

"SIR,—j hear this moment of your sad adventure. that water you fell in was not hippocrene's water, otherwise it would have respected you. indeed j am concerned beyond expression for the danger you have been in, and more for your wounds. is it possible that those fingers which have written the rape of the lock and the criticism, which have dressed homer so becomingly in an English coat, should have been so barbarously treated. let the

hand of Dennis or of your poetasters be cut off. your is sacred. j hope, Sir, you are perfectly recovered. rely your accident concerns me as much as all the disasters of a master ought to affect his scholar. j am sincerely, Sir, with the admiration which you deserve, your most humble Servant, VOLTAIRE.

"in my Lord Bolingbroke's house. friday at noon."

It appears from a letter of Mr. Pope to Dr. Swift [see Letter XIX. vol. ix. of Dr. Warburton's ed.] that the accident which occasioned this boyish compliment of Voltaire happened in the year 1726. See the account of the accident in note to that letter. [Note by Bishop Hurd.]

DR. CONYERS MIDDLETON.

A man of real taste and politeness. His Life of Cicero will live to do him honour when his other works are forgotten.

As to those other works, his Miscellaneous, I mean, of which we have an edition in four volumes 4to., they are generally entertaining and always elegant. His controversial tracts on religion make the greatest part of them, but not the best, for in his character of a divine (which he affected) he is for the most part slight and superficial, trusting rather to what his good sense suggested to him than to a knowledge of the Scriptures and an accurate investigation of his subject. What was worst of all, from an early disgust he had taken at some Churchmen, and perhaps from an idle, not to say criminal, desire of being popular, he is not unfrequently licentious.

MASON.

The Rev. William Mason, Residentiary and Precentor of York, and rector of Aston near Rotherham, died April 5, 1797. I had known him from a youth at St. John's Col-

lege, Cambridge, where he was educated under my worthy friend Mr. Powell.* Our friendship continued through life. With many other virtues he possessed a fine genius for poetry, and was indeed the best poet of his time, as appears from his Works of that sort published by himself at different times in three volumes. He also wrote the Lives of his two ingenious friends and mine, Mr. Gray and Mr. Whitehead. The last production of his pen was an Ode formed upon the 28th chapter of the Book of Job, of which he printed a few copies. One of these he sent to me a few days before his death, with a friendly dedication to me prefixed. It is called in the title-page a private copy, for he intended not to publish it, at least at that time, but to present it to some select friends. He had entered into his 72nd year on the 23rd of February last, yet this lyrical composition is not inferior in merit to any others he had ever produced.

With a taste for all the polite arts, and with no small proficiency in them, he was an excellent parish priest, and will be long remembered with respect and veneration at Aston, where he usually resided, and where he died. He took much delight in that place, and built an excellent house upon it. The garden about it was not large, but laid out with that taste which was to be expected from the author of "*The English Garden.*" Vale, amicissime! R. W. 1797.

Lines written on hearing that a good medallion of Mr. Mason had been put up on his monument in Westminster Abbey, 1800: the sculptor Mr. Bacon.

> What sculpture could achieve we here behold:
> The Poet's feature is express'd in stone;
> In his own polish'd verse the rest is told,
> There only may the Poet's mind be known.

I wrote the inscription on his monument, at the request of his executors. It is in Latin, and runs thus:

* See pp. 51 and 93.

Optimo Viro
GULIELMO MASON, A.M.
Poetæ,
si quis alius,
culto, casto, pio
sacrum.

HEBERDEN.

William Heberden, M.D. ob. Maii 16, 1801.
Vir optime,
amice dilectissime,
medicæ artis longo usu peritissime,
Vale!

[Of this old and valued friend (the "virtuous and faithful Heberden" of Cowper,) Bishop Hurd, in a note to his Life of Warburton speaks more at large, as follows:]

Dr. Heberden flourished at Cambridge in great reputation for several years, and then removed to London. He has now (1794) for some time past declined all business; but through the whole course of his practice was the most esteemed of any physician I have known; not only for his skill, but generosity in the exercise of his profession. My own personal obligations to him must be my excuse for the liberty I take in paying this small tribute of respect to his merit and character. [Life of Warburton, p. 67.]

EDMUND MALONE.

"Essence of Malone,"* in two parts, 1800, 1801, a lively piece of raillery, well applied; and more extensive in its use than the title may lead one to expect. For in Malone was exhibited the character of all our dull and tasteless *Life*

* This work was by Mr. George Hardinge. See Nichols's Literary Illustrations, vol. iii. p. 19.

writers, *editors*, and *critics* for half a century past. It is, in effect, a new Dunciad, in prose.

WARBURTON AND LOWTH.

See Life of Warburton, p. 94. Dr. Lowth's friends affected to bring his merits *into competition* with those of Warburton; but there was no relation of equality, or even likeness, in their talents, to be the ground of such a competition. *Warburton* had that eagle-eyed sagacity, which pierces through all difficulties and obscurities; and that glow of imagination which gilds and irradiates every object it touches: *Lowth* had the amiable accomplishments of a man of parts and a scholar; but in no transcendent degree of eminence in either character.*

I have been invited, (but civilly they say,) in a printed letter, addressed to me, to enter into controversy with a Mr. Wintle † of Oxford, concerning the harmless characters given in pages 82 and 94 of two respectable prelates. I must decline, but civilly, this invitation, for two reasons: first, because the question, if it be one, is a question of *taste*, about which the proverb says there is no disputing; secondly, because the question is (with all respect be it said)

* Quoted above, pp. 182-3.

† "A Letter to the Lord Bishop of Worcester, occasioned by the Strictures on Archbishop Secker and Bishop Lowth in his Life of Bishop Warburton," 1798, by the Rev. Thomas Wintle, Fellow of Pembroke College, Oxford, Bampton Lecturer, and Chaplain to Archbishop Secker. Mr. Nichols says of this work: "The Letter to Bishop Hurd is an animated defence of two very eminent characters of the present century, whom Bishop Warburton's Biographer seems to have sacrificed with too little feeling to the Manes of his friend, whose opinions they did not implicitly follow. . . . . This letter is couched in modest though warm terms, and does no discredit to the Academic, or his Alma Mater." (Illustrations of the Literary History of the Eighteenth Century, vol. iii. p. 499.)

a frivolous one; and to dispute of such is *nugis addere pondus*.

GIBBON.

The author of the History of the Decline, &c., appears to have possessed a considerable share of sense, ingenuity, and knowledge of his subject, together with great industry. But these qualities or talents are disgraced,—by *a false taste of composition*, which prompts him continually to employ a verbose, inflated style, in order to obtain the praise of force and energy,—by *a perpetual affectation of wit, irony, and satire*, altogether unsuited to the historic character,—and, what is worse, by *a freethinking, licentious spirit*, which spares neither morals nor religion, and must make every honest man regard him as a bad citizen and pernicious writer.

All these miscarriages may be traced up to one common source, an excessive vanity.

The above-mentioned E. G. declaims as loudly as any against the present Jacobins. With how ill a grace! when he and his associates had been labouring, for half a century past, to poison the minds of the people with their free writings on government and religion, and to dispose them to pay no regard either to God or man. What could follow, but that spirit of anarchy which is now spreading through all Europe, and indeed over the whole globe?

I write this in 1797.

[The latter paragraph apparently added afterwards.—Ed.]

WILLIAM ROSCOE.

The *Life of Lorenzo de' Medici* is said to be by William Roscoe, an attorney at Liverpool. Be that as it may, he is ingenious and learned; at least he appears well versed

in the literature of Italy in the 15th century, with the splendour of which (or of the accomplishments of his favourite, Lorenzo the Magnificent,) he is so much dazzled as to be almost blind to its faults, though of the first magnitude and malignancy,—faction, revenge, cruelty, and a total want, or contempt rather, of moral and religious principles.

He writes in an easier style (though not without affectation) and is more decent in his narrative than Gibbon; still he is of that school, and appears to have taken him for his model, so fine a thing it seems to our present compilers of history to have, and to profess to have, no religion. As to politics, he outruns his original, and is for liberty in its widest range, or what the French call Jacobinical. But, what then? The abundant crop of orators, statesmen, and heroes, that spring up in a (mob) government, such as that of Florence and of Athens, the study of the fine arts, and a paganised or atheistic philosophy, are to make amends for all other defects, and to put us out of conceit with order, plain sense, and christianity.

ON SOME LATE HISTORIANS.

Teach me, Historic Muse, to mix
Impiety with politics,
So shall I write, *nil aliud posco*,
Like my lov'd Gibbon, Hume, and Roscoe.

DIALOGUES.

Plans of one or two.

1. A Dialogue may be formed between Lord Clarendon, Lord Capel, Lord Hopton, and Sir George Carteret. Scene, the Isle of Jersey—walking upon the sands in the evening, as they were wont. (See Life of Earl of Clarendon, vol. i. p. 200.) The subject, "The improbity and disingenuity of

mankind, or the great importance of a Knowledge of the World," gathered from some hints in the third volume of the Earl of Clarendon's Life, p. 976, &c. The characters of Capel, Hopton, and Carteret to be drawn agreeably to the representation given of them by the Earl in his History of the Rebellion.

This to be further thought of.

The use of this Dialogue may be to warn against a too credulous simplicity on the one hand, and a settled misanthropy on the other. Ingenuous minds are liable to the first infirmity on their entrance into life, and apt to be transported with the opposite vice on the discovery of that weakness. The leisure the Chancellor of the Exchequer had in this retreat to correct his former easiness, and to make such reflections as secured him from the moroseness of an intolerant virtue.

The genius of the Dialogue calm, moral, instructive; not disputative or controversial; the end, a reasonable opinion to be taken up, not a question to be casuistically discussed.

2. Another Dialogue may be contrived on the uses of Travel, between the famous Earl of Shaftesbury and Mr. Locke. The Earl to defend travelling from the practice of the ancients, of the moderns in Queen Elizabeth's time, from the nature of the thing, removing prejudices, forming the manners, knowledge of the world, and other current and fashionable topics. Mr. Locke to dispute against it by detecting the reasons of that ancient and modern practice which are now ceased, the authority of Socrates, and the example of many of the ablest and wisest men of our own country, the inconveniences of it with regard to morals, religion, knowledge, &c. Polite arts, whether worth travelling for at the expense of better things. Manners uniform all over Europe—as well learned at home. Only foundation in fashion,—this accounted for.

Lord Shaftesbury's pert, lively, sometimes declamatory,

sometimes ironical; Mr. Locke's grave, moral, and authoritative, from his great age and experience.

The scene and time to be thought of, and fixed from looking into the lives of both. The Dialogue may be addressed to Mr. Molesworth, (see Lord Shaftesbury's Letters to him,) or he may be one of the dialogists himself; his age and the circumstances of his life to be considered.

Quære, what books have been written *pro* and *con.* on this argument?

Mr. Locke a fit person to inveigh against travelling, as he had lived much abroad himself, had been tutor to Lord Shaftesbury, had written on Education, &c.

I have not his book on education by me. Q. what he says of travelling, in that work? Whether his declared sentiments are agreeable to this plan? This must be thought of.

Mr. Locke was fond of voyages, and writ the preface to Churchill's Collection, and made great use of them, chiefly of those into very remote parts where the manners and customs differ widely from our own. All this may be reconciled. He may approve of travel into those countries where human nature is to be seen in new and different lights, especially by capable and discerning persons; but all this proves nothing in favour of the modern way of travelling into the neighbouring countries of Europe by raw inexperienced youths, as a part of education.

For Lord Shaftesbury's notion of travelling, and his idea of the *uses* of it, see Characteristics, pp. 135, 6, 7, 8, 9, 140 of vol. iii.—has favourable notions of the Popes from their patronage of the fine arts, p. 216,—requires a knowledge of the world in a writer, p. 221,—his notion of writing *Dialogue*, p. 256,—his reason why it is difficult to make it seem natural to our countrymen, if carried to any length upon a serious subject, pp. 258 and 261,—owns that men used to slavery admire their condition—this may be applied to the French, and to the danger of travelling much into the

quarters of the politer and more civilized tyrannies, p. 278,—his notion of French and Italian writers, vol. i. p. 299,—of Universities, p. 300 and 110,—of the influence which the women have upon the public taste, p. 246.—The *Gallant's Answer* applied to *Travel.*

See what he says of the usage of "Anacharsis and others by the Scythians, for having visited the wise of Greece, and learnt the manners of a polite people." This may receive a pleasant application when Mr. Locke is inveighing against travelling to France, &c. vol. i. p. 78.

His notion of that excellent school the *world*, vol. i. p. 300.

See Erasmus on the uses of Travel, Jortin's App. p. 474.

BOSWELL.

His *Life of Samuel Johnson* exhibits a striking likeness of a confident, over-weening, dictatorial pedant, though of parts and learning; and of a weak, shallow, submissive admirer of such a character, deriving a vanity from that very admiration.

LORD MANSFIELD.

[Although the following character of his great patron is printed in Bishop Hurd's Life of Warburton, prefixed to the 4to. edition of his Works, yet as that masterly and elegant biographical sketch has never been reprinted, and is consequently little known, the Editor has judged it right to give the character a place among the Bishop's other productions of the same class.]

Mr. MURRAY, afterwards Earl of Mansfield and Lord Chief Justice of England, was so extraordinary a person, and made so great a figure in the world, that his name must go down to posterity with distinguished honour in the public records of the nation; for his shining talents displayed

themselves in every department of the State, as well as in the supreme court of justice, his peculiar province; which he filled with a lustre of reputation not equalled perhaps, certainly not exceeded, by that of any of his predecessors.

Of his conduct in the House of Lords I can speak with the more confidence, because I speak from my own observation. Too good to be the leader, and too able to be the dupe of any party, he was believed to speak his own sense of public measures; and the authority of his judgment was so high, that, in regular times, the House was usually determined by it. He was no forward or frequent speaker; but reserved himself, as was fit, for occasions worthy of him. In *debate* he was eloquent as well as wise; or rather, he became eloquent by his wisdom. His countenance and tone of voice imprinted the ideas of penetration, probity, and candour; but what secured your attention and assent to all he said, was his constant good sense, flowing in apt terms, and the clearest method. He affected no sallies of the imagination, or bursts of passion; much less would he condescend to personal abuse, or petulant altercation. All was clear, candid reason, letting itself so easily into the minds of his hearers as to carry information and conviction with it. In a word, his public senatorial character resembled very much that of Messala, of whom Cicero says, addressing himself to Brutus:—"Do not imagine, Brutus, that for worth, honour, and a warm love of his country, any one is comparable to Messala; so that his eloquence, in which he wonderfully excels, is almost eclipsed by those virtues. And even in his display of that faculty, his superior good sense shows itself most: with so much care and skill hath he formed himself to the truest manner of speaking! His powers of genius and invention are confessedly of the first size; yet he almost owes less to them than to the diligent and studious cultivation of his judgment." (Cicero to Brutus, i. 15.)

In the commerce of private life he was easy, friendly, and

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In the commerce of private life he was easy, friendly, and

agreeable, extremely sensible of merit in other men, and ready on all occasions to countenance and produce it. From his early youth he had attracted the notice, and obtained the friendship and applause, of our great poet.*

WILLIAM MURRAY,

Earl of Mansfield, and Lord Chief Justice of England.

Justus, Facundus, Sapiens,
et suadere leges et administrare
sic ut nemo ferè alter
instructus.

Buried in Westminster Abbey.

Here Murray, long enough his country's pride,
Shall be no more than Tully or than Hyde.
Pope.

To be inscribed on a tablet under a bust† of Lord Mansfield:

Just, Eloquent, Wise.
Reader,
these are not words of course;
the virtues they imply
shone out in the whole life
of this great
Magistrate, Senator, and Statesman.

* See Pope's Imitations of Horace, b. i. epist. 6, To Mr. Murray. Bishop Warburton in his note on l. 3 of this epistle says:—"The Poet had all the warmth of affection for the great Lawyer to whom it is addressed: and indeed no man ever more deserved to have *a poet for his friend.* In the obtaining of which, as neither vanity, party, nor fear had any share, so he supported his title to it by all the offices of true friendship."

† In the Library of Hartlebury Castle.

Or in Latin thus:

Justus, Facundus, Sapiens.
Lector,
magnifica hæc verba
in aliorum, credo, inscripta vidisti monumentis;
sed virtutes quas adumbrant
in hoc vivo et spirante
verè extitisse
non est, opinor, ut dubitare possis.

JOSEPH MEDE.

[The same apology which was made for the introduction of the last character may serve for that of the present also. It is from the tenth Sermon of the Bishop's "Introduction to the Prophesies."]

A sublime genius arose in the beginning of the last century who surprised the learned world with that great desideratum a Key to the Revelations. This extraordinary person was Joseph Mede, of whose character it may not be improper to give a slight sketch before I lay before you the substance of his discoveries.

He was a candid, sincere man, disinterested and unambitious, of no faction in religion or government, (both which began in his time to be overrun with factions,) but solely devoted to the love of truth, and to the investigation of it. His learning was vast, but well chosen and well digested, and his understanding in no common degree strong and capacious.

With these qualities of the head and heart he came to the study of the Prophesies, and especially of the Revelations; but with so little bigotry for the scheme of interpretation concerning Antichrist that, as he tells us himself, he had even conceived some prejudice against it; and, what is stranger still in a man of his inventive genius, with so little enthusiasm in his temper for any scheme of interpretation

whatsoever, that when he had made his great discovery he was in no haste to publish it to the world; and, when at length he did this, he was still less in haste to apply it, that is, to shew its important use in explaining the Apocalyptic visions. Cool, deliberate, and severe, in forming his judgments, he was so far from being obsequious to the fancies of other men, that he was determined only by the last degree of evidence to acquiesce in any conclusions of his own.

In short, with no vanity to indulge, (for he was superior to this last infirmity of ingenious men,) with no interest in view, (for the interest of Churchmen lay at that time, as he well understood, in a different quarter,) with no spleen to gratify, (for even neglect and solitude could not engender this unmanly vice in him,) with no oblique purposes, I say, which so often mislead the pens of other writers, but with the single, unmixed love of truth, he dedicated his great talents to the study of the prophetic Scriptures, and was able to unfold in the manner I am now to represent to you this mysterious prophesy of the Revelations.*

* Mr. Green says of this fine character that it is "in every respect, in sublimity of conception, in felicity, force, and grandeur of expression, worthy of Burke." (Diary of a Lover of Literature, p. 164.)

II. EXTRACTS.

1. THEOLOGICAL AND MORAL.

JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH.

On this subject I know of nothing so precise and accurate (though numberless and vast volumes have been written upon it from the Reformation downwards,) as what is contained in Dr. Barrow's Discourses on Faith.* (Works, fol. vol. ii.) His notion on the whole is, that Justification, as used by the sacred writers, and St. Paul in particular, means remission of sins, and admission into a state of favour with God, as if we were righteous, and not the infusion of inherent holiness by the Spirit; that this justification was primarily made on our entrance into the Christian covenant by baptism, and is afterwards renewed and regranted, as it were, on our repentance and return from such transgressions as we may have fallen into after baptism. (See particularly Sermons iiii. and v. of that vol., and Sermon xxvii. p. 392.)

EXPERIENCE.

They who disbelieve the miracles of the Gospel on account of their contrariety to *experience*, will do well to consider the following observation of Dr. Barrow (Sermon xxix), "He who doubts of the sincerity of these witnesses [of the

* Barrow appears from the Bishop's Commonplace Book to have been his chief favourite among our great divines.

Resurrection of Jesus], or rejects their testimony as incredible, must instead of it admit of divers stranger incredibilities. Refusing his faith to one fact [viz. the Resurrection] devious from the natural course of things [*i. e.* from experience], but very feasible to God, he must thence allow it to many others repugnant to the nature of man, and to the course of human things, performed without God, yea against him. It is credible, &c." to the end of this article, No. 14, in which he recapitulates all those repugnances and incredibilities which attend the denial of the Resurrection.

LIGHT OF NATURE.

"Nature is no sufficient teacher what we should do that we may attain unto life everlasting." (Hooker, Eccles. Pol. book ii.)

"The light of nature doth only direct unto duty, condemning every man in his own judgment and conscience who transgresseth it; but as to pardon in case of transgression, it is blind and silent." (Barrow, Sermon v.)

So that, according to these two great divines, nature doth not teach *everlasting life*, nor even *pardon* of past sin on *repentance*. Bishop Warburton admits the assertion of Hooker, but denies that of Barrow. (See Letters to me, p. 314, P. S.) His notion is, that, upon sincere repentance and reformation former sin is forgiven, but that life eternal does not of course follow such forgiveness. The reward of *nature* is one thing, that of *grace* another. (See Divine Legation, b. ix.)

INTERPRETATION OF PROPHECY.

The purpose of all books written to expound and apply the unfulfilled prophesies, such as those of Mede, Fraser, &c., is to discover their true sense, *i. e.* the sense intended

by the inspired writers, or at least by the Spirit that inspired those writers. But that sense may be *figuratively* or *literally* expressed; that is, the object may be either *temporal* or *spiritual* (for the prophetic language is so contrived as to express both). It was natural enough for the envelope of the prophecies to suggest temporal ideas, being addressed chiefly to the Jews, who were immoderately addicted to the conceit and expectation of temporal prosperity. But the genius of Christianity, which is bent every where on discrediting and beating down the value of things present and temporal, leads one rather to the expectation of a spiritual sense being intended. Some may extend this observation as far as to the Battle of Armageddon—the restoration of the Jews—the Millennium, &c.; so that, on the whole, we may perhaps say of all, or the most of, unaccomplished prophecies, that their true sense cannot be ascertained before the event. At least the application of them should, in all prudence, be made with some degree of hesitancy, or rather with great caution. When I read the best interpreters on the subject of the Battle of Armageddon, and Gog and Magog, I am tempted to address them in the words of Milton (Paradise Lost, xii. 386)—

> Dream not of their *fight*
> As of a *duel*, or the local wounds
> Of head or heel: not therefore joins the Son
> Manhood to Godhead, with more strength to foil
> Thy enemy; &c.

If the Battle of the Angels, in the sixth book of Paradise Lost, had been described in the Jewish Prophets (as their language is not unlike) should we have understood them as speaking of a real battle? Or should we not rather have supposed that they meant only to contrast the good angels to bad, *i. e.* Faith, Religion, Virtue, to Disbelief, Irreligion, Vice? In other words, would the contrast have been un-

derstood literally or figuratively, in a temporal and carnal, or spiritual and moral sense?*

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

A clear and succinct account of the Reformed Church of England, as established by law, is given by Dr. Heylin in his Introduction to the History of Archbishop Laud; and also of the changes afterwards made, or attempted to be made, in it, by the Puritan and Presbyterian factions. The idea of the Church of England and its principles, as entertained by the first reformers, and carried into effect by Edward and Elizabeth, was this, that it should be fashioned agreeably to the Holy Scriptures and primitive antiquity. Upon this ground, without any regard to foreign authorities, *i.e.* those of Luther, Calvin, and others, the historian frames his defence of the Archbishop, and not unreasonably or unsuccessfully. Only the Archbishop's superstitious turn of mind prompted him to lay as much stress on some very ancient practices and opinions as if they had been expressly enjoined by Holy Scripture itself. Hence the ill-success of his well-meant endeavours, to which the temper of the times would not give way, and which it opposed as *innovations*, though designed only as *returns* to ancient usuage and established law. This whole Introduction of Dr. Heylin is well worthy of being carefully read and considered by all who would understand the constitution of the Church of England, and the controversies that have been carried on for three centuries past, and even in the present times, concerning ecclesiastical affairs.

* This important passage was, from the handwriting, evidently written in advanced life, and is peculiarly valuable, as conveying the mature judgment of a diligent student and enlightened interpreter of the prophetic writings.—Ed.

SOCINIANISM

I take to have been the inlet to very much of that heresy, infidelity, and even atheism, which, to the consternation of thinking men, have overspread the Christian world in these days; and of which an awful intimation seems to have been given by our blessed Lord himself in that prophetic question," When the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?"

RELIGIOUS AFFECTIONS.

They who have calm, cold, and sluggish affections, should endeavour to warm them by reading the Scriptures. If this expedient fail, I would not advise them to have recourse to the *Masters of the Spiritual Life*, as they are called, to enliven their piety. For persons of that temperament will not, perhaps cannot, feel those flights and raptures, however well founded where the heart is more tender. Their efforts will probably end in hypocrisy or disappointment. Their better way, I think, will be, to study the evidences of true religion in sound reasoners on that subject, their conviction of which will produce a firm faith. And such a faith will have all the effects of love (though not so speedily or certainly perhaps) in leading them to a good life, the end of true Christian religion, *i.e.* of true piety. The spiritual life of the *pietist* may be pleasanter and more rapturous, but will be equally solid in the *rationalist*, *i.e.* the believer, who is such on the grounds of fair reasonable inquiry, and not of feelings and transports, of which his complexion may render him incapable.

These thoughts occurred to me in reading the controversy betwixt Fenelon and Bossuet, the two heads of the French *mystical* and *rational* divines; men of undoubted piety, but of opposite constitutions.

judgment of the merits of any question, and not of superior sagacity or unbiassed candour. The picture Plato draws of the hearers of Socrates, in the Phædo, is a natural one. They had acquiesced in the reasonings of this philosopher concerning the immortality of the soul; but on attending to some puzzling objections against them, which they saw not how to answer, they immediately fall into a suspicion of the inconclusiveness of *all* reasoning on the matter.

Socrates shows finely that scepticism and misanthropy arise from similar causes; the *latter* from a want of knowing the true state of human nature; the *former* from not perceiving the true state of human reason. (See Phædo.)

SCRIPTURE METAPHORS OF THE DIVINITY.

In speaking of the Divinity, so little know we His real nature, that we are constrained to borrow our ideas and conceptions of Him from something supposed to be analogous in ourselves or the creatures. But this is remarkable, that those *Images*, which are in themselves the noblest, and least unworthy, in their proper sense, of being applied to the divine nature, are found, on their application, the least sublime: those, on the contrary, which, in the strict notion of them, are least worthy, are most so. The reason is, that, in the former case, we are apt to rest in those images, as *really* representing the Divine nature (which therefore they must needs represent very imperfectly); in the latter, we see they can only be understood in the way of *analogy;* and therefore we have recourse to something great and sublime, though confused, as only hinted at by the gross figure. Thus, the passages in Scripture which transfer our powers of understanding or affection to the Deity are less sublime than such as apply our brute powers or the powers of other animals to Him. See *Lowth, De Sacrâ Poesi, Præl.* xvi.

I take this to be one of the best observations in the *dry desert* of that wordy piece of criticism.

GREAT CHURCHMEN

are commonly very ignorant of religion. I like the ingenuity of that confession on a Cardinal's tombstone at Rome, mentioned by Father Montfaucon in his travels, p. 145, English translation. It may serve for most other great churchmen's inscription.

Religione fui tenuis terrena sequendo.

The two greatest churchmen that have governed in the Church of England, from the dawn of the Reformation in Henry the VIIIth's time, to its establishment under Elizabeth, and, I may add, to the present time [1806], were, as I take it, the two Archbishops Cranmer and Laud, and of these great men the former was burnt at the stake and the other beheaded.

"Insere, nunc, Melibœe, pyros, pone ordine vites."

ILLUSIONS.

One of the ways by which human life becomes tolerable is through the illusion of hope. It would be a curious subject to inquire how much of what we call *happiness* in this life arises from such sort of illusions. I doubt, if things appeared to us just as they are, we should not only lose a great deal of needful comfort, but deprive ourselves of much useful *instruction*. What child, for instance, would submit to the drudgery of his education, if he were not led on and *deluded*, as we may say, by certain fond and extravagant fancies of the excellence and advantages of learning, much

beyond what he finds it to yield to him, when he comes to grow up to years of observation? But by that time, luckily, *habit* supplies the place of his former *illusion*, and he continues his studies, though he no longer dreams of the prodigious importance of them. The same may be said of the other pursuits of life, such as greatness, wealth, titles, &c. In short, make all men philosophers, that is, instruct people from their earliest entrance on life to regard things but *for what they are*, and you cut the sinews of all human industry and virtue. We are made happy by *shadows* here: the *substance* is to be sought in other regions.

PAGANISM.

When the gross and abominable idolatries of Paganism were set forth by Christian writers in the primitive ages, the advocates of that superstition had recourse to much ingenuity in giving an allegorical and mystical sense to what was most obnoxious in the pagan fables. The same expedient was again tried in the early days of [the] Reformation, to excuse what was most censured and complained of by the reformed in the idolatrous rites and ceremonies of the Romish Church. Contarini, Sadolet, and Pole, took much pains in Italy to this purpose; as we learn from a curious letter of Melanchthon to Henry the Eighth, printed in the Collections at the end of Burnet's History of the Reformation, vol. i. p. 303. Those Italians were learned in Pagan antiquity, and without doubt had derived their manner of defending popery from the practice of the pagan philosophers: though Melanchthon seems to think they did it in imitation of the mystical theology of Dionysius, who lived in the fourth century. Possibly they might pretend this, as supposing Dionysius a more creditable example than heathen sophists.

CHURCH.

The light of the Gospel came down from Heaven, and Christians are directed to place it in a candlestick (which is the emblem of a Christian church, Rev. i. 20) that it may *give light* more advantageously *to all that are in the House.* Matth. v. 15. *For our sins our candlestick may be removed.* Rev. ii. 5. But the light of the Gospel itself, the candle of the Lord, is unextinguishable. Matt. xvi. 18. *Let us comfort one another with these words.*

PROVIDENCE INTERFERING IN THE GREAT AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD.

It may be folly, rashness, and a want of charity, in *public* as well as *private* life, to charge every calamity that befals a prince or state as a divine *judgment.* Yet it is so difficult to distinguish between the effects of natural causes and a supernatural direction; it is so easy for the *last* to be hid under the appearance of the *former;* and there may be so many good reasons for the interposition of the great Governor of the world, and that even in cases where our ignorance of the scheme of his providence does not apprehend any; in short what we call a *particular providence* is so supposable a thing in itself, so possible to be carried on without offering any violence to the established and ordinary course of nature, and in every way so suitable to the best ideas we can form of the moral Governor of the universe, that I must think it extreme presumption in any man to deny the existence of it. On the other hand, there are numberless instances in history (to say nothing of the fortunes of private men) that are enough to arrest the attention of the most careless and unthinking. To give one only. A young, rash, unadvised prince, stimulated by his own frantic ambition, and the flattering encouragement of two or three of the weakest of his courtiers, is carried to revive I know not what antiquated

claim to a great and flourishing kingdom in a remote corner of the world. Every wise member of his council treats the project as chimerical. He has no provision of wealth or force for such an undertaking, and ten thousand difficulties occur to the execution of it. Yet he persists in his design. He runs from one end of Europe to the other. Though he is confessedly of no capacity himself, nor has any such to counsel or conduct him, nay is the *dupe* of one who is of allowed capacity; notwithstanding, I say, these discouraging circumstances, in what to every man of sense appears the maddest of all enterprizes, he advances, he succeeds. His own folly, want of preparation, and improvidence has no ill consequences. All obstructions fall, as it were, of themselves. A wise and powerful enemy is infatuated and enfeebled by one can hardly tell what terrors, at least to a degree that exceeds all reasonable account that can be given of them. In short, without receiving a single check, or so much almost as drawing a single sword, he invades at length a powerful state that has been long respectable to other nations by its proper strength, and by the reputation of wisdom with which it was governed; he takes possession of the capital, and, to the astonishment of all Europe, and even of himself, his whole design is perfectly completed.

The case that is here put, may be found at large in the histories of Charles VIII. of France, and in particular in the first Book of *Guicciardini*. And let any man consider the character that is given of the House of Arragon, especially of the elder Ferdinand (against whom the expedition was first intended) and his son Alfonzo, both of them the cruellest, and most oppressive, and at the same time the ablest princes of their time; and then let him declare peremptorily if he can, that there are no traces of a divine direction in this whole matter, and that so weak a prince as Charles was not an instrument in the hands of Providence to

accomplish some ends or other of his government in the moral world. Perhaps to impress upon careless and presumptuous princes a sense of that great truth contained in the saying of the psalmist, which the younger Ferdinand, son of Alfonzo, (to whom he had resigned the kingdom, and who appears to have been the most virtuous and deserving of the family) repeated, it seems, with great earnestness, in his flight to Ischia, as long as he kept the City of Naples in his view: "Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain." (Guicciardini, lib. i. p. 60. ed. Vineg. 1568.) I imagine there might be as much philosophy as piety in this reflexion of the unhappy young prince.

FORTUNE.

How often may the purposes of a particular *providence* be carried on and lie concealed under the capricious appearance of what men call *Fortune!* Men may *act*, but the *event* be often determined besides their expectation by the divine counsel. In this sense we may apply the observation of Solomon: "*The lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord.*"—(Prov. xvi. 36.)

CHANGE.

"For modes of Faith let graceless zealots fight,
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right."—Pope.

The same observation had been made, (and was probably copied in this place) by Mr. Addison: "I look upon it as one of the unaccountable things of our times, that multitudes of honest gentlemen, who entirely agree in their lives, should take it in their heads to differ in their religion." (Tatler, No. 220.) As if a good life necessarily inferred a right faith. But neither of these writers meant to assert this. They intended only to express in strong terms their opinion, that a good life was the soul of religion, or that

without which *Faith is dead*, as the Apostle speaks. (St. James, ii. 20.)

PRINCIPLE AS A GROUND OF ACTION.

The *confusions in England* from 1640 to 1660 were founded on *principles*, civil and religious, though mistaken and misapplied. There was then some foundation to build upon. Those principles might come to be better directed, and so restore the nation to its senses, as they did in 1660.

The *Revolution in France*, and the horrors attending it, were founded on atheism, *i.e.* the absence of all principle. Of such a people there is small hope.

SECKER'S SERMONS. 1766.

These sermons are remarkable for their soft and gentle insinuation, for a prudent application to different tempers and characters, for the prevention and anticipation of popular prejudices, and for a certain conciliating calmness, propriety, and decency of language. They are not distinguished by any extraordinary reach of thought, vigour of sentiment, or beauty of composition. There is sometimes an air of *cant* in the expression, which the pious and worthy author, no doubt, derived from the circumstances of his early breeding and education.

ENEMIES.

There was a ferocity in the ancient world, both among Jews and Gentiles, antecedent to the coming of Christ and the promulgation of his law, which shocks us at present, and has occasioned us many difficulties in the interpretation of the Jewish Scriptures. It appears from Matt. v. 42, that it was thought allowable to *hate our enemies*, and to love our friends only. There might be no express authority for this practice in the Jewish law, but the practice was universal,

and, as it seems, connived at. This, therefore, accounts for the imprecations in the Psalms and elsewhere. So that the attempt to account for the uncharitableness (as we call it, and rightly so, judging by the law of Christ, and the spirit of his religion,) of the 109th Psalm is unnecessary, and to no purpose.

Possibly St. Paul himself (2 Tim. iv. 14,) may have been transported by a sudden heat to express himself in the ancient allowed vindictive manner, though his general doctrine be clearly different. Such an ebullition of former prejudice on a single provoking occasion proves nothing against the infallibility of his general deliberate writings. He himself allows this incogitancy, in another place, where he reviles the high priest (Acts xxiii. 5). We should judge of the morals of men by the light afforded them, and not by our light. Men writing under the impulse of inspiration might not be restrained in the expression of such sentiments as were allowed, at least not positively condemned, in the dispensation under which they lived. Moses even expressly allowed and enjoined some things to the Jews, for *the hardness of their hearts*, which the Christian law disapproves.

TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.

When I hear our modern critics so clamorous for a new Translation of the Bible for public use, I am tempted to say, "Pray, gentlemen, first agree among yourselves *what* and *whose* that translation shall be; for I perceive by your versions, annotations, &c., that, in all difficult passages, ye judge differently, and dissent from each other." Our English one and the Vulgate are preferred by Bishop Horsley to the Septuagint (see his Hosea, p. 166).

CONSTANTINE THE GREAT.

If this famous Emperor had convoked the Council of Nice to establish the religion of the empire, and had then tolerated dissentients, he would have merited the highest applause; the true interests of religion had been consulted; and the peace of the State preserved. But in attempting to force everybody into the orthodox party, he very naturally, but undesignedly, produced all the confusions that followed. It is hardly to this day understood, that an *establishment*, guarded by a test, and indulging to others a liberty of judgment, is the true secret in ecclesiastical polity.

WEALTH, POWER, AND HONOUR,

are three great idols, which draw to themselves a considerable share of the homage of mankind; but of whom are these the idols? Not of every man who knows what advantages are annexed to these acquisitions, but of those only who, by frequently revolving them in their minds, have conceived a passion for them; of those who make them the subject of their waking, and sometimes of their sleeping thoughts; of those, in a word, who let their wishes and imaginations loose to expatiate, as it were, on the mighty privileges which are supposed to flow from these distinctions. Then it is that the mind is heated with desire, and transported with a passionate admiration of its darling object.

(A fragment of one of my sermons—to shew that the way to place our affections on things above is to meditate frequently upon them.)

MR. WARBURTON,
His Principles of Natural and Revealed Religion, &c. Vol. I.

The reader will find in these sermons many proofs of that sagacity and reach of thought so peculiar to their author. They are further remarkable for force of argument, brightness of imagery, and dignity of expression. But they have neither that looseness of form, nor easy popular air in the turn of language which common readers look for in discourses of this nature.—H.

HAPPINESS,
IDEAS OF, COMMONLY MISTAKEN.

It occasions much misconduct in human life that men are prone to take their notions of happiness from the opinion and report of others, and not from their own sense of things. It is the observation of Lucretius:

> ———sapiunt alieno ex ore; petuntque
> Res ex auditis potiùs, quam sensibus ipsis.
>
> (Lucr. l. v. 1132.)

PERSECUTION.

It is a deplorable instance of human weakness that the persecuted should so soon learn to persecute. The Refomed did this almost before they were out of the hands of their Romish prosecutors; the primitive Christians did the same in the very age of their deliverer Constantine. (See Mosheim.) Was this the spirit of revenge and retaliation? Or is it that the intolerant spirit under the name of zeal is too familiar to human nature, and the too natural issue of human pride?

NAMES.

The custom that prevailed in the fanatical times of giving *Godly* names to children, such as God-be-praised Barebones, &c., was not peculiar to that age. We find the same usage in the fifth century, which makes mention of a holy Quod-vult-Deus (what pleases God) Bishop of Carthage, and another holy Bishop, Deo-gratias (God-be-thanked). The custom probably arose from that common fanaticism which ever prevails in such wretched times as those of our civil wars, and of those still more deplorable wars of the empire in the fifth century—torn in pieces by the merciless Goths on the one hand, and by weak, wicked emperors, ambitious generals and ministers, and intolerant religious parties on the other.

CASUISTICAL THEOLOGY.

The horrid books of casuistry composed and spread abroad by some of the Romish communion seemed to make it necessary that a code of this sort should be compiled by better and wiser men for the use of the people. Otherwise I do not see that the most reasonable and judicious works of casuistical divinity contribute much to the purposes of practical virtue and religion. The better way of inculcating and securing morality is perhaps to confirm and strengthen in ourselves that natural and instinctive abhorrence which we all have of vice; I mean, to encourage an honesty and simplicity of mind rather than perplex the head with curious distinctions and nice reasonings. What is it, for instance, to an honest man to be informed of the several circumstances of alleviation which may be drawn from a state of drunkenness, to excuse or palliate the crimes to which he may be transported by it? Let him be taught to encourage in himself a hearty detestation of the vice of

drunkenness. And so in other matters—this horror of vice well impressed on our hearts will better secure the integrity of our lives than a thousand volumes, though curiously and justly wrought, of casuistical morality and divinity. Seneca says well of the wisdom of those he calls the ancients: "Antiqua sapientia nihil aliud quàm facienda et vitanda præcepit: et hinc meliores erant viri. Postquam docti prodierunt, boni desunt. Simplex enim illa et aperta virtus in obscuram et solertem scientiam versa est; docemurque disputare, non vivere." (Ad Lucilium.)

See more on this subject in Preface to Dr. Taylor's famous "Ductor Dubitantium," the best work of the sort, perhaps, that ever was published, and the most elaborate and exquisite of all his own writings. Yet I should think his "Plain Treatise of Holy Living and Dying," which boys and women may read and understand, more likely to serve the ends of goodness and piety, which this admirable man had so much at heart, than all the studied and minute reasonings in this his tome of casuistical theology.

The sacred writers, as well as Seneca's wise man, inculcate virtue in general aphorisms. These an honest mind will easily apply to all particular cases. The secret is, to take these aphorisms in the largest sense; for thus we shall keep at the greatest distance from immorality. Where is the hurt in being what some call *too good?*—the only consequence to be apprehended from this plain-dealing philosophy. We are in some danger of losing our virtue when we begin to reason about it. In short, *sentiment* is a better security than *speculation.*

What has been said respects private morals only. As to public morals, I mean those rules of morality by which magistrates are to proceed in the administration of justice, or by which ministers of state and other public persons are to conduct themselves in the discharge of their several functions, these may be studied to advantage in the writings of honest

and able casuists. It were to be wished, indeed, that states would act with the same simplicity and honesty towards each other as private men. But, as this is not to be expected, a nicer disquisition into morals may be serviceable to them. Let them, at least, not grossly and blindly offend against the strict rules of duty, though we allow them to be no more virtuous then they needs must. As to magistrates, what we expect from them is justice, which they may sometimes violate, if they give way to a general, though virtuous, indignation against vice. The same is eminently true of legislators, who, especially in corrupt times, should be able casuists.

In short, private morals are best secured by a good heart: public morals require to be governed by that, under the direction of a good head. Honesty does all in the first; discretion may do much in the other.

MOSES.

One reason why Moses was commanded to lead the people of Israel out of Egypt through the Wilderness, and not the nearest way, through the land of the Philistines, might be, that, after so long a residence in that frightful desert, the promised land might appear to them to the utmost advantage, as a land "flowing with milk and honey," according to the description given of it, and so prevent or lessen their desire of returning to Egypt, whose fertility as well as idolatry was very alluring to them. Another and similar reason is expressly assigned for this conduct, (Exod. xiii. 17,) "*Lest peradventure the people repent, when they see war, and they return to Egypt.*" The divine counsels usually accomplish more ends than one: and the end here specified implies a great condescension to the infirmities of that people.

EPICUREAN PHILOSOPHY.

This species of philosophy must have been very prevalent at Rome in the Augustan age, when not only the greatest, but the most ingenious men (such as Lucretius, Virgil, Horace,) were infected by it. But it had this good effect, that it undermined the widely-diffused and deep-rooted idolatry and superstition of the people: and till this was done, the Gospel itself, which appeared in that *fulness of time*, could not, so soon at least, have made its way in the world. The vast fabric of pagan superstition gave way to te atheistical system: and this could not keep its ground long against the light and influence of divine truth.

Perhaps the prevalence of Deism by means of our free-thinkers and philosophers in the Christian world may be permitted in order to effect the destruction of Popery. Sir Isaac Newton thought that "the tyranny of popish superstition must be put a stop to and broken in pieces by the temporary prevalence of infidelity, before the reign of primitive Christianity should be extended over the world."

VIRTUE.

Justin, speaking of the Scythians, in his second book, takes notice of their neglect of money. Hence he accounts for their justice and other virtues. The truth is, in polished and learned ages, the *principles* men act upon are the most just and reasonable; but, if their principles happen to be right, men act upon them more steadily and resolutely in barbarous ages. It would be a great secret, if any one could tell us how to unite a Scythian virtue with a Greek philosophy.

There is a wide difference betwixt a *reasoning* and an *active* philosophy. To the disgrace of science, men practice virtue more resolutely when they know little or nothing of

the reasons on which it is founded, than when all those reasons have been discussed and clearly apprehended.

PLUTARCH'S TREATISE *περὶ Πολυφιλίας*

dissuades against forming many friendships, from the ignominy, uselessness, and inconveniences of this practice: shews that friendship, from the nature of the thing, can only subsist between two persons, or, at most, very few. The sentiments throughout just and generous. The ancients conceived highly of friendship and its duties: *we* prostitute the word in every common acquaintance.

2. CRITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

POLI REGINALDI CARDINALIS BRITANNI AD HENRICUM VIII. BRITANNIÆ REGEM,

PRO ECCLESIASTICÆ UNITATIS DEFENSIONE.
LIBRI IV.

THIS book was addressed to the King about the year 1536, when he had entirely broken with Rome, and had assumed the *Supremacy of the Church*. Dr. Sampson had published a book in defence of these proceedings of the King, to which this work of Pole is an answer. It is, for the manner, excellently well written; with the fire of eloquence one might expect from such a genius, influenced by religious resentment; and with an elegance and purity of language for which the *Ciceroniani* of that time (of which number was Pole) were so eminent. His treatment of Sampson is very severe; and even of the King himself, whom yet he occasionally manages with address: but the zeal of the incensed churchman is most prevalent. The most eloquent parts are the address to England, and the exhortation to the Emperor to turn his arms against the Royal Heretic rather than the Turk, in book iii. His arguments throughout are of no great force; chiefly taken from the popular prejudices of the time, rather than from the solid principles of Scripture or reason. But the whole was admirably contrived to raise a general odium against Henry and the Reformation. One of the most invidious topics, and which accordingly he has constant recourse to, is the King's putting to death Sir Thomas More and the Bishop of Rochester. This was a fit theme for the heightenings of his Ciceronian eloquence, and he has exhausted his whole art upon it.

His faults as a writer were, that his style was rather luxuriant than nervous, agreeably to the character of those who called themselves Ciceroniani, and, suitably to the turn of his own genius, was elegant and flowing, but wanted manliness and force. Accordingly, as his judgment ripened, and when the first effervescence of youth had spent itself, he grew languid in his compositions, and "brought his style to a flatness that had neither life nor beauty in it."*

REFLECTIONS ON THE HISTORY OF LUDOVICO SFORZA,

THE USURPING DUKE OF MILAN. (GUICCIARDINI, B. I. II. III. IV.)

Many reflections might be made upon this memorable story.

The most obvious is that, though the arts of a refined and dishonest policy may succeed for a time, yet they naturally wear themselves out, and, if pushed beyond a certain point, are sure to expose the man that uses them to infamy, distrust, and ruin. Mankind will bear a great deal, and easily suffer themselves to become the dupes of designing statesmen and politicians, even after many proofs of their artifice and knavery. But, after all, they will not bear everything; and, when the opinion grows to be general of a prince's ill-faith, this impudent game must be given up, and can be played no longer; and then what follows is despair, and irremediable.

A second reflection is, that success naturally blinds the sharpest-sighted of these worldly politicians, (for Ludovico Sforza was confessedly the prince of the greatest parts and capacity of his time,) and tempts them to presume much more on their own ability and the weakness of other men than good sense would prescribe, or than experience will warrant. If the first contrivances of Sforza had been less

* Burnet, History of the Reformation, p. ii. b. ii.

fortunate, or accomplished with less ease, he might have been more cautious, and therefore more secure in the course of his ambition.

The last reflection I make is this, that a prince's throwing off all regard to oaths and good faith himself, and openly shewing himself to be guided by no principle of honour, is the ready and certain way to make all his ministers and servants as prostitute and treacherous as himself. And this we find to have been the misfortune of this great politician; for, of all the persons employed under him in places of trust and honour, not one of them seems, in his last distressful circumstances, to have stuck fast to him. On the contrary, they all betrayed and abandoned him with great ease, and without any signs of remorse for their vile and treacherous desertion of him. See an extraordinary instance, p. 200, where his guilt was, however, attended with remorse, but not for the infamy, but the ill-success of the treason.

CONVERSATION.

It takes much from the pleasure of conversation (though I know not whether it has been observed) that men do not speak *in time*, *i.e.* with the same degree of rapidity or slowness. When the succession of ideas, and consequently of words, in the hearer is considerably different from that of the speaker, the attention of the former is oppressed and fatigued by the effort to conform his own habit of thinking and speaking to that of the latter, that is, the conversation becomes unpleasing.

The same observation extends, in some sort, to speaking in public, or what is called eloquence, and even to styles of writing. If the orator or writer hurries on too fast for us, or drags on after us, we are something disgusted, and feel a degree of pain in keeping up to his pace. The former

we call a cluttering or drawling enunciation, the latter a rapid or heavy, an abrupt or diffuse style.

It may however be observed that in writing or public speaking we have it more in our power to check our own habits, and to conform the character of our style and eloquence to what we conceive to be the most acceptable and prevailing practice of the generality of writers and speakers, than in the freedom and carelessness of private conversation, where we think it of less consequence to observe that uniformity.

HUME'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

This writer's bias to the French taste and manners, which appears throughout his History, is ridiculous: his political doctrines, arising out of his bigotry to the Stuart family, are pernicious: and his libertinism, which breaks out on so many occasions, is detestable. Otherwise, this is the most readable History we have of England. The faults of the composition are, a too frequent affectation of philosophical disquisition, and an incorrect and sometimes an inflated style. The former is unsuited to the general nature of History: the latter is a capital blemish in a work that pretends to be nothing more than a compilation. With these faults, his work will be read and admired. The worst is, the mediocrity of this History will prevent an able writer from undertaking a better.

RAPIN THE HISTORIAN

has certainly neither the vivacity nor ingenuity of Hume. But his industry, his plain good sense, his candour and honesty make one read his History with more pleasure than the lively, unprincipled Scotsman's.

HUMAN NATURE.

To acquire a just knowledge of human nature, besides a man's own deep reflection and observation, it is fit that he study the works of Cicero, Bacon's Essays, and such other writings as have been composed by wise men conversant in life and business. Ingenious and theoretical books, if not written by men well seen and practised in real business, are of little use.

JUSTICE.

It was peculiar to a great magistrate (Lord Mansfield), and for that reason was perhaps objected to him by some persons, that he made the strict justice of the King's Bench speak the language of our courts of equity. For his sagacious mind easily penetrated the just scope and meaning of the law through all the intanglements of words and forms, by which the decisions of other judges had been perplexed and restrained. And if this were a fault, it had, at least, no ill effect in his hands; and luckily but few are capable of committing it.

CHARLES I.

It was the practice of this prince's court to confound all the Church of England men who expressed any unwillingness to submit to his arbitrary measures with the Puritans. The natural and necessary effect of this unhappy policy was to increase the number of Puritans. Yet this experience has not sufficed to deter all succeeding parties from the like imprudent conduct. The Whigs but too generally represent those who in any degree oppose the Administration as

Jacobites: the Tories, all those who are friends to it as enemies to the liberty of the people, and Courtiers. This way of proceeding only tends to produce more of each sort.

LEARNING.

The learning of our old writers far greater than that of our present. Consider Erasmus, particularly his *Adagia:* Gataker's critical works: even our more popular divines, such as Taylor, Stillingfleet, Barrow; what an extent and accuracy of erudition! See the Treatise on the Pope's Supremacy by the latter. We now content ourselves with a slighter knowledge of books. Our curiosity, our industry, our research are far less. We lay in more moderate stores, and practice a sort of frugality in the use and application of them. It is enough that we provide a sprinkling of knowledge, so much as is requisite to make a show of, and may be put to use in popular discourse and disquisition. More than this would fatigue and displease. Should a writer of the old stamp arise, he is stared at, perhaps admired, but generally neglected. After all, it may be said, "We read less, but think more." But is this the case? Compare the best of modern writers with Hooker, Bacon, and Barrow.

Ye little stars, hide your diminish'd rays!

The most that can be said for us is, that we select our topics of discourse better. We omit the smaller and more known, and hold up to view those of greater account, or less considered, although we support these with less ability or diligence. Our most esteemed writers strive to excel in manner and method: they do so, and are sometimes admirable in those respects, but are almost always slight and superficial. They want at least the copiousness, the reach, the authority, the weight, of our old writers.

LETTERS.

Private letters between friends are supposed to give a faithful picture of the dispositions and sentiments of those who compose them. This is a mistake; the purpose of them is to please (I will suppose in a manly and honourable way) the person to whom they are addressed. They therefore reflect the character, *i. e.* the opinion entertained of the person written to, not of the writer.

POETRY.

There is a graceful negligence of expression and temerity of conception in some parts of Shakespeare, and all over Lucretius, that have a better effect in poetry than the studied exactness and cautious sublimity of Virgil and Pope. They give a freshness and novelty, or what is called originality, which no critical accuracy can supply. It is an effect which no polish of language, not even the *facetum* of Virgil, can produce.

LIBERTY.

When I was young, I took a pleasure in such books, ancient and modern, as were written in the spirit and in the praise of Liberty; but I have lived to see the black Rebellion of America, and the infernal Revolution in France, and, on reflection, to what else could those panegyrics and speculations lead? In general the love of liberty is pride and a lust of dominion, and the warmest declaimers against tyranny are in their hearts and in their lives, when opportunity offers, the greatest tyrants. All history shows this: how fascinating is the sound of a republic! yet read the Pelo-

ponnesian War of Thucydides, or the Florentine History of Machiavel, and you can hardly avoid detesting all republics, which, in truth, are downright anarchies. Every wise and good man deprecates a tyrannous government; but, if I must be tyrannised over, let it be by one man of rank and eminence, who can hardly be without some sparks of humanity and generosity, and not by millions of reptiles calling themselves citizens, but only compounded of dirt and blood.

The above was written some years before I looked into Marmontel's *Œuvres Posthumes;* but in that work, tome iv. p. 258, he calls the revolutionary despotism of France, "*ce colosse de fange, pétri et cimenté de sang.*"

LIBRARY.

A great library would be a mortifying sight to a man of letters if he did not know that what Crassus observes, in the Dialogue *de Oratore*, of the Civil Law, was also true of all other studies: "Eadem sunt elata primùm a pluribus; deinde, paucis verbis commutatis, etiam ab iisdem scriptoribus scripta sunt sæpiùs." (Lib. i. c. 43.)

CRITICISM

is of two sorts; one regards only, or chiefly, the language or words of the author criticised, whence this takes the name of verbal criticism; the other, without neglecting words, enters more deeply into the spirit, views, and scope of the author. This last is the best sort of criticism.

This explains what Bishop Warburton once observed to me of Bishop Pearce's criticisms on Milton, "that they were good in their kind, but not of the best kind."

In the second and best sense of criticism alluded to above

we have examples in the works of Aristotle, Longinus, Cicero, and Quintilian among the ancients, and in many of the modern critics who yet cultivated more professedly the verbal species, in which class Joseph Scaliger and Salmasius and our Bentley may be mentioned; but, in judging of English poetry, none have yet proceeded so far towards perfection in this elegant sort of criticism as a late writer * of more than common acuteness and penetration, as may be seen in his editions of Shakespeare and Pope.

ENGLISH POETS.

The greater, and what may be called pure, poetry came to perfection in the hands of Spenser and Milton.

The *dramatic species*, so far as it has been advanced in England, has been cultivated with most success by Shakespeare; but very much remains to be done. The "Samson Agonistes" is the best essay in that kind on the ancient model.

The humbler sorts of poetry, under whatever name, but chiefly satiric and ethic, have been carried to all the excellence their nature admits, and adorned with the utmost grace and harmony of versification and expression, by Dryden and Pope.

Parnell, Prior, and Addison are the most *gentlemanly* poets.

The reader who has digested and understood these poets will hardly be much pleased with any others; not perhaps for want of merit, but of originality.

A TEDIOUS WRITER

is one, not who uses many words, whether in long or short sentences; but who uses many words to little purpose.

* Bishop Warburton.

Where the sense keeps pace with the words, though these be numerous, or drawn out into long periods, I am not tired with an author: when his expression goes on, and the sense stands still, I am presently out of patience with him. Of all the great writers of antiquity, Cicero is perhaps the least tedious, and Seneca the most so.

REASON.

Men call their own fancies *reason*, and the reasons of others *fancies*. But in the ventilations of controversy both are found to be what they are. Truth presently disengages itself from error, as corn from chaff; the one remains for the sustenance of man,—*pabulum humanitatis*,—while the other is carried away by its own lightness, and is heard of no more.

CONVERSATION

is rendered insecure and unsatisfactory by the prevailing humour of repeating in one company what has passed in another. Plutarch says it was a custom among the Spartans at their meals for the eldest person present to say to the rest, as they entered the door of the hall or eating room, Δια τούτων [pointing to the doors] ἔξω λόγος οὐκ ἐκπορεύεται. "Not a word is to repass this way." (Lycurgus.) 'Tis true, there was the more need of this institution, as we are told in the same place that the Spartans gave themselves great liberties in the use of raillery. The meaning then was, that every thing said in their free conversations to each other at table should be no more thought of when they were over. But it were a good general rule if there were any way to bring men to the practice of it.

PRIOR.

His verses on Guiscard's wounding Mr. Harley—strike out the three first three stanzas, which are very bad. The rest is well enough.

It is remarkable that this poet, though he wrote verse with singular ease and grace, lost this faculty in prose, especially in his familiar letters. The reason might be, that he wrote verses to please himself, and therefore followed his natural vein: but in writing letters, his aim was to please others, and he thought he could not do this but by writing in his character of a wit, which would of course render his manner constrained, pert, and affected. The observation applies in some degree to Pope himself, at least in his early letters to wits and ladies.

PERSONIFICATION.

See the following group of persons beautifully brought into the description of the Seasons by Lucretius, lib. v. ver. 737.

The mythology and superstition of the Greeks and Romans gave their poets and painters a great advantage in representing such subjects. Everything was personified among them, that is, became poetical in their hands. These fictions and images are copied from them by Christian artists, but they have not the same grace in modern as in ancient times. It is true a great inventive genius might suggest these images to a poet under any circumstances, but the national religion supplied them ready formed for use to the pagan poet.

SALLUST

first introduced into the Latin language the short, abrupt, sententious, and I add affected, manner. Who would imagine that he and Cicero lived together, and were writers of the same age? The same manner of writing was followed and brought into general vogue by Seneca and Tacitus. Quintilian gave some check to it; but, abounding, as he said, *dulcibus vitiis*, it prevailed. Whoever were the models and patrons of it, the taste is a false one, having neither ease, nor perspicuity, nor simplicity, nor nature to recommend it.

CICERO.

His nature. A little inclined to apprehensive fear and despondency in difficulties and distresses, "Si quisquam est timidus in magnis periculosisque rebus, semperque magis adversos rerum exitus metuens, quam sperans secundos, is ego sum: et hoc si vitium est, eo me non carere confiteor." (Ep. ad Fam.)

But this is all: for that he was of an abject, pusillanimous, and unmanly spirit, as has been charged upon him by some, does not appear to me from his history. The letters written to Atticus during his exile, from whence this censure is chiefly taken, by no means prove this. They contain only the natural workings of a humane, sensible [*i. e.* sensitive] disposition, which he was at no pains to dissemble or suppress. His peculiar benevolence and tenderness for his family and dependants made him feel the affliction more acutely than others would; and, unbosoming himself to his friend, he freely confessed all those natural movements which those who pretend to heroism are studious to conceal. (Ep. ad Att. lib. iii.)

WRITERS OF CONTROVERSY.

Cicero, who has left us patterns of so many kinds of writing, may be reckoned consummate also in this. In the thirteenth of his Philippics, he recites a letter of Antony to the Consuls Hirtius and Pausa, on the Senate, and answers to it paragraph by paragraph. There is great wit, spirit, elegance, and force in the manner in which he rallies and confutes by turns every sentence of this infamous letter The whole is a model for that kind of writing.

POLITE LETTERS.

When I was young, and lived amongst books and scholars, and had my ears constantly stunned with the praises of both, I fell into a very pleasant delirium, and was almost ready to join myself to that sect of philosophers who made knowledge the *summum bonum*, the supreme happiness, of man. It is now a long time since I am convinced of this folly, and that happiness, alas, is not to be expected, as Seneca says, "ex studiorum liberalium vanâ ostentatione, et nihil sanantibus literis." (Sen. Ep. 59.) Yet they are amongst the best of our amusements,

> Those painted clouds that beautify our days,

as the poet expresses it.

REPUBLICANISM.

It has been said, and I believe with truth, that a bias toward republicanism has been derived from reading the history of the Greek and Roman republics, though the reverse of this might have been expected. Our philosopher,

Hobbes, at least, seems to have been of this opinion, when he translated Homer and Thucydides, in order to counteract the propensity towards the anti-monarchical form of government. But in republics we find men of eminence in arms and arts. And we are so dazzled by the lustre of such characters, as to forget that what we look for from government is peace and security both of our persons and properties: and that it is a poor compensation for the want of these to find a crop of heroes, statesmen, orators, and artists spring up amidst our miseries. But let a man of sense read with attention the history of Thucydides, of Livy, and of Machiavelli (to say nothing of the English Republic in the last century), and he will need nothing more to give him an indelible horror of that form of misgovernment. Mr. Mitford's History of Greece may be consulted to this purpose.

RANK

or station in the learned professions not to be apportioned to intellectual abilities only.

Hooker would not have been so good an archbishop as Whitgift, but he was a much better writer; and Bishopsbourn was a fitter scene for the display of that talent than Lambeth.

Twenty lawyers of the time might have discharged the office of Chancellor as well as, perhaps better than, Bacon: but which of them could have composed the Novum Organum, or even the Essays?

WRITERS.

The views, humours, and characters of, very different. This is not always considered when some are applauded

and others condemned, *e. g.* as much of the positive and dogmatic spirit may lie hid in the diffident writer as is expressed in a confident one. The mode of writing makes all the difference, and this may proceed from different causes, and may in either case be justified from them. Would you convince or proselyte the person you write against? The way of insinuation is preferable. Do you despair of this, and would you guard others from being misled by him? The direct and peremptory method is better.* Besides, would the decorum of character be preserved if the bold-spirited wrote with the cautious reserve of the timid? But you "like the softer character better:" that is another consideration, and may as well mean your pride as your humility.

THE FRENCH.

Guicciardini takes notice, that one of the principal causes that alienated the Neapolitans from Charles VIIIth, whom they received at first with all possible demonstrations of joy, was the humour natural to them (the French) of *swaggering*, carried to an insupportable height by success. This offensive quality was the main cause of the ruin of their affairs whenever they set footing in Italy, as Guicciardini constantly takes notice.

The English are a *proud*, the French an *insolent*, people. The former quality, though bad enough when carried too

* "The end of controversy is either to convince the person you dispute with, or simply to confute his opinions. When the former is the object, without doubt the softest words are the best; but the other is best done by a vigorous expression, because it shows the disputant to be in earnest, and sets the error contended against in the strongest light, the likeliest means to prevent others being infected by it." (Bishop Hurd's Life of Warburton, p. 122, 4to. edit.)

far, is compatible with many of the nobler virtues, nay, produces and confirms them: the other is not only allied to many vices, but has a natural tendency to produce and inflame them, nay, and converts the virtues themselves into vices. The greatest man among the French is the greatest swaggerer.

It may be observed that Perefixe, in his famous but contemptible history of Henry IV. universally almost mistakes *swaggering* for *magnanimity*, and that the instances he gives of the latter in the speeches and sayings of that prince are most commonly nothing else but expressions of the former.

The French were the most abject idolators of their princes while the monarchy lasted, and the most insolent persecutors of them from the moment an unprovoked and successful rebellion had thrown the government into their hands—the most servile royalists, and the most tyrannical republicans. Can there be a surer proof of a worthless and unprincipled people? I mean not to include all Frenchmen in this censure. The *emigrés* and the royalists, many of them at least, forbid it; but the character of the vastly greater part of a nation is the national character.

SIMPLICITY IN WRITING,

practised by the best writers ancient and modern, has been growing out of fashion in England (I write this in 1800) for some time. The pompous, or what may be called the *swaggering*, manner, was introduced by Bolingbroke; continued, or rather heightened, by Junius and Johnson; till now it is become the only style that pleases the mob of readers, and aspires to be taken notice of in reviews and magazines.

Sir John Hawkins somewhere in his Life of Johnson tells

us that he (Johnson) could but just bear the plain, diffuse style of Tillotson, and Sir John himself is pleased to say that even Addison is growing out of fashion, and that the characteristic of his style is feebleness and inanity. The graceful ease and classic simplicity of these great models of style had no charms for such as had been tutored in Ivy Lane. What may we expect in a few years more?

POETS

said to be poor. Many reasons for this. The chief—that during the infancy or youth of any State, the time when great original poets spring up in any country, the public has little leisure to attend to these elegancies, and, of course, lays little stress upon them: arms, or the necessary arts, only are in request and rewarded. Afterwards, when the attention is turned to these things, no such poets can be expected to arise: but, in the absence of these, people wonder how such men could be neglected by their ancestors. Hence the poverty of Ennius (See Cic. de Senect.) and Shakespeare; and the admiration of such poets, whom the times would certainly value, but are no longer able to produce. If by any rare concurrence of causes such poets do arise in cultivated and happy ages, they are proportionably valued. Witness Virgil, Horace, Boileau, Pope, &c.

SUPERIOR GENIUS.

There is always a confederacy among the dunces to represent a man of superior *genius* as superficial in the knowledge of that profession to which he devotes himself: these grave persons very naturally concluding from what they experience of their own dullness, that it is impossible to

understand more things than *one*, and not even *that* perfectly, where a vivacity of parts takes off the mind from that continual plodding, without which they have no notion of a man's being able to get to the bottom of anything. This prejudice, strengthened, as in such cases it always will be, by *envy*, operated very remarkably in the instance of the great Bacon. This was the notion set about of him, when his friends pushed his advancement to the place of Attorney-General. If it did not take its rise from, it was however encouraged by, that wary statesman his unnatural uncle Lord Burghley, who, if he had not a great deal of jealousy in his nature, had evidently some dullness mixed with his great wisdom: it being otherwise impossible to account for his overlooking and neglecting, as he did, his great relation. From her minister, I suppose, Queen Elizabeth herself catched this prejudice. "She did acknowledge," says the Earl of Essex, in a letter to Mr. Francis Bacon, "you had a great wit, and an excellent gift of speech, and much other good learning. But in law she rather thought you could make *shew* to the utmost of your knowledge than that you were *deep*." All this is but the clown in the poet—

Si non aliqua nocuisses, mortuus esses.

VANITY.

Most critics, and indeed most men, are in the condition of Ovid's Narcissus; they admire in others only what they see, or fancy they see, in themselves—

Cunctaque miratur quibus est mirabilis ipse.

Perhaps they are not always aware of this illusion—

Se cupit *imprudens* ——

But the *fact* generally is (and if it were otherwise there would be but few commendations)—

—— qui probat ipse probatur.

A French writer [M. Laharpe, Lyceum, tom. iv. p. 63] says that Montaigne *was not vain.* What an idea must this Frenchman have of *vanity!*

The French are the vainest of all people. Yet their vanity, so much and so justly derided by all, is the immediate cause of their successes—

—— possunt quia posse videntur.

BISHOPS.

E'en in a Bishop I can spy desert.
Pope's Epil. to Satires, v. 70.

What had the Bishops done to merit the poet's satire here and elsewhere? Why, they supported the Minister in Parliament, against an unprincipled faction, (headed by Bolingbroke, and therefore in the poet's good graces,) which constantly opposed him. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.* It cannot be denied that our virtuous satirist was frequently the dupe of those he lived with.

IMITATION.

When I am pressed to read a modern piece of Latin prose or verse, and for my encouragement am told how exact an imitation I shall find in it of Cicero or Virgil, I reply with

the Spartan in Plutarch's Life of Lycurgus, who, being asked to hear how exactly some one mimicked a nightingale, returned, "But I have heard nightingales themselves."

DEDICATIONS.

When men of eminent genius condescend to write flattering dedications, and prefix the name of princes and great persons in the front of their immortal volumes, they are to be understood to be playing the same game as that ingenious architect of the famous Tower in Pharos, who took care to inscribe his own name on the marble, but when he had encrusted it over with a sort of stucco, paid the reigning prince the compliment of placing his name there; and neither it seems was disappointed in his views—the prince had all he wanted—present fame; the architect chose to expect his from future ages. And thus it happens in the case before mentioned, time and historic truth wear off the slender whitewash, whilst the name of the artist remains indelible on the monumental marble.

SAMSON AGONISTES,
v. 1519-1520.

Manoah. Some dismal accident it needs must be;
What shall we do? stay here, or run and see?

The rhyme *be* and *see* in this couplet must have been accidental, and not designed by the author (though rhymes are sometimes intermixed in the chorus,) but they serve unhappily to increase the ridicule of that too familiar and even burlesque close of the second line, *run* and *see*, by turning the attention more pointedly to it. To speak my mind plainly, this is the most exceptionable passage in the whole poem, and not to be justified by any of those reasons which may be assigned for his inaccuracies in other places.

If the presumption of correcting Milton might be forgiven, I would alter thus:—

——stay here, or thither run.

The chorus immediately replies,

Best keep together here, lest running thither, &c.

CIVIL GOVERNMENT.

From the people, as Locke and others say: rather *for* the people. Or, if *from* the people, it does not follow that therefore the people may resume and alter it at pleasure. Less mischief usually arises from submitting to an ill-formed or abused government than from resisting it by force. Besides other reasons, this may be one for the apostle's precept, "Be subject to every ordinance of man." (1 Pet. ii. 13.) He adds, "for the Lord's sake," which is the surest and best ground of obedience to the magistrate; but he might have said, "for your own."

VIRGIL.

Quæ tibi, quæ tali reddam pro carmine dona?
Nam neque me tantum venientis sibilus Austri,
Nec percussa juvant fluctu tam litora, nec quæ
Saxosas inter decurrunt flumina valles.

Ecl. v. 83 et seq.

And again:—

Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta,
Quale sopor fessis in gramine, quale per æstum
Dulcis aquæ saliente sitim restinguere rivo.

Ecl. v. 45 et seq.

These passages, and such as these, which are frequent in Virgil, are in his purest and best manner, that is, when outward objects are so described as to excite in the mind not images only, but sentiments and feelings; in other words, when the description is interesting, as well as beautiful, agreeably to the precept of the critic,

Non satis est *pulchra* esse poemata, *dulcia* sunto;

which is a general rule of good poetry, though applied by Horace in the Ars Poetica to the drama in particular.

And this may be the meaning of Horace's famous compliment of *molle atque facetum* [1 S. x. 44-5], intending by the former the tender and affecting cast of Virgil's rural poetry, and by the latter the correct elegance and high finishing of it [see Quintilian, vi. 3.] If this sense of the compliment be admitted, it applies to the Georgics as well as Bucolics, *gaudentes rure Camœnæ*. Indeed it may be applied to the Æneid too without impropriety, for the union of the *molle* and *facetum*, the *dulce* and *pulchrum*, is, in a peculiar manner, the characteristic of all Virgil's poetry.

The compliment to the prince of the Latin poets, thus understood, is not small, but conveyed in a modesty of of phrase which the ancients affected. The moderns are of another mind, *omnia magna loquentes*. (1 S. iii. 13.)

FRENCH POETRY

is only pure prose in rhyme [Boileau, Racine, Voltaire,] yet that which comes the nearest to true poetry in that language is a work in prose somewhat inflated, without rhyme, Telemaque.

The French poets excel in justness of thought and purity of expression; but, in all the essentials of the higher poetry, invention, imagination, poetic diction, &c., the English poets are far above theirs. I speak of the best in either

nation; for the rest of that family, the *dii minorum gentium*, are not worth considering.

TRAVELLING.

They who lay so great a stress on the advantages of travelling should be put in mind that Socrates was hardly ever out of the walls of Athens. His answer to a friend who objected this to him was, that houses and trees did not instruct him.

FREEDOM OF CONVERSATION

between a prince and his courtiers very uncommon. It is a rare felicity when that decent freedom takes place in a Court, or indeed anywhere else, which Julian tells us was used in his betwixt himself and his philosophers. 'Tis in a letter to one Basilius, a philosopher, I suppose, whom he wanted to draw to him: "Notwithstanding," says he, "that we use a becoming freedom in blaming, upon occasion, and reprehending each other, yet we do not on that account love each other less than the warmest and most affectionate friends." [Ep. xii.]

MILTONI JOHANNIS,
ANGLI, PRO POPULO ANGLICANO DEFENSIO.

A bitter, vindictive satire against the famous Salmasius, who, with the best cause in the world, had yet in his *Defensio Regis* managed so unskilfully as to lay himself open to the easiest confutation and justest ridicule. If, instead of searching through all profane and sacred antiquity to little purpose for authorities and precedents on which to found his monstrous system of passive obedience, he had looked into the circumstances of the times, and insisted, as he might have done, on the unreasonable factions and tyrannical proceedings of the Parliament and army, after every proper security

for religion and liberty might have been obtained, he had served the unhappy King's cause more effectually, and had avoided giving those frequent handles against himself which so acute and unrelenting an enemy knew so well [how], and was at all times so ready, to take hold of. But moderate principles were to be expected on neither side in a scene of such unexampled violence and fury; and, for Salmasius in particular, this very learned man, with all his Greek and Latin, knew nothing of the true origin of Government, and had very crude and imperfect notions about the laws of society, and the essential rights of mankind; whilst Milton, in the very delirium of an enthusiastic patriotism, was constantly crying out on his idol of a perfect republic, without any regard to the genius of the nation, the circumstances of affairs, and every other consideration which prudence dictates and true policy requires. The one was drunk with notions of royal prerogative, the other, on the most favourable construction, of popular liberty; and so 'tis no wonder if betwixt them, on such an argument, little truth or sobriety of reason is to be found.

Hobbes, speaking of Milton's and Salmasius's books, says: "I have seen them both. They are very good Latin both, and hardly to be judged which is better, and both very ill reasoning, hardly to be judged which is worse; like two declamations *pro* and *con.* made for exercise only in a rhetoric school by one and the same man." (Hist. of Civil Wars, p. 270.)

His [Milton's] *Defensio Secunda pro Populo Anglicano* against More is written with the same spirit, only it seems, from his address to Cromwell and his countrymen, in the close of this tract, that he began by this time to suspect that all his flattering visions of a perfect commonwealth were in a way to be disappointed, and that those precious saints who had waded through so much blood in quest, as they pretended, of civil and ecclesiastical liberty, were, after all,

incapable of so great a blessing. In short, he seems at length to have found out that a set of enthusiasts (of which himself was chief) had been contending for a mere chimera or vision, for such is a state of absolute and equal liberty in a Republic, let the virtue of the times be what it will; much less was it to be expected from the corrupt, ambitious, and self-interested policy which prevailed so visibly in the proceedings and counsels of that distracted time. But he who had been so mad for a thorough reformation was to lay the disappointment somewhere, and, to save the credit of his own judgment, he lays it to the corruptions and vices of his countrymen. Compare with this conclusion the Introduction to Book III. of his History of England.

N.B. There is a fine panegyric on Cromwell, Fairfax, and the chiefs of the Independent faction, towards the end of the Defence.

CICERO

valued himself extremely upon his wit. He discovers a remarkable anxiety in some places (see Ep. ad Fam. lib. vii. 29) lest his credit should suffer from the imputation of jests unworthy of him. It seems however as if his title to this fame was not so clear or so generally allowed as to that of eloquence; for in the letter referred to, where he shews himself so solicitous about preserving his character as a wit, he speaks with indifference, or rather a calm contempt, of certain pretenders who aspired to rival him in the praise of oratory. Does not this look as if the consciousness of his own superiority in this respect made him secure of holding the first rank; not so in the other?

NOUVELLE HELOISE,
BY J. J. ROUSSEAU, OF GENEVA.

There are abundance of fine things in this agreeable romance. There is infinite sensibility in the passionate parts,

and nature and good sense in the rest. Yet the conduct is so strange and improbable in many parts, that I should take the foundation of the story to have been laid in fact, rather than fiction. Particularly, what can one think of Julia's hasty marriage with M. de Wolmar, and of her lover's entertainment in the same house with her husband? If this be invention, M. Rousseau does not appear so judicious as Mr. Richardson, whose manner he imitates. One would take the author for an excessive humourist. Yet his mind is so sensible [sensitive] and so inflamed with the love of virtue, that one cannot but esteem him. His principal characters are religious, and even Christian, yet Julia herself seems to be governed by no other religion but what is called Natural. God's moral government, the immortality of the soul, and a future state, these are the only religious principles spoken of. Not a word of the hopes of salvation through Christ Jesus. One knows not what to think of what is advanced on the subject of suicide, and of prayer.

Is the ingenious author involved in the gloom of melancholy and fatalism? Is he benevolent enough to speak well of the uses of the Christian religion (as he does on many occasions), and yet unhappy enough not to be convinced of the truth and divinity of it? One knows not what to think.* His work abounds in the most amiable pictures of simplicity, virtue, and happiness, though mixed with painful scenes of human frailty, and the excesses of imperious passion. On the whole, a man must have an unfeeling heart not to be touched in the highest degree by this romance. Yet a sensible man will think it oddly constructed, and the plain good man will be disgusted by the scepticism of many parts of it. This last indeed would not

* His Emile appeared in 1762. Poor man! one knows now what to think. His character is no longer mysterious. [Note by Bishop Hurd.]

have appeared so plainly but for the Notes, which gave him the opportunity of rectifying the Text, if he had so pleased, and the sceptical parts had been only the effects of preserving character.

THE ENGLISH TONGUE.

In so little repute in Roger Ascham's time that he thought it necessary to apologise for writing his *Toxophilus* in this language. He observes that, "for the Latin and Greek tongue, everything is so excellently done in them that none can do better. In the English tongue, on the contrary, everything in a manner so meanly, both for the matter and handling, that no man can do worse; for therein the least learned, for the most part, have been always most redye to write; and they which had the least hope in Latin have been most bold in English." He takes notice also of the corruption, as he thinks it (others call it the enriching) of the English tongue by means of "strange words, as Latin, French, and Italian." (Preface to Toxophilus.)

It seems wonderful that Ascham says nothing in this place of Sir Thomas More, who wrote so excellently in the English tongue; but I suppose his being a papist restrained him. It must be owned that Ascham contributed very much to refine and improve the language, and, as he was an eminent scholar, to bring the practice of writing in it into repute.

What he says of corrupting the English tongue by foreign mixtures, I imagine proceeded from his prejudice. 'Tis true that practice grew into an excessive affectation afterwards, but it seemed necessary at setting out. The language was very scanty at that time, being adapted only to the common uses of the people, so that when the learned began, as they did at this time to write in English, they

would of course want words to express their ideas in, which were therefore to be taken from the more known and familiar of the foreign languages.

TORQUATO TASSO.

His *Gierusalemme Liberata* an incomparable poem, and one of the best since Virgil's; the Classical part vastly inferior to the Gothic, I mean all that relates to magic and enchantment. The contrary opinion first taken up and set about by the French, the most unpoetical nation in Europe, and too hastily followed by the English critics since the Restoration—Sir W. Davenant, Hobbes, Dryden, Addison.

EURIPIDES, HIS Ἱκέτιδες.

The most taking parts of this play are not the dramatic, properly so called, but certain incidental topics discussed occasionally by the speakers, such as the vindication of Providence beginning at v. 95, the three orders of men composing a state at v. 238, the discourse concerning the respective benefits and disadvantages of the monarchical and democratical forms of government at 403, the preference of peace to war at v. 476, the propriety and reasonableness of the rites of sepulture at v. 531, the exhortation to the duties of humanity at v. 549, reflections on the reasonableness of our dependence on the Divine will at v. 731, the characters of the seven chiefs that fell before Thebes at v. 857, the lamentation on the want of experience in human life, and on the impossibility of rectifying our conduct upon it, at v. 1080 (though this last is singularly beautiful in a dramatic view) and if there be any other passages of the like sort.

Such as these were the excellences in the tragedies of Euripides which made Socrates so much revere them and their author. They were certain ethical commonplaces which the poet treated with all the gravity of philosophy, as well as adorned with all the grace of numbers and poetical expression. The dramatic critic Aristotle might sometimes blame, where the moral critic Socrates would only admire. This is what Horace calls,

——speciosa locis, rectèque morata
Fabula———

Ars Poetica, v. 319.

WOMEN.

One sees an uncommon reach of thought and depth of policy in the Constitutions of Lycurgus. One of his laws was that the women should have no fortunes. *Virgines sine dote nubere jussit.* For which two reasons are assigned: 1. ut uxores eligerentur, non pecuniæ; and, 2. ut severiùs matrimonia sua viri coercerent, cùm nullis dotis frænis tenerentur. (Justin, lib. iii.) *i. e.* that the men might keep their wives in the greater subjection when they were under no restraint themselves from the consideration of their fortune. This last I take to have been principally aimed at by the legislator's admirable institution. He saw how much the peace and virtue of both public and private life depended on the good government and strict subordination of the women, and what a deluge of evils would unavoidably break in upon the public, as well as domestic, regimen if the women were suffered on any pretence to get the ascendant; and, as nothing favours their pretences so much as the consideration of the fortunes they bring their husbands, all occasions of such aspirings in the women were taken away by this sage provision, that no woman should

have any fortune at all.* The event was accordingly what the lawgiver expected—the women being kept in subjection, and a strict dependence on the authority of their husbands, in no country do we hear of there having been so many good and virtuous and public-spirited wives as in Sparta. It may be further observed that this provisional institution was more especially requisite in a republic, since, wherever the women are in high consideration, and by a false politeness put at the head of things, it is a certain sign either that the government is despotic, or will soon become so. See the complaints of Montesquieu on this head, *passim.*

It was in consequence of the tyranny established under the Roman Emperors, and which helped very much to introduce a general depravity of morals, that women took the ascendant on all occasions, and, as Tacitus says, "getting free from the restraint of such laws as the Republic had provided against them, now meddled in every thing, and governed every thing." (Ann. lib. iii. c. 34.) Lord Clarendon makes much the same observation of the English ladies, who came into great consequence under the Stuart family: see first volume of his Life. The same is observed by Mezeray, in the reign of Francis [of France]. See Bayle.

Learning was so very fashionable in the fifteenth century, that the fair sex seemed to believe it added to their charms;

* The force of this reasoning was felt by another of our prelates. Dr. Walter Pope, in his Life of Seth Ward, Bishop of Salisbury, speaking of the many matrimonial overtures made to the Bishop in earlier life, says: "The reason why he did not marry then, was that he had not an estate or preferment suitable to the fortunes which were proffered, and he would not put it into the power of any woman, if they should happen to disagree, to upbraid him that she had made him a man, and that, had it not been for what she brought, he would not have been worth a groat." (Life of Bishop Seth Ward, chap. xiii.)

and Plato and Aristotle untranslated were frequent ornaments of their closets. One would think, by the effects, that it was a proper way of educating them, since there are no accounts in history of so many truly great women in any one age, as are to be found between the years MD. and MDC. (Mr. Wotton's Reply, p. 412.)

We read of marvellous fine women in romances; but the most amiable I have ever met with in history is the Duchess of Guise, wife of the famous Duke of Guise, called Balafré, of whom we have the character in the Duc de Sully's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 416, edit. London, 1778.

EPIGRAM.

The following on the Duke of Newcastle was made on occasion of Lord Hyde's giving the profits of Lord Clarendon's Continuation of his History to Oxford, to found a Riding-School in that University—the author unknown.

> Oxford, in spite of her Detractors,
> Has found two worthy Benefactors:
> RADCLIFFE a Library decreed,
> Because the Doctor could not read:
> A Riding school is left by HYDE,
> Because his Lordship could not ride.
> PELHAM, thou dot'st on generous actions,
> O, emulate these benefactions!
> And on thy Cam's lov'd margin fix
> A nursery for Politics.

See the malevolence of these flippant poets! I never heard that the Duke, as great a patron of letters as he was, ever distinguished any of this family during his administration. And where is the wonder?

FRENCH LANGUAGE.

for a long time after the Norman Conquest generally used, and diligently taught in our schools in England. All persons, as we learn from the Polychronicon of Ranulphus Higden [see art. *Caxton*, Biog. Brit. N. E.], were obliged to construe their lessons in grammar schools in French, and the sons of the better sort were constantly taught to speak the language. It was so known a mark of a gentleman, that it became a proverb in the mouths of the people, "Jack would be a gentleman if he could speak French." This mode seems to have prevailed till Edward the Third's time, when, as I suppose, our conquests in France inspired the English with a contempt of their language. This seems a natural consequence, and the animosities which continued afterwards between the two nations would naturally confirm the people in this contempt. At least, the fact was, that from the middle of Edward the Third's reign, French grew much out of fashion, both in our schools, and in the houses of the gentry, though the perpetual wars in France of course obliged great numbers to the use of that tongue. [See what is quoted from John de Trevisa in the note referred to.] From this time the English language seems to have been pretty much cultivated till Charles the Second's foreign education, and the many excellent works in the French tongue produced in Louis the Fourteenth's time, brought this custom back again after the Restoration; and our fondness for French and French books hath since that time been increasing, chiefly by reason of their tongue's being the court language, occasioned by our princes being foreigners, for the most part, since the Revolution.

LETTERS

FROM

BISHOP HURD

TO

BISHOP (JOHN) BUTLER.

JOHN BUTLER, though presumed to be of English parents, was a native of Hamburgh, and was born in 1717. Of his education we have no account, but, though at neither of the English universities, it was evidently liberal. He first appears as tutor in the family of Mr. Child the banker, and as a popular preacher in London. We next find him assisting Mr. Henry Bilson Legge in his controversy with Lord Bute, and in his financial calculations. His connexion with the Whigs obtained him successively a royal chaplaincy and a prebend in Winchester Cathedral. His political attachments having undergone a change, he next appears as a supporter of Lord North in all the measures of his administration. In consideration of these services he obtained successively the Archdeaconry of Surrey, the Bishopric of Oxford, and that of Hereford. He died in 1802. His works consist of a volume of Sermons and Charges; a character of his patron Mr. Bilson Legge; and numerous political pamphlets, many without his name. He was sufficiently distinguished as a writer to have been named amongst the probable authors of Junius's Letters.

It is difficult to reconcile the tone of the following Letters with that of a passage in Bishop Hurd's Letter to Dr. Balguy at page 114. If the blank in that letter has not been wrongly filled up, we must conclude that the Bishop had seen

reason to alter, or at least to modify, his opinion. He was too upright and sincere a character to have repeatedly entertained as his guest, and written in such a strain of esteem and even of affection to, one whom he did not respect. Should he even, in the warmth or carelessness of correspondence, have uttered an unseemly censure on a friend, his apology may be made in the words of his admirable Sermon at Lincoln's Inn on Eccles. vii. 21, 22, quoted in the Addenda, with reference to this page.

BISHOP HURD TO BISHOP BUTLER.

Hartlebury Castle, Sept. 9, 1782.

. . . . . I correspond with Mr. Heyne upon the same terms as Professor Michaelis proposes to correspond with your lordship. And I hold those terms to be reasonable ones. For, though perhaps we may write Latin as well, we certainly do not write it so much and so easily as the German professors. The learned professor, you say, intends only improvements on the Oxford critic. But improvements, *currente calamo*, easily sharpen into censures, and then you know what follows.

I am preparing to remove to Worcester for the rest of the week, and expect to be thoroughly fatigued with music and good dinners, the never failing attendants of all our charities. Our friend General Freytag has promised to meet me there, and to refresh himself after the meeting of the choirs is over in this peaceful solitude. If these blue skies and bright suns continue, he will not dislike the scene, though it be not so extensive and so varied as your Lordship has in view from your agreeable walks round Cuddesden. I am, very faithfully, my dear Lord, &c. R. Worcester.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Hartlebury Castle, Nov. 25, 1782.

. . . . My chief amusement is in attending to my library. It advances very fast, and will, I think, be an agreeable as well as useful room. It will not much lessen my satisfaction in seeing it completed, if it should please God that I am providing it not for my own use, but that of my successors.

When you see General Freytag, pray make my compliments to him. If I read German, I would trouble you to send me the work you mention on the Hebrew poetry, a subject which I dare say the genius and industry of former writers have not exhausted.*

I shall always, my good Lord, be much obliged to you for any good news of the public, or of yourself; being, with great truth and respect, your Lordship's very affectionate, humble servant, R. WORCESTER.

Hartlebury Castle, Dec. 11, 1782.

MY DEAR LORD,—I have your Lordship's kind favour of the 6th, and am pleased to find that the parliament meets in some temper. Everything now depends on unanimity, or the appearance of it at least, which indeed might have prevented our present disastrous situation. The ministers are the less to be pitied, as they have wantonly created to themselves much of the difficulty they have to contend with. They may split, as you say, on the rock of Gibraltar, but I rather think it will be on that of their own dangerous innovations, which their conceit and vanity have driven them upon.

* An evident allusion to Bishop Lowth.

This place and season are cold enough, and I begin seriously to wish myself in London. But my complaint is obstinate, and I cannot at present guess when I shall be able to move. In the mean time, I wish your Lordship the continuance of your health and spirits, and a speedy experience, besides, of some good effect from the minister's declaration, that he will reward merit in all professions. I am, very faithfully, my dear Lord, your most obliged and affectionate servant, R. WORCESTER.

Hartlebury Castle, Oct. 4, 1785.

MY DEAR LORD,—I had great pleasure in the receipt of your kind letter of the 27th past; and am happy to be informed of your good health, and of the entertainment you have found in your late course of German reading. I too have had some amusement from the same quarter, in perusing the prize-dissertations from Göttingen, which the King was pleased to send me from Windsor. They do credit to the University, and shew the good effect of the royal bounty in that place. . . . . .

I do not wonder that Mr. Travis declines a fresh labour till he has received some reward for his first,* which he well deserves. And yet I know not how it is to be obtained, unless those bishops who have good preferments to bestow will resolve to give some of them to literary merit. It was natural to expect that Mr. Vernon's † connexions should procure him the Canonry of Christ Church, though to the exclusion of one (I mean Dr. Horsley) who solicited that place, and deserves any preferment that can be given him.

* "Letter to Edward Gibbon, esq. on his History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, in Defence of the Authenticity of John v. 7. 1784." By the Rev. George Travis, M.A. Prebendary of Chester. 2d edit. 1785, 3d edit. 1794.

† Dr. Edw. Venables Vernon (afterwards Harcourt), advanced to the see of Carlisle in 1791, and in 1807 to that of York.

Before I conclude my letter, I must just tell you that you will probably receive one from Sir David Dalrymple. He is writing on the Apocalypse, and wants to be informed of something contained in an old preface of Luther's, prefixed to his translation of that book. As he understands that your Lordship is skilled in the German language, and thinks that by your neighbourhood to the Oxford libraries you may be able to gratify his curiosity, he mentions his design of writing to your Lordship, and indeed I encouraged him to do so in my last letter. He is a learned, religious, and worthy man, and I assured him of your readiness to serve all men of letters. . . . . My dear Lord, your much obliged, &c. R. WORCESTER.

Hartlebury Castle, June 27, 1786.

MY DEAR LORD,—I thank your Lordship for your kind favour of the 22nd, and for the extract from Professor Michaelis, which is curious and entertaining.

As to the ex-Jesuits, wherever they are I can easily believe they are doing mischief. But as to this profound plot, which they are suspected of carrying on through all Europe, of restoring the Catholic religion by the help of Freemasons and Rosicrucians, I believe no more of it than I do of Father Hardouin's plot of famous memory. Neither do I believe that the new English version of the Bible is calculated for any such purpose. I take the author * to be a vain charlatan, who is set on work by his own importance, and not by jesuitical policy. His judgment of our own reforming translators is nearer the truth; except that he thinks more highly of one of them than I do, and thinks our

* The translator of the Bible here referred to must certainly be Alexander Geddes, an eccentric Roman Catholic divine. He began the work in 1782, and published a prospectus of it (not improbably accompanied by a specimen) in 1786, although the successive volumes of it did not appear until 1792 and 1797.

present version much worse than it is. He calls it *imperfect*, by which he means that such expert rabbis as himself could find some little faults to correct in it; and *offensive to English ears by its obsolete language*, in which he is totally mistaken.

But I wish your Lordship would give me an opportunity of talking over these high matters with you at Hartlebury. I am constantly at home, and, though not well (for the oppression on my spirits still continues), yet so well as to see my friends with pleasure: indeed their company is a great relief to me. . . . .

Hartlebury Castle, July 14, 1790.

My good Lord,—I had your kind favour of the 25th past, when I was preparing to set out on my visitation, from which I am now just returned. I bore the fatigue of it as well as I expected, but not without some difficulty. I am now again in this quiet spot, and at leisure to thank your Lordship for the communication about Isaiah. I should acquiesce in Luther's interpretation, if *duration* were equivalent to *generation*. Vitringa's solution is, I doubt, a little fanciful. On the whole, I am content to put this famous passage among those which may hereafter be better explained than they have hitherto been. I hesitate the more because Houbigant himself, with all the liberty of conjecture and emendation which he allows himself, has failed of success.

Your Lordship should by all means have seized the opportunity of profiting by the lights of that wonderful divine you mention, who finds nothing dark or difficult. I wish him better success in cultivating his barren acres than he has had in meliorating the soil of the Church; which I think is not to be done by lessening the pay of its chief workmen.

. . . . I beg my best compliments to Mrs. Butler, and return my best thanks to you both for the honour of your

late kind and agreeable visit. With true regard, my dear Lord, your most obliged and most obedient humble servant,

R. Worcester.

Hartlebury Castle, Dec. 30, 1790.

My Lord,—I rejoice to hear that your Lordship retains your health and spirits so well in London. You certainly do well to avoid late hours and the hurry of business. But of the latter, as far as I can judge, there is not likely to be much this session, unless it spring out of the debate on Mr. Hastings's trial.

Mr. Burke's book* is very entertaining, and, what is better, contains much truth and sound political reflection, though sometimes dressed in a fantastic mode of expression. I hope the innovating humour will decline among us, and that men will be satisfied in being happy after the old way.

This is the time when our friend Dr. Balguy used to be in town. But he seemed doubtful when I last heard from him, whether he should be able to leave Miss Drake, who is declining very fast. Yet his spirits, I fear, will suffer a good deal without his usual supply of amusement and conversation in London. He is a much greater philosopher than I am, and yet he is not able to bear solitude as I do.

Professor Randolph† has sent me his Latin sermon preached before the Convocation. It is prudently and ably composed, and so I have told him.

God knows whether I shall be able to go to London this year or not. I am sure I struggle with my infirmities

* Reflections on the Revolution in France, 1790.

† John Randolph, of Christ Church, Oxford, D.D.; Professor of Poetry, 1776; Regius Professor of Greek, 1782; Regius Professor of Divinity, 1783; Bishop of Oxford, 1799; Bangor, 1807; London, 1809. Died 1813.

better here than I should do anywhere else; and, such is my indolence, that a change of scene has no charms for me; only I must regret the loss of some agreeable hours which I should pass with my old friends, and particularly with your Lordship. . . . . Always, my dear Lord, &c.

R. Worcester.

Hartlebury Castle, Feb. 8, 1791.

Dr. Warton has lately sent me a new edition of his brother's Milton.* There are many additions that are entertaining; but the printer has done his part very negligently.

The business of the year is now going on in good earnest, so that your Lordship will be able to inform me, I do not say of what *is* passing, (for that our charitable news-writers convey to us) but what *will* pass this session. . . . .

Hartlebury Castle, March 10, 1791.

My Lord,— . . . I thank God that we are so quiet and satisfied at home. Of the Indian war I am no judge, and leave it to the wisdom of our governors.

I doubt a precipitate and sweeping repeal of all the penal statutes against the Papists would be dangerous and impolitic; but no such thing, I suppose, is at present intended. These changes, however just, should be made gradually, and as the minds of men will bear them, especially as the statutes in question are not likely to be enforced.

The Scotch Episcopalians apply again for relief; and, as far as I understand their case, are well entitled to it; but as to what your Lordship says of the Dissenters rallying for another attack, if you mean this session, I should think it impossible. I am not yet quite free from the gout. The fit has lasted seven weeks, and is even now leaving me reluctantly and sullenly.

* See p. 176.

Hartlebury Castle, Dec. 28, 1792.

My good Lord,—There cannot be a more comfortable correspondent than your Lordship. Your last kind favour gives me such an account of the present state of things in Parliament, and out of it, as goes very far towards dispelling all my fears both from foreign and domestic enemies. Pray go on to oblige me with such good news, and add a word or two always of your own health, which I hope keeps pace with the prosperity of your country.

Dr. Sturges was so good as to send me his Lambeth Sermon.* It is a very good one, and his proposals well intended, but all motions in Parliament for strengthening the hands of the Bishops, and increasing their discretionary powers, will, I doubt, be received coldly. . . . .

I have nothing to say to you from this place, but that we are as loyal as elsewhere, and that my head is no better than usual, as you will easily collect from this trifling letter. . . . .

P.S.—You would be concerned to hear of Lord Hailes's death. He was a good magistrate, an honest and learned man, and a good Christian.

Hartlebury Castle, Jan. 12, 1793.

My Lord,—I have many thanks to return your Lordship for your fresh intelligence of the 7th, though the latter part of it be not the most agreeable. Still, there is so little to be gained by war on either side, and so much to be endangered by it, that I flatter myself some means of accommodation will be found out. . . . .

I forgot when I wrote last, to ask if your Lordship received some venison from Hartlebury about a fortnight before Christmas. The does proving better than usual this

* A Sermon at the Consecration of the Right Rev. William Butler, D.D. Bishop of Exeter, 1792.

year, I ventured to send you half of one. But hearing nothing of its being received, I conclude that some Equality man, who thought he had a right to what he could lay his hands upon, has intercepted it.

Who is Dr. Cornewall,* the new Dean of Canterbury? and what merit has raised him to that dignity?

I wish the Bishop of St. David's† had some better commendam. His abilities might be employed to good purpose. But a writer must be at ease, before he undertakes a work of real importance.

Take care of your health, my good Lord, and send me good news of that now and then, whatever becomes of the public. . . . . Your Lordship's very affectionate humble servant, R. WORCESTER.

Hartlebury Castle, Feb. 9th, 1793.

MY DEAR LORD,—I have many thanks to give your Lordship for both your kind letters. There seems now but little hope of peace. If we must have a war, I pray God preserve us under it!

The 30th of January was better attended than usual, and with good reason. I shall be impatient to see the Bishop's sermon. It was well the lot fell to him, who would speak the plain truth on the occasion.‡ And luckily at this moment the truth may be spoken without offence.

* Ffolliott-Herbert Walker Cornewall, D.D., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge; an elegant scholar and polished gentleman, of old descent in Herefordshire, connected with the Jenkinson family, and tutor to the second Lord Liverpool. He was successively Bishop of Bristol in 1797, Hereford 1802, and lastly, in 1808, Hurd's successor at Worcester. He died in 1831. † Dr. Horsley.

‡ The preacher was Bishop Horsley; and his discourse was soon after published under the title of "A Sermon preached in the Abbey Church of St. Peter Westminster, Jan. 30, 1793, being the Anniversary of the Martyrdom of King Charles the First. With an Appendix concerning the Political Principles of Calvin: 1793." 4to.

The late tragedy in France* cannot be thought of without horror. It must raise an indignation in all men against the perpetrators, which may have no small effect in the present conjuncture.

Hartlebury Castle, April 15, 1793.

My dear Lord,—I am to thank your Lordship for both your kind letters of March 20 and April 6th; the latter of which brought the important news of Dumourier's affair,† now in part confirmed; though what is become of him or his army we still know not. At all events some good may be expected to result to the common cause from the defection of so enterprising an officer. . . .

The fine season that is coming on, and the pleasant walks you will take every day on the banks of your river, will refresh your spirits after your confinement in London, and make you as alert, I hope, as any of our old brethren you left behind you, and whose agility you commend so much.

. . . . . .

P.S. Lord Mansfield, as you say, is taken from us. He was so good as to mention me with great kindness in his will, which you may be sure is more grateful to me than his generous legacy. ‡

* The judicial murder of the King.

† General Dumourier, commander of the French army, went over to the Allies.

‡ "Lady Mary Milbanke and Lady Charlotte Wentworth have 200*l.* each; and Lord Kinnoul, the Archbishop of York (Markham), and the Bishop of Worcester 100*l.* each, as a token of their being remembered with the warmest affection." (Abstract of Lord Mansfield's will in the Gentleman's Magazine for April, 1793.) Lord Mansfield died on the 20th March, 1793, in his 89th year (see the Addenda).

Hartlebury Castle, Dec. 2, 1793.

My good Lord,—..... I shall rely much on your Lordship's favour in communicating to me from time to time such intelligence of the more important public concerns, as may be depended upon. As to literary news, I suppose there will be none worth reporting. And, indeed I grow every day more indifferent to these things. There is much quackery in the new books I chance to see, and very little information. I suspect our good friend of Winchester* is cured by this time of his bibliomania .....

Hartlebury Castle, Aug. 4, 1794.

My Lord,—..... As to continental matters, they seem, as you say, desperate. But perhaps we have confided too much in ourselves, or in a good cause. Perhaps it may please God to quell these Titans by his own outstretched arm, or to humble and try us by his judgments, that we may be kept at least from running into the unparalleled excesses of our neighbours. But there is no end of conjectures. It is our wisdom, as well as duty, to hope and trust in God, and to commit the issue of this contest to his sovereign disposal..... I remain, faithfully, &c.

R. Worcester.

BISHOP BUTLER TO DR. HENRY FORD.†

Hereford, March 27, 1795.

Dear Sir,— ..... Have you seen the Bishop of Worcester's account of Bishop Warburton just published by way

* Probably Dr. Balguy.

† Henry Ford, of Christ Church, Oxford, B.A. 1780, M.A. 1783, D.C.L. 1788, Principal of Magdalen Hall, Lord Almoner's Reader in Arabic, and Rector of Cradley, in the diocese of Hereford, besides other preferments. He died in 1813, aged 61.

of preface to the quarto edition of his Works? It is a masterly performance, a true picture of his hero, drawn with so much candour, and so amiable a Christian spirit, but without the least appearance of intention, that it exhibits an excellent likeness of himself. I have been delighted with it in both respects, and at the same time entertained by it as an agreeable piece of literary history. . . . . Yours most faithfully, J. HEREFORD.

BISHOP HURD TO BISHOP BUTLER.

Hartlebury Castle, April 20, 1795.

MY DEAR LORD,—I am much flattered by the kind manner in which you speak of the *Prefatory Discourse*, though I know what allowance must, in all reason, be made for your friendly partiality to the author. It is enough that your Lordship thinks I have not dishonoured my subject. The Bishop's Life and writings will be the best vouchers for the fidelity of his panegyrist. As to the Bishops Secker and Lowth, I have not only been just, but civil to them. Yet it will not surprise me to find that their blind admirers think otherwise. . . . . .

Hartlebury Castle, Aug. 8, 1796.

MY LORD,—I have great satisfaction in your kind letter of the 2nd, and in the good account you give me of your own health. I call it a good account, because the gradual decays and languor of age are of course to be expected, and should pass for nothing with either of us, at near eighty. You are very kind in expressing so much reluctance to give up the thought of visiting Hartlebury. Yet you leave me some hope of this pleasure, if the cool weather should continue and bring you so near us as Cradley.* However, I

* The residence of Dr. Ford.

am too reasonable to press this extension of your journey upon you at the least risk of your health or convenience.

I have had a recent instance myself of the fatigue which attends travelling, and the discomfort of being from home under many infirmities; I mean in the late visitation of my diocese; which, though managed with great care, and at proper intervals, was very irksome to me. In general, solitude, or at least repose, should be the companion of old age. But enough on this subject. . . . . For ourselves, my good Lord, we have only to look forward, as you well express it, to the end of our journey. Whenever it arrives (and it can be at no great distance), it will find us, I hope, contented and resigned, and not unprepared, because fortified with that hope which enters within the veil. With this pleasing augury I conclude your present trouble, and am faithfully, my dear Lord, &c. R. WORCESTER.

Hartlebury Castle, March 21, 1800.

MY DEAR LORD,—I am perfectly satisfied and obliged by all you say on the subject of my letter. I am no intriguer myself in matters of preferment, and am therefore not apt to suspect others. If I had known the truth of the case, I should not have said one word to you; and indeed that *one* was extorted from me by the importunity of a good man, to whom I could not refuse such a request. However, I am far from wishing to serve him at the expense of your own convenience and honour.

Hartlebury Castle, July 10, 1801.

MY DEAR LORD,—I had great pleasure in receiving yesterday your kind and welcome favour of the 6th, and soon after the present of your new volume of Sermons. I envy you the power of employing yourself so well and usefully

at so late a period of life. I myself at nearly the same age am able to write nothing, and even to read but little; but I shall not be satisfied till my nephew has read to me the whole of this volume, from which I doubt not we shall both of us receive much entertainment, and, what is better, much edification. The last words of good men are entitled to great regard. When we have drawn this benefit to ourselves from your valuable work, I shall place it in my library among those of such of our friends as we most esteem, and leave them altogether as a legacy to my successors.

Hartlebury Castle, July 31, 1801.

My good Lord,—I have now, at length, gone through the volume of Sermons you favoured me with, and can honestly join with my Lord Thurlow and your other friends in the commendation of it.

The Sermons, indeed, speak their own merit; a constant vein of piety, good sense, and sound divinity, pervading them all. I am particularly pleased with the *first* of them, in which you happily explain the important word *ἀγάπη* in your text. . . . . .

P.S.—I wonder how you found artists at Hereford capable of giving so good a likeness of you as that prefixed to your book. . . . . .

[In 1795 or 1796.]

I thank you, my good Lord, for your kind favour of the 4th, the contents of which are new and curious.

I had never before heard of Mr. Reinbeck, and I think I can be confident that Bishop Warburton had not, at least when he planned, and had in part composed, the Divine Legation of Moses; for he published his Alliance in 1736, and in a postscript to that edition he announces, and describes at large, the argument of the Divine Legation.

Whether Mr. Reinbeck might not have heard something of this work by 1738 is not so certain; but I can easily believe, with you, that both these divines might hit upon the same thought without any communication with each other. In this case, as your Lordship observes, the English divine escapes that charge of singularity which has so often been objected to him, and the Prussian comes in for a share in the credit of the discovery.

I thank you for the offer of translating this remarkable passage from the German original, but will not give you that trouble, which could only assure me of the fact, and of that I am perfectly convinced by your letter.

I envy you the pleasure you still find in reading; for myself, I have lost much of my taste for that exercise, or rather of my ability to profit by it; but I submit to this as I do as well as I can to my many other infirmities.

I know not whether the repairs of your church* be completely finished. I think of going to Worcester next week, and of visiting mine, which they tell me is improving very much both withinside and without. Such is the activity of our new dean† and your old friend Dr. Onslow! . . .

* Hereford Cathedral, of which the roof had fallen, was at this time, and for some years after, in the course of restoration.

† Arthur Onslow, D.D. was appointed Dean of Worcester in 1795. He died in 1849.

EXTRACTS

FROM

BISHOP HURD'S

PUBLISHED WORKS.

OBJECT AND EXTENT OF PROPHECY.

THE text* as here interpreted, and in full consonance with the tenor of the sacred writings, implies this fact, that prophecy in general (that is, all the prophecies of the Old and New Testaments,) hath its ultimate accomplishment in the history of Jesus.

But now, if we look into those writings we find,

1. That prophecy is of a prodigious extent, that it commenced from the fall of man, and reaches to the consummation of all things; that for many ages it was delivered darkly, to few persons, and with large intervals from the date of one prophecy to that of another, but at length became more clear, more frequent, and was uniformly carried on in the line of one people, separated from the rest of the world; among other reasons assigned, for this principally, to be the repository of the divine oracles: that, with some intermission, the spirit of prophecy subsisted among that people to the coming of Christ: that he himself and his apostles exercised this power in the most conspicuous manner, and left behind them many predictions recorded in the books of the New Testament, which profess to respect very distant events, and even run out to the end of time, or, in St. John's expression, to that period "when the mystery of God shall be perfected."

2. Further, besides the extent of this prophetic scheme, the dignity of the *Person* whom it concerns deserves our consideration. He is described in terms which excite the most august and magnificent ideas. He is spoken of in-

* Rev. xix. 10.

deed sometimes as being "the seed of the woman," and as "the son of man," yet so as being at the same time of more than mortal extraction. He is even represented to us as being superior to men and angels; as far above all principality and power, above all that is accounted great, whether in heaven or in earth; as the Word and wisdom of God; as the eternal Son of the Father; as the heir of all things, by whom he made the worlds; as the brightness of his glory and the express image of his person.

We have no words to denote greater ideas than these: the mind of man cannot elevate itself to nobler conceptions. Of such transcendent worth and excellence is that Jesus said to be, to whom all the prophets bear witness!

3. Lastly, the declared *purpose* for which the Messiah, prefigured by so long a train of prophecy, came into the world, corresponds to all the rest of the representation. It was not to deliver an oppressed nation from civil tyranny, or to erect a great civil empire, that is, to achieve one of those acts which history accounts most heroic;—no, it was not a mighty state, a victor people,

Non res Romanæ perituraque regna——

that was worthy to enter into the contemplation of this Divine Person. It was another and far sublimer purpose which he came to accomplish, a purpose in comparison of which all our policies are poor and little, and all the performances of man as nothing. It was to deliver a world from ruin; to abolish sin and death; to purify and immortalise human nature; and thus, in the most exalted sense of the words, to be the Saviour of all men, and the blessing of all nations. There is no exaggeration in this account. I deliver the undoubted sense, if not always the very words, of Scripture.

Consider, then, to what this representation amounts—let us unite the several parts of it, and bring them to point. A

spirit of prophecy pervading all time, characterising one person of the highest dignity, and proclaiming the accomplishment of one purpose, the most beneficent, the most divine that imagination itself can project. Such is the scriptural delineation, whether we will receive it or no, of that economy which we call prophetic. (Introduction to the Study of the Prophecies, &c. Serm. 2.)

. . . . Is it credible that this perennial fount of prophecy, which ran so copiously from Adam to Christ, and watered all the ages of the Jewish Church, should stop at once in so critical a season, and should never flow again in any future age, if fortune or fraud or fanaticism had dispersed its streams, if anything indeed but the hand of God had opened its source and directed its current? (Id. Serm. 5.)

MISSIONS TO THE HEATHEN.

Look on the various wild and uncivilized tribes of men, of whatever name or colour, which our ambition, or avarice, or curiosity has discovered in the New or Old World; and say, if the sight of human nature in such crying distress, in such sordid, disgraceful, and more than brutal wretchedness, be not enough to make us fly with ardour to their relief, and better accommodation.

To impart some ideas of order and civility to their rude minds is an effort of true generosity. But, if we can find means at the same time, or in consequence of such civility, to infuse a sense of God and religion, of the virtues and hopes which spring out of faith in Christ, and which open a scene of consolation and glory to them, who but must regard this as an act of the most sublime charity?

Indeed the difficulties, the dangers, the distresses of all

sorts, which must be encountered by the Christian missionary, require a more than ordinary degree of that virtue (*i. e.* charity), and will only be sustained by *him*, whom a fervent love of Christ and the quickening graces of his spirit have anointed, as it were, and consecrated to this arduous service. Then it is, that we have seen the faithful minister of the word go forth with the zeal of an apostle, and the constancy of a martyr. We have seen him forsake ease and affluence; a competency at least, and the ordinary comforts of society; and, with the gospel in his hand and his Saviour in his heart, make his way through burning deserts and the howling wilderness; braving the rage of climates, and all the inconveniences of perilous voyages; submitting to the drudgery of learning barbarous languages, and to the disgust of complying with barbarous manners; watching the dark suspicions, and exposed to the capricious fury, of impotent savages; courting their offensive society, adopting their loathsome customs, and assimilating his very nature almost to theirs; in a word, *enduring all things*, *becoming all things*, in the patient hope of finding a way to their good opinion, and of succeeding, finally, in his unwearied endeavours to make the word of life and salvation not unacceptable to them.

I confess, when I reflect on all these things, I humble myself before such heroic virtue; or rather, I adore the grace of God in Christ Jesus, which is able to produce such examples of it in our degenerate world. (Sermon before the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. Works, vol. viii. pp. 28—30.)

TRUE AND FALSE POLITENESS.

True politeness is modest, unpretending, and generous. It appears as little as may be, and when it does a courtesy would willingly conceal it. It chuses silently to forego its own claims, not officiously to withdraw them. It engages a

man to *prefer his neighbour to himself* because he really esteems him; because he is tender of his reputation; because he thinks it more manly, more Christian, to descend a little himself, than to degrade another. It respects, in a word, the *credit and estimation* of his neighbour.

The mimic of this amiable virtue, *false politeness*, is, on the other hand, ambitious, servile, timorous. It affects popularity; is solicitous to please and to be taken notice of. The man of this character does not offer, but obtrude, his civilities: because he would merit by this assiduity; because, in despair of winning regard by any worthier qualities, he would be sure to make the most of this; and lastly, because, of all things, he would dread by the omission of any punctilious observance to give offence. In a word, this sort of politeness respects for its immediate object the *favour and consideration* of our neighbour.

Again: the man who governs himself by the *spirit* of the apostle's precept expresses his *preference of another* in such a way as is worthy of himself: in all innocent compliances, in all honest civilities, in all decent and manly condescension.

On the contrary, the man of the world, who rests in the *letter* of this command, is regardless of the *means* by which he conducts himself. He respects neither his own dignity, nor that of human nature. Truth, reason, virtue, all are equally betrayed by this supple impostor. He assents to the errors, though the most pernicious,—he applauds the follies, though the most ridiculous,—he soothes the vices, though the most flagrant, of other men. He never contradicts, though in the softest form of insinuation; he never disapproves, though by a respectful silence; he never condemns, though it be only by a good example. In short, he is solicitous for nothing but by some studied devices to hide from others, and if possible to palliate to himself, the grossness of his illiberal adulation.

Lastly, we may be sure that the ultimate ends, for which these different objects are pursued, and by so different means, must also lie wide of each other.

Accordingly, the truly polite man would by all proper testimonies of respect promote the credit and estimation of his neighbour, because he sees that by this generous consideration of each other the peace of the world is in a good degree preserved; because he knows that these mutual attentions prevent animosities, soften the fierceness of men's manners, and dispose them to all the offices of benevolence and charity; because, in a word, the interests of society are best served by this conduct; and because he understands it to be his duty *to love his neighbour.*

The falsely polite, on the contrary, are anxious by all means whatever to procure the favour and consideration of those they converse with, because they regard ultimately nothing more than their private interest; because they perceive that their own selfish designs are best carried on by such practices: in a word, because they *love themselves.*

Thus we see the *genuine virtue* consults the honour of others by worthy means, and for the noblest purpose; the *counterfeit* solicits their favour by dishonest compliances, and for the basest end. (Sermons at Lincoln's Inn, vol. i. serm. 9.)

NATURAL AND REVEALED RELIGION.

The religion of nature is the law of God speaking by the voice of reason: the religion of the Gospel is the law of God speaking by the revelation of Jesus. Each of these laws is deservedly called a great salvation: the former as the basis of all true religion: the latter, as the consummation of all God's religious dispensations to mankind.

Concerning the different purpose and genius of these laws I shall not now speak; at least no further than is ne-

cessary to enforce the apostle's pathetic question, "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" if we neglect to observe these laws respectively given to promote man's truest happiness.

The world abounds in commentaries on the law of Nature, and on the law of Christianity. But the misfortune is, that most men regard the study of these laws rather as an exercise of the mind, in the way of curious speculation, than as an interesting pursuit, which concerns their moral and religious practice; which is just the same folly as would be charged on those who should spend their lives in studying the municipal laws of their country, with a total unconcern about the observance of them in their own persons.*

Indeed the penal sanctions which attend the violation of those laws would presently reclaim the student from this folly, and remind him of the end to which his skill and knowlege in them should be principally directed. And if, in the study of general morals, or of revealed truth, he neglect to refer his speculations to practice, it is only because the penalties are less instant, or less constraining; and not that either the law of Nature or the law of the Gospel is without its proper and suitable sanctions. (Sermons at Lincoln's Inn, vol. i. serm. 5.)

* The reader will admire the delicacy and dexterity, as well as the force of this insinuation, as addressed to an audience of the legal profession.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

MR. ADDISON *(loquitur)*.

. . . Those two great events of her time, the establishment of the Reformation, and the triumph over the power of Spain, cast an uncommon lustre on the reign of ELIZABETH. Posterity, dazzled with these obvious successes, went into an excessive admiration of her personal virtues. And what has served to brighten them the more, is the place in which we chance to find her, between the bigot queen on the one hand, and the pedant king on the other. No wonder then that on the first glance her government appear able and even glorious. Yet in looking into particulars, we find that much is to be attributed to fortune, as well as skill; and that her glory is even lessened by considerations, which, on a careless view, may seem to augment it. The difficulties she had to encounter were great; yet these very difficulties of themselves created the proper means to surmount them. They sharpened the wits, inflamed the spirits, and united the affections of a whole people. The name of her great enemy on the continent, at that time, carried terror with it. Yet his power was in reality much less than it appeared. The Spanish empire was corrupt and weak, and tottered under its own weight. But this was a secret even to the Spaniard himself. In the mean time, the confidence which the opinion of great strength inspires was a favourable circumstance. It occasioned a remissness and neglect of counsel on one side in proportion as it raised the utmost vigilance and circum-

spection on the other. But this was not all. The religious feuds in the Low Countries, the civil wars in France, the distractions in Scotland, all concurred to advance the fortunes of Elizabeth. Yet all had, perhaps, been too little in that grand crisis of her fate, and, as it fell out, of her glory, if the conspiring elements themselves had not fought for her.

Such is the natural account of her foreign triumphs. Her domestic successes admit as easy a solution. Those external dangers themselves, the genius of the time, the state of religious parties, nay, the very factions of her court,—all of them directly or by the slightest application of her policy administered to her greatness. Such was the condition of the times, that it forced her to assume the semblance, at least, of some popular virtues: and so singular her fortune, that her very vices became as respectable, perhaps more useful to her reputation, than her virtues. She was vigilant in her counsels; careful in the choice of her servants; courteous and condescending to her subjects. She appeared to have an extreme tenderness for the interests, and an extreme zeal for the honour, of the nation. This was the bright side of her character; and it shone the brighter from the constant and imminent dangers to which she was exposed. On the other hand she was choleric, and imperious; jealous, timid, and avaricious; oppressive, as far as she durst; in many cases capricious, in some tyrannical. Yet these vices, some of them sharpened and refined her policy, and the rest, operating chiefly towards her courtiers and dependents, strengthened her authority, and rooted her more firmly in the hearts of her people. The mingled splendour of these qualities, good and bad (for even her worst had the luck, when seen but on one side, or in well-disposed lights, to look like good ones), so far dazzled the eyes of all, that they did not or would not see many outrageous acts of tyranny and oppression.

And thus it hath come to pass that, with some ability,

more cunning, and little real virtue, the name of Elizabeth is, by the concurrence of many accidental causes, become the most revered of any in the long roll of our princes. How little she merited this honour may appear from this slight sketch of her character and government. Yet, when all proper abatement is made in both, I will not deny her to have been a great, that is a *fortunate*, Queen; in this perhaps the most fortunate, that she has attained to so unrivalled a glory with so few pretensions to deserve it.

And so, (replied Dr. ARBUTHNOT,) you have concluded your invective in full form, and rounded it, as the ancient orators used to do, with all the advantage of a preroration. But setting aside this trick of eloquence, which is apt indeed to confound a plain man, unused to such artifices, I see not but you have left the argument much as you took it up; and that I may still have leave to retain my former reverence for the good old times of Queen Elizabeth. It is true, she had some foibles. You have spared, I believe, none of them, But, to make amends for these defects, let but the history of her reign speak for her, I mean in its own artless language, neither corrupted by flattery, nor tortured by invidious glosses; and we must ever conceive of her, I will not say as the most faultless, perhaps not the most virtuous, but surely the most able, and, from the splendour of some leading qualities, the most glorious of our English monarchs.

To give you my notion of her in few words—for the dispute, I find, must end as most others usually do, in the simple representation of our own notions—she was discreet, frugal, provident, and sagacious; intent on the pursuit of her great ends, the establishment of religion and the security and honour of her people; prudent in the choice of the best means to effect them, the employment of able servants and the management of the public revenue; dexterous at improving all advantages which her own wisdom or the circumstances of the times gave her; fearless and intrepid

in the execution of great designs, yet careful to unite the deepest foresight with her magnanimity. If she seemed avaricious, let it be considered that the nicest frugality was but necessary in her situation; if imperious, that a female government needed to be made respectable by a shew of authority; and if at any time oppressive, that the English constitution, as it then stood, as well as her own nature, had a great deal of that bias.

In a word, let it be remembered that she had the honour of ruling, perhaps of forming, the wisest, the bravest, the most virtuous people that have adorned any age or country; and that she advanced the glory of the English name and that of her own dignity to a height which has no parallel in the annals of our nation. (Moral and Political Dialogues, Dialogue iv.)

DEFENCE OF THE ITALIAN POETS AGAINST (SO CALLED) PHILOSOPHICAL CRITICS.

. . . The only criticism worth regarding is that which these critics lay claim to, the philosophical. But there is a sort which looks like philosophy and is not. May not that be the case here?

This criticism, whatever name it deserves, supposes that the poets, who are liars by profession, expect to have their lies believed. Surely they are not so unreasonable. They think it enough if they can but bring you to imagine the possibility of them.

And how small a matter will serve for this!—a legend, a tale, a tradition, a rumour, a superstition; in short, any thing is enough to be the basis of their air-formed visions. Does any capable reader trouble himself about the truth or even the credibility of their fancies? Alas, no; he is best pleased when he is made to conceive (he minds not by what

magic) the existence of such things as his reason tells him did not and were never likely to exist . . .

So little account does this wicked Poetry make of philosophical or historical truth: all she allows us to look for is poetical truth; a very slender thing indeed, and which the poet's eye when rolling in a fine frenzy can but just lay hold of. To speak in the philosophic language of Mr. Hobbes; it is something much *beyond the actual bounds and only within the conceived possibility of nature.*

But the source of bad criticism, as universally of bad philosophy, is the abuse of terms. A poet, they say, must follow *nature;* and by nature we are to suppose can only be meant the known and experienced course of affairs in this world; whereas the poet has a world of his own, where experience has less to do than consistent imagination.

He has, besides, a supernatural world to range it. He has gods and fairies and witches at his command: and,

> —— O! who can tell
> The hidden power of herbes, and might of magic spell!
> Spenser, b. v. c. 2.

Thus, in the poet's world, all is marvellous and extraordinary; yet not *unnatural* in one sense, as it agrees to the conceptions that are really entertained of these magical and wonder-working natures.

This trite maxim of *following nature* is further mistaken in applying it indiscriminately to all sorts of poetry.

In those species which have men and manners professedly for their theme, a strict conformity with human nature is reasonably demanded.

> Non hic Centauros, non Gorgonas, Harpyiasque
> Invenies: Hominem pagina nostra sapit,

is a proper motto for a book of Epigrams, but would make a poor figure at the head of an Epic Poem.

Still further, in those species that address themselves to the heart, and would obtain their end, not through the *imagination*, but through the *passions*,—there the liberty of transgressing nature, I mean the real powers and properties of human nature, is infinitely restrained; and *poetical* truth is, under these circumstances, almost as severe a thing as *historical*. The reason is, we must first *believe* before we can be *affected*.

But the case is different with the more sublime and creative poetry. This species, addressing itself solely or principally to the imagination, a young and credulous faculty, which loves to admire and to be deceived, has no need to observe those cautious rules of credibility so necessary to be followed by him who would touch the affections and interest the heart. . . . . .

Critics may talk what they will of *truth* and *nature*, and abuse the Italian poets as they will for transgressing both in their incredible fictions. But, believe it, my friend, these fictions, with which they have studied to delude the world, are of that kind of creditable deceits of which a wise ancient pronounces with assurance, "That they who deceive are honester than they who do not deceive, and they who are deceived, wiser than they who are not deceived." (Letters on Chivalry and Romance, lett. x.)

PARALLEL OF PETRARCH AND ROUSSEAU.

Were ever two men so like each other as this citizen of Rome and the citizen of Geneva? Great elegance of mind and sensibility of temper in our two citizens,—the same pride of virtue and love of liberty in each; but these principles easily overpowered by the ruling passion, viz. an immoderate vanity and self-importance. One sees in both the same inconstancy and restlessness of humour, the same caprice, and spleen,

and delicacy. Both ingenious and eloquent in a high degree; both impelled by an equal enthusiasm, though directed towards different objects; Petrarch's towards the glory of the Roman name; Rousseau's towards his idol of a state of nature. Both querulous, impatient, and unhappy: the one religious indeed, and the other an *esprit fort:* but may not Petrarch's spite to *Babylon* [*i. e.* the Popedom at Avignon] be considered in his time as a species of *free thinking?* Both susceptible of high passions in love and friendship; but of the two, the Italian more constant, and less umbrageous. In a word, both mad; but Rousseau's madness of a darker vein; Petrarch's the finer and more amiable phrensy. (Warburton Correspondence, letter ccix.)

KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD.

It is this art of entering into the characters, prejudices, and expectations of others, and of knowing how to suit our application prudently, but with innocence, to them, which constitutes what we call A KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD. An art of which the great poet (Horace) was a consummate master, and than which there cannot be a more useful or amiable quality.* Only we must take care not to confound it with that supple, versatile, and intriguing genius, which, taking all shapes and reflecting all characters, generally passes for it in the commerce of the world, or rather is prized much above it; but, as requiring no other talents in the possessor than those of a *low cunning* and *corrupt design*, is of all others the most mischievous, worthless, and contemptible character, that infests human life. (Ep. to Augustus, note to line 118.)

* The Bishop's own character exhibited a remarkable instance of the quality which he here so accurately describes, and so nicely distinguishes from its counterfeit.

MR. LOCKE'S DIVINATION RESPECTING THE ENGLISH UNIVERSITIES.

Now I have taken upon me to divine so much of the future condition of the universities, let me paint to you more particularly what I conceive of their growing improvements; and in a kind of prophetic strain, such as old age, they say, pretends to, and may be indulged in, delineate to you a faint prospect of those brighter days which I see rising upon us.

The time will come, my Lord,* and I even assure myself it is at no great distance, when the Universities of England will be as respectable for the learning they teach, the principles they instil, and the morals they inculcate, as they are now contemptible, in your Lordship's eye at least, on these several accounts.

I see the day when a scholastic theology shall give place to a rational divinity conducted on the principles of sound criticism and well-interpreted Scripture; when their sums and systems shall fly before enlightened reason and sober speculation; when a fanciful, precarious, and hypothetic philosophy shall desert their schools, and be replaced by real science supporting itself on the sure grounds of experiment and cautious observation; when their physics shall be fact, their metaphysics common sense, and their ethics human nature.

Do I flatter myself with fond imaginations, my Lord? Or is not the time at hand when St. Paul shall lecture our divines, and not Calvin; our Bacons and Boyles expel Aristotle; Mr. Newton fill the chair of Descartes; and even your friend (if your Lordship can forgive the arrogance of placing himself by the side of such men,) take the lead of Burgersdicius?

* Addressing Lord Shaftesbury.

Still, my Lord, my prophetic eye penetrates further. Amidst these improvements in real science, the languages shall be learnt for use and not pedantry; your Lordship's admired ancients shall be respected and not idolised; the forms of classic composition be emulated; and a set of men arise, even beneath the shade of our academic cloisters, that shall polish the taste, as well as advance the knowledge, of their country.

Yet, I am but half-way in the portraiture of my vision. The appointed lecturers of our youth, whom your Lordship loves to qualify with the name of *bearded boys*, shall adopt the manners of men; shall instruct with knowledge, and persuade with reason; shall be the first to explode slavish doctrines and narrow principles; shall exterminate riot and debauchery from their walls; and, which is the first and last part of a good education, set the noble and ingenuous youth entrusted to their care the brightest examples of diligence, sobriety, and virtue.

Perhaps in those days a freer commerce shall be opened with the world: the students of our colleges be ambitious of appearing in good company, and a general civility prevail where your Lordship sees nothing at present but barbarism and rudeness.

Nay, who knows but in this different state of things the arts themselves may gain admission into these seminaries, and even the exercises be taught there which our noble youth are now sent to acquire on the continent?

Such, I persuade myself, if the presage of old experience may pass for anything, is the happier scene which a little time shall disclose to your view in our English Universities. What its duration may be, I cannot discover. Much will depend on the general manners and the public encouragement. In the meantime, if any cloud rest upon it, it will not arise immediately from within, but from the little, or what is worse the ill-directed, favour which the great shall

vouchsafe to shew to places so qualified and so deserving their protection.

Yet after all I have seen, or perhaps dreamt, as your Lordship may rather object to me, of the flourishing estate of our Universities, and of their extreme fitness in all respects to answer the ends of their institution, I cannot be mistaken in one prediction, "that the mode of Travel will still continue; perhaps its fury will increase; and our youth of quality be still sent abroad for their education, when every reason shall cease which your Lordship has now alleged in favour of that practice." (Moral and Political Dialogues, Dialogue on Foreign Travel.)

ADDENDA.

ADDENDA.

P. 36. *Warburton and Hurd*—"their taste in literature."—This assertion must be qualified by a comparison with what is said by Mr. Cradock on this subject at p. 127.

P. 38. *Mr. Charles Yorke.*—It may seem strange that after the close intimacy which had so long subsisted between Hurd and Warburton and Mr. Charles Yorke, and the substantial benefits both had received from him, hardly any mention of that excellent and accomplished friend and benefactor should after his decease be found in the letters of either. Of forgetfulness or ingratitude the known character of both Bishops forbids the slightest suspicion. The Editor can account for it only from the subject being of too delicate and distressing a nature (considering the mysterious circumstances of his death) to allow them to allude to it, except perhaps in letters deemed too private for preservation with the chance of being at some time given to the world. The only allusion I find in Bishop Hurd's Works is in a note to his fourth letter on Chivalry, where he thus speaks of him:

"The late Right Honourable Charles Yorke, who to all the learning of his own profession joined an exact taste, and very extensive knowledge of polite literature. What follows is an extract from a long letter which that excellent person did me the honour to write to me on the subject of these letters, when he had read them in the first edition."

P. 46, l. 4. *Mr. Allen.*—This notice of Mr. Allen will be properly accompanied by some account of his celebrated

residence, Prior Park. Of this Mr. Collinson in his History of Somerset gives the following description:

"This magnificent building stands on a terrace about 100 feet below the summit of Combe Down, and 400 above the city of Bath, from which it is one mile and a half distant, to the south-east. It consists of a house in the centre, two pavilions, and two wings of offices, all united by arcades, and making one continued line of building between 1,200 and 1,300 feet in front, of which the house occupies 150. It is built in the Corinthian style, upon a rustic basement, and crowned by a balustrade. The centre part projecting from the plane forms one of the most correct and noble porticoes in the kingdom, supported by six large, lofty, and superb columns. At the bottom of the lawn before the house is a piece of water, and over it a Palladian bridge, at the head of a considerable lake plentifully stocked with fish."

This account hardly does justice to the pleasure grounds of Prior Park, which from the peculiarity of the graceful slope of the ground in front, flanked by hanging woods, the vista terminating in the bridge and lake, with a distant glimpse of Bath, form, for their extent, one of the most picturesque scenes in the West of England. The house itself has of late years been deprived of all its symmetry and beauty by the addition of extensive buildings to fit it for the purpose of a Roman Catholic college.

After Mr. Allen's death Bishop Warburton erected on an eminence above the house a triangular building surmounted by a circular superstructure, (the whole not in the best taste,) which he called the Prior's Tower. Over the door was a slab bearing the following inscription from the pen of Bishop Hurd:

MEMORIÆ SACRUM
OPTIMI VIRI, RADULPHI ALLEN.
QUI VIRTUTEM VERAM SIMPLICEMQUE COLIS,
VENERARE HOC SAXUM.

This building, now called "The Monument," is still standing, though in a defaced state. The inscription has long since disappeared.

It may here be added that under a spirited etching of Mr. Allen by Hoare of Bath, prefixed to the subsequent editions of his Moral and Political Dialogues, the Bishop has recorded his further estimate of Mr. Allen's character in the following striking words of Seneca:

"Si nobis animum boni viri liceret inspicere, O quàm pulchram faciem, quàm sanctam, quàm ex magnifico placidoque fulgentem videremus! Nemo illum amabilem, qui non simul venerabilem diceret."

In a letter to Bishop Warburton dated Wimpole, Sept. 30, 1746, Mr. Yorke, alluding to a recent visit to Prior Park, speaks thus of it and its possessors:

"I was extremely sorry to be deprived of your company at a time and place which would have heightened the enjoyment to me. Indeed nothing could have made amends for this loss in any tolerable degree but the great kindness and politeness with which I was received by the owners themselves of Prior Park. The natural beauties of wood, water, and prospect, hill and dale, wilderness and cultivation, make it one of the most delightful spots I ever saw, without adding any thing from art. The elegance and judgment with which art has been employed, and the affectation of false grandeur carefully avoided, make one wonder how it could be so busy there without spoiling any thing received from nature. But even scenes of this kind, which had alone made other places agreeable in my journey, were the least of its charms to me. I soon found those scenes animated by the presence of the master; the tranquillity and harmony of the whole only reflecting back the image of his own temper,—an appearance of wealth and plenty with plainness and frugality, and yet no one envying because all are warmed into friendship and gratitude by the rays

of his benevolence." (Warburton Correspondence, 499, 8vo. edit.)

Another letter of Mr. Yorke to Bishop Warburton, dated July 11, 1764, on occasion of Mr. Allen's death, contains the following elegant and feeling encomium:

"If an event of that sort could strike or wound me after so many losses in my own family immediately following one another, this event must make the strongest impression, as it related to myself, who regret a friend, and to your Lordship who mourns a parent. But such he truly was to all mankind,—to all who came within the reach of his care and bounty. In short he was a rare example of piety and charity; one of those excellent persons who always die too soon for the world. He will be sincerely and universally lamented. And that circumstance I have often thought a pleasing advantage which amiable and benevolent men have over the great and ambitious." (Ibid. p. 608.)

P. 49, l. 12.—The following passages omitted in printing the letter are here restored:—

"I have been to call on Whitehead,* but to no purpose. My engagements are so many, and he lives at such a distance, that I almost despair of seeing him. However, I shall make another attempt one of these days.

* William Whitehead was the son of a baker at Cambridge; educated at Winchester, where he was distinguished as a classical scholar: Sizar of Clare Hall 1735, M.A. 1743. In 1750 he wrote his "Roman Father," and in 1754 his "Creusa," and out of the proceeds of his plays he paid his father's debts. In 1754 he went abroad as Governor to Lord Villiers and Lord Nuneham. He was made Secretary and Registrar of the Order of the Bath; and in 1757 Poet Laureate. By his amiable manners and intelligent conversation he recommended himself to the special notice of Powell, Balguy, Ogden, Stebbing, and Hurd. He died in 1785, aged 70, and his Memoirs were published by Mason in 1788. (See Nichols's Lit. Anecd. vol. iii. p. 196.)

"I met at Mr. Charles Yorke's the other day our friend Dr. Tunstall.* He is grown enormously fat, whether it be the effect of a good living or a good wife I know not. However, he still talks of Tully, and has even enlarged his plan, being determined, it seems, to publish all his other books, as well as his Epistles to Atticus. We laughed at what may be called the doctor's *critical justice*. He has robbed Cicero of one part of his writings, but resolves to make amends for this injury by giving him a better thing, for he has unanswerable reasons, he says, for ascribing the books *ad Herennium* to him, which will more than balance the loss of a few letters.

"The talk of the accusation seems to be over, though the prosecution against the Recorder of N. is to go on with vigour. The S.† made a famous speech to the Council, which is said to have had a prodigious effect. Mr. Pelham desired a copy of it, which was given him, and is handed about in MS. among the great men. I have not got a sight of it yet, but 'tis spoken of with admiration."

P. 53. *The Delicacy of Friendship.*—It is not to be wondered at that the difference of the Bishop's temperament and opinions, and particularly his connection with Bishop Warburton, should have drawn upon him the intemperate and vituperative censure of that virulent controversialist Archdeacon Blackburne, who in the course of this quarrel assailed him in connection with Bishop Warburton in a passage of a bitter anonymous letter which is reprinted in Nichols's Illustrations of Literature, iii. 720.

* James Tunstall, of St. John's College, Cambridge, Public Orator 1741. He wrote "An Epistle to Dr. Conyers Middleton," questioning the genuineness of the Letters between Cicero and Brutus, followed by "Observations" on the same to confirm what he had before written. Born 1710, died 1772.

† Hon. Charles Yorke, Solicitor-General.

P. 69, l. 12, "Decorate my grounds."—The Editor is informed by the Rev. R. Waterfield, the present incumbent of Thurcaston, that although, in consequence of the great alterations in the Rectory House and gardens, there is nothing to connect them directly and personally with Bishop Hurd, there yet remains in the latter a long grass bank with fine spruce firs overshadowing it, still called Mason's Walk. Mr. Waterfield adds that, in the Bishop's time, the tithe-barn stood in front of the house. This circumstance gives credibility to a report that the Bishop opposed the removal of this unsightly object, that he might have constantly before him a memento of his humble origin.

P. 69. *Low Thurcaston's sequestered bower.*—This quotation is from Mason's elegy to his friend, written in 1759, and prefixed as a dedication to the former editions of his Caractacus.

The concluding lines of this elegant address possess more than poetical truth, as a picture of Hurd's character:

——Who graced by every liberal art,
That best might shine among the learned train,
Yet more excell'd in morals and in heart:
Whose equal mind could see vain Fortune shower
Her flimsy favours on the fawning crew,
While in low Thurcaston's sequester'd bower
She fixed him distant from promotion's view;
Yet, shelter'd there by calm Contentment's wing,
Pleased he could smile, and with sage Hooker's eye
"See from his mother earth God's blessings spring,
"And eat his bread in peace and privacy."

P. 69, l. 26. Mr. Cradock says of Hurd, "He was distant and lofty."—In abatement of the censure implied in this passage may be quoted the words of one who, besides his other claims to respectful attention, had known the Bishop long and intimately, the late Mr. John Nichols his printer:

"Let me be allowed to boast that, from the commencement of my typographic life to the day of his death, I had the honour of uninterruptedly enjoying his Lordship's patronage . . . . I had often the satisfaction of attending this good prelate officially, when he was only Mr. Hurd, in the business of his various learned works, and uniformly experienced the same gratifying affability, which was not lessened by the progressive dignities to which he was advanced. After Dr. Hurd was made a Bishop I have frequently been honoured with an invitation to his hospitable dinners, with a very small but select party of his Lordship's friends, when the ordinary feast, neat and elegant as it always was, formed the least part of the treat. The rich stores of a capacious and highly-cultivated mind were opened with the utmost placidity of manner, and were a never-failing source of instruction and delight." (Nichols's Literary Anecdotes, vol. vi. p. 600.)

P. 73. *Moral and Political Dialogues.*—Bishop Hurd's definition of the ancient philosophic dialogue is—

"An imitated and mannered conversation between certain real, known, and respected persons on some useful or serious subject, in an elegant and suitably adorned, but not characteristic, style."

Its object he further expresses thus:

"Though truth be not formally delivered in dialogue, it may be insinuated, and a capable writer will find means to do this so effectually, as in discussing both sides of a question to engage the reader insensibly on that side where the truth lies." (Preface to the Dialogues.)

This idea the Bishop has very successfully kept in view, and worked out in his own instructive and elegant performances.

With how much diligence he had prepared himself for the composition of this work is evident from the analysis

of Lucian's Dialogues and of the plays of Aristophanes which his Commonplace Book contains.

P. 78, l. 2. *Lord Clarendon's New History.*—See Bishop Hurd's Letter to Bishop Warburton on this subject, dated Aug. 26, the same year. (Correspondence, Letter cxxxiv.)

P. 84, l. 25. *Plutarch's Miscellanies.*—Of this treasury of good sense and practical philosophy Bishop Hurd has given in his Commonplace Book a complete analysis. This was evidently one of the sources from which both he and his friend Dr. Balguy drew their sober estimate of men and things.

It is much to be lamented that the works of an author so calculated to improve the judgment and form the character should make no part of the course of study at our universities.

P. 86, l. 4. *Little Ralph Warburton.*—Ralph Allen Warburton, only son of Bishop Warburton. He was born in 1756, received his early education under the Rev. Richard Graves, of Claverton, author of The Spiritual Quixote, and was entered of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, under the tuition of the Reverend Samuel, afterwards Bishop, Hallifax. Of his application to the noble study of the Roman Civil Law under that accomplished jurist, the Editor possesses an interesting evidence in a copious body of notes on part of Dr. Hallifax's analysis of that science. He died of consumption in 1775, at the early age of 19, to the inexpressible grief of his father, who, being then in the decline of his faculties, never recovered from this final shock.

With reference to this promising youth Mr. Malone records the following anecdote on the authority of Lord Hillsborough:—

"Bishop Warburton being asked by a friend to what

profession he meant to breed his son, who died young, ... said, it should be as he turned out. If he found him a lad of very good parts, he should make him a Lawyer; if but mediocre, he should bring him up a Physician; but if he proved a very dull fellow, he should put him into the Church." (Prior's Life of Malone, p. 445.)

The following epitaph inscribed on the family tomb in the churchyard of Claverton, near Bath, is attributed to Bishop Hurd:—

Near this place
lie the remains of
RALPH ALLEN WARBURTON,
the only son of
William Warburton, Lord Bishop of Gloucester,
and Gertrude his wife,
who died July 28, 1775,
aged 19 years.
He was a youth
eminently distinguished
for goodness of heart, elegance of manners,
and gracefulness of person.
How transient are human endowments!
How vain are human hopes!
Reader,
prepare for eternity.

P. 89, l. 11. *Observations*, *i. e.* on Spenser's Faëry Queen.

P. 92, l. 27. "He even desired," &c.—For the cause of a temporary misunderstanding between Mr. Pitt and Mr. Allen during the preceding year, see Lord Mahon's History of England, vol. ii. pp. 40, 41; see also the Chatham Correspondence.

P. 94, note. *Dr. Thomas Leland.*—In the year 1762 the fanatical excesses of the time drew from Bishop Warburton

his "Doctrine of Divine Grace," &c. a work strongly marked by the characteristic excellences and defects of the writer; on the one hand his powerful advocacy of truth and exposure of error; on the other his light and ludicrous manner of treating the most serious subjects, and the unsparing severity of his personal castigations. An assertion in this work, on the nature and extent of inspired eloquence, having been controverted by Dr. Leland, the subject was taken up with undue warmth and unmerited stringency of remark by Dr. Hurd, who in the year 1764, (not in 1758, as erroneously stated at p. 72,) wrote the pamphlet here alluded to.

P. 96.—To the extracts from *Mr. Cradock's Reminiscences* the following addition referring to this period should be made:

"I was rather apprehensive of giving him (Dr. Hurd) offence by bringing out a tragedy at Covent Garden Theatre as taken in part from Voltaire; but, on the contrary, he mentioned it himself to me, and congratulated me on my success, but added, 'I think you have been rather remiss in not sending me a copy of it.' Of course I immediately took the hint; and he not only received it cordially, but afterwards spoke handsomely of the tragedy.

"It was about this period that Mr. Mason's Life of Gray was advertised; and he desired me to read it as soon as it appeared, and give him the particulars of the contents. I then perceived there was an *interregnum* in the friendship between him and Mr. Mason; for as soon as I looked over the book I was fully convinced that he had never been consulted about the publication. The censures passed on the University of Cambridge would by no means have suited; and I informed him that I was quite astonished at some of the affected vulgarisms in the letters of Mr. Gray. 'You were not aware then,' said he, 'of Mr. Gray's peculiar

humour?'—'I was aware, Sir, that Mr. Gray was a keen satirist; for I possess some of his epigrams, and some epitaphs that may as properly be called epigrams; but I could not have believed that Mr. Gray could have written such passages as, 'On a bank squats me I;' and 'Pray take care of catching an agoe.'—'I have no reply to make to you on the subject,' said he; 'the letters were never selected by me.' But not long afterwards he hastily accosted me with, 'Have you read the heroic postscript?* Who, I entreat you to tell me, is the author?' 'It has been imputed to several, Sir; amongst others, to your friend Mr. Walpole; but Mr. Garrick thinks it was written in part, if not wholly, by Mr. Mason.' 'And you could not give me better authority,' replied he; 'Mr. Garrick is a very discreet man, I had the pleasure of passing a most agreeable day in his company at Bishop Warburton's palace at Gloucester.' Some interruption of the cordiality subsisting formerly between the eminent critic and the author of Elfrida had then certainly taken place; but I am happy to add that Mr. Mason afterwards in very feeling terms addressed a sonnet to the 'Friend of his youth;' and I am convinced that all unfortunate differences were then entirely obliterated." (Miscellaneous Memoirs, p. 183-4.)

P. 105. *Lord Lyttelton.*—Hurd's coldness and distance on this occasion seems traceable to a feeling of disgust towards Lord Lyttelton for having changed his side in politics. (See p. 85.)

P. 108, l. 16. *Mr. Addison's writings.*—In a letter to his friend Mason, dated Thurcaston, Oct. 26, 1770, Bishop Hurd says; "I have found an amusement lately in turning over the works of Mr. Addison. I set out many years ago with a warm admiration of this amiable writer. I then took

* Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers.

a surfeit of his natural easy manner, and was taken (like my betters) with the rapturous and high flights of Shakespeare. My maturer judgment, or lenient age (call it which you will) has now led me back to the favourite of my youth. And here I think I shall stick: for such useful sense in so charming words I find not elsewhere. His taste is so pure, and his Virgilian prose (as Dr. Young calls it) so exquisite, that I have but now found out, at the close of a critical life, the full value of his writings."

The Bishop's admiration of Addison was not however blind and undiscriminating, as the following just and elegant estimate of his talents as a critic plainly shows:

"It gives one pain to refuse to such a writer as Mr. Addison *any kind* of merit which he appears to have valued himself upon, and which the generality of his readers have seemed willing to allow him. Yet it must not be dissembled that *criticism* was by no means his talent. His taste was truly elegant, but he had neither that vigour of understanding, nor chastised philosophical spirit, which are so essential to this character, and which we find in hardly any of the ancients besides Aristotle, and but in a very few of the moderns. For what concerns his *criticism on Milton* in particular, there was this accidental benefit arising from it, that it occasioned an admirable poet to be read, and his excellences to be observed. But for the merit of the work itself, if there be any thing just in the *plan*, it was, because Aristotle and Bossu had taken the same route before him. And as to his *own* proper observations, they are for the most part so general and indeterminate as to afford but little instruction to the reader, and are, not unfrequently, altogether frivolous. They are of a kind with those in which the French critics (for I had rather instance the defects of *foreign* writers than of our *own)* so much abound, and which good judges agree to rank in the worst sort of criticism." (Epistle to Augustus, note on v. 214.)

P. 112. *Petitioners.*—A petition for relief from subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles, on behalf of the clergy and others, signed by 250 clergymen, was offered to the Lower House, Feb. 6, 1772, but rejected by 217 to 71.

P. 120. *Office of Preceptor to the Princes.*—In this important and arduous appointment the Bishop, as Preceptor, was associated with George, Duke of Montagu, as Governor of the Princes. Of this distinguished person, who died May 28, 1790, the Bishop, in his Biographical Notes, speaks as follows:—

"He was a nobleman of singular worth and virtue; of an exemplary life; and of the best principles in Church and State. As Governor to the Prince of Wales and Prince Frederick he was very attentive to his charge, and executed that trust with great propriety and dignity. The Preceptor was honoured with his confidence; and there never was the least misunderstanding between them, or so much as a difference of opinion as to the manner in which the education of the Princes should be conducted."

P. 127, l. 7.—Mr. Cradock adds here:

"After this his Lordship became quite imbecile at times, and so nearly childish that some of his company desired him to name the trump at whist; yet, strange to tell, he wrote a complimentary letter afterwards to Mr. Nichols on his History of Leicestershire, and I immediately recognised the same hand and style as when he recommended me, in early life, to the tutor of Emanuel College."

Upon this passage the following commentary was made in a work published soon after:—

"While this part of the work was passing through the press (Feb. 14, 1828) I for the first time saw Mr. Cradock's Literary and Miscellaneous Memoirs, vol. iv. The anecdote of the conversation of the King is imperfectly told, and as

to another anecdote I was present on an occasion in the summer of 1793, when the same subject was started. At the Bishop's palace in Worcester, the prebendaries of the cathedral then in residence, my father, myself, and some other company, *perhaps Mr. Professor Mainwaring*, drank tea after evening service, when the Bishop called the French fugitives emīgrants, and on somebody asking his reason for this deviation from common pronunciation, expressed his astonishment that it should be pronounced otherwise. My father, with his wonted quickness, replied, 'I presume your lordship does not always adhere so strictly to the quantity of the original when you pronounce words derived from the Latin; would you in any case say to me, Doctor, your medicīnal prescription irrītates me?' The Bishop very sensibly replied only with a hearty laugh.

"The statement about the Professor and the reflections on the Bishop appear to me of very doubtful character. The Bishop's intellect at this time was unchanged. He had no public day after, and saw little private company. The observation that he became childish is quite incorrect, and that he suffered any company so to treat him like a child as to desire him to name the trump is perfectly untrue. This is a reflex anecdote from a neighbouring diocese, and a contemporary *Right Honourable Bishop*. Indeed, except on his birthday, about Christmas, which we always spent at Hartlebury Castle, I never saw cards; we played for sixpences.

"The last letter I received from Bishop Hurd was in 1801, on the death of my father. It was written without tremor in his usually beautifully distinct hand. I saw him for the last time the next year, when he was more than eighty, and his intellect was then unimpaired, and I have indisputable authority for asserting that he continued unchanged in mind and manner to the end of life." (Johnstone's Life of Dr. Samuel Parr, vol. i. p. 324, note.)

P. 134. *Dissenters' Bill.*—A Bill for the further relief of Protestant Dissenters and Schoolmasters was carried by 77 to 6 in the House of Commons, on March 10, 1779, and with great facility in that of Lords also.

P. 137, note.—On the 7th of June, 1779, Bishop Hurd lost his old and best friend Bishop Warburton, whose memory he recorded in the following epitaph inscribed on his monument in Gloucester Cathedral:—

To the memory
of WILLIAM WARBURTON, D.D.
for more than 19 years Bishop of this see;
a Prelate
of the most sublime genius, and exquisite learning:
both which talents
he employed through a long life,
in the support
of what he firmly believed,—
the Christian religion,
and
of what he esteemed the best establishment of it,—
the Church of England.

On this epitaph Mr. Cradock observes:

"A brother Bishop, Dr. Thurlow, once said to me, 'Could your friend find nothing better to say in honour of his former idol, than that he died in the belief of what he conceived to be Christianity?' I gave a copy of Hurd's epitaph, soon after it was put up, to some learned dignitaries: they thought it strangely ambiguous, and one could scarcely believe it was exactly copied." (Cradock's Memoirs, vol. iv. p. 205.)

This statement does little credit to the discernment of either Mr. Cradock himself, or the dignitaries in question. The evident meaning of the passage is,

"Of what he firmly believed,—
(namely) the Christian religion,
and
of what he esteemed the best establishment of it,—
(namely) the Church of England."

P. 138, l. 2. *Sermons preached at Lincoln's Inn.*—

DR. BEATTIE TO THE BISHOP OF WORCESTER:

"Aberdeen, 21 July, 1786.

"I was very anxious to see your Lordship's Sermons preached at Lincoln's Inn, of which I had heard such an account as greatly raised my curiosity. But even the best books find their way slowly into this remote corner. I have read the book once and again with great delight, and it will be my own fault if I am not the better for it as long as as I live. My approbation can add nothing to its fame; yet I must beg leave to say that I particularly admire your happy talent in expounding difficult texts, and the perspicuity, conciseness, and elegance of your style, which I look upon as the perfection of pulpit eloquence, being equally captivating to the learned, and intelligible to the simple."

P. 138, l. 2.—The following extracts are from Mr. Green's Diary of a Lover of Literature:—

"Oct. 3, 1799.—Read the first volume of Hurd's *Sermons at Lincoln's Inn.* In the third he not only maintains that we have a natural sense of right and wrong, independent of all revelation, but insists that without it we could never ascertain whether any revelation were true: and then vindicates Christianity, not simply as *useful* from confirming, illustrating, and enforcing the dictates of this sense, but as *necessary* for the redemption of mankind. This is after his distinguishing manner. In the eighth he makes sympathy the natural parent of the social virtues, observing that God has implanted in man not only the power of reason, which enables him to see the connexion between his own happiness and that of others, but also certain instincts and propensities which make him *feel* it, and without reflection incline him to take part in foreign interests;

for, among other wonders of our make, this is one, that, we are so formed as, whether we will or no, to rejoice with them that rejoice, and to weep with them that weep; and in the next discourse he adduces this principle as that natural corrective upon 'a conscious sense of dignity' (leading by itself to an offensive, injurious pride) which constitutes politeness, and maintains that the perfection of our nature consists in the due operation of both these principles. His tenth sermon, and the last in the volume, are fine examples of his 'toils in chasing the subtle.'"

"October 14th.—Read the third and last volume of Hurd's Sermons. The first of these is of a very peculiar character: there is a pithy sententious brevity of period and deep earnestness of manner in it strikingly different from what we meet with in any of the other discourses. The fourth, in which he deduces the divinity of the Gospel from 'Never man spake as this man,'—and the seventh, its authenticity from 'We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord,'—are most powerful addresses. Such internal marks of truth as are here forcibly exhibited weigh more in my mind than all the external evidences of Christianity put together; and, for strokes of eloquence, what can be finer than this passage in the fourth, 'When a voice speaks, as from heaven, it naturally turns our attention to that quarter, and when it speaks in inimitable thunder, it speaks methinks like itself, and in accents that cannot well be misunderstood;' judiciously prefaced, too, as this sublime ejaculation has been by what precedes it, for I feel, while I am transcribing the sentence, how much it suffers by this detached exhibition. In the fourteenth he divides the different cardinal principles upon which the various systems of moral philosophy hinge, into—1st, abstract truth, or the differences of things; 2nd, an instinctive moral sense; 3rd, private happiness; and insinuates that these systems

might be made to consist together, but maintains that they do little more than inform us what virtue is, while they slenderly provide for the practice of it: he had his eye here on Warburton's Div. Leg. b. i. sect. 4. In a note to his nineteenth sermon he observes that Christianity is a religion founded not on *opinions*, but *facts:* that the Apostles shewed by their sufferings that they *knew* what they attested to be a true fact: succeeding sufferers shewed that they *believed* it to be so." (Diary of a Lover of Literature, pp. 165, 166.)

Dr. Parr, in a note, accords these Sermons the faint praise of being "wary and temperate." (Bibliotheca Parriana, p. 685.)

P. 139.—In the No-Popery riots of 1780, excited by that half-culpable, half-pitiable fanatic, Lord George Gordon, Bishop Hurd was in imminent danger, having escaped from the hands of the infuriated populace with torn canonicals.

P. 141, l. 24.—The following inscription was placed by Bishop Cornewall, Bishop Hurd's successor, over the door of the Library:

Museum hoc extruxit
Librisque ornavit electissimis
RICARDUS HURD, Episc. Vig.
Testamento suo curans,
ne literæ ibi languescerent
ubi per annos ferè xxvii. floruerant.
Animo gratissimo
Tabellam hanc poni curavit F. Vig.
M.DCCC.X.

P. 142. "Is made unhappy."—This uneasiness of Dr. Arnald about his sermon was a symptom of his distressing malady. It seems to have discovered itself on the very day

on which the sermon was preached. Mr. Cradock says in his Memoirs—

"After Arnald had preached his sermon, &c., he went by invitation to drink tea at Dr. Watson's house. The Bishop (Watson) gave me many particulars of his behaviour. He probably had been agitated." (Cradock's Memoirs, vol. iv. p. 193.)

P. 143, note. *Rev. Stafford Smith.*—Martin Stafford Smith was Scholar, and afterwards Fellow, of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. He become Chaplain to Bishop Warburton in 1775, and Vicar of Cirencester in 1778. In 1781 he married the Bishop's widow, who had been Gertrude Tucker, the clever, accomplished, and favourite niece of Mr. Allen of Prior Park, and to whom that residence had been left for her life. From Bishop Hurd's gratitude to his old friend and patron, Mr. Stafford Smith received successively in 1790 the living of Alvechurch, and in 1793 that of Fladbury, both in Worcestershire. Mrs. S. Smith having died in 1796, he married the next year Mary Elizabeth Plaisted, of Ticehurst, Sussex, the amiable and excellent friend of his first wife. From this time he lived chiefly in Bath, where his house in Queen Square was frequented by the best society, and where he and his wife were universally esteemed for their cheerful piety, the benevolence of their character, and the suavity and refinement of their manners. He died in 1833, she in 1837. In these venerable persons the last link of connection was snapped between the present age and the days when Prior Park flourished as the resort of the noble, the learned, and the wise.

P. 171, note.—A Letter to the Rev. Dr. Parr, occasioned by his republication of Tracts by Warburton, &c., 1789, 8vo.

"The Letter to Dr. Parr was written by Dr. Lucas of Ripple, Worcestershire, and is a well-meant defence of his

learned patron Bishop Hurd. A Mr. Robson, hearing that Dr. Parr had been told he was the author, disclaimed being so in a very handsome letter. The real author, Dr. Lucas, sent a copy of his book to Dr. Parr, who finds nothing in it to blame, but a very rash, invidious, and groundless charge of [Dr. Parr] having written some puff in the newspaper about his own learning and his claims to ecclesiastical preferment.—S. P." (Bibliotheca Parriana, p. 443.)

P. 172. *Dr. Parr.*—"The following conversation between his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and Dr. Parr, took place at the Duke of Norfolk's table in St. James's Square, in the presence of Mr. Fox, Mr. Sheridan, Lord Erskine, and a large party of distinguished persons.

"The name of the Archbishop of York, who was then in a declining state of health, having been alluded to, the Prince observed, 'I esteem Markham a much greater, wiser, and more learned man than Hurd, and a better teacher, and you will allow me to be a judge, for they were both my preceptors.—Sir, said Dr. Parr, is it your Royal Highness's pleasure that I should enter upon the topic of their comparative merits as a subject of discussion?—Yes, said the Prince.—Then, Sir, said Dr. Parr, I differ entirely from your Royal Highness in opinion.—As I knew them both so intimately, replied the Prince, you will not deny that I had the power of more accurately appreciating their respective merits than you can have had. In their manner of teaching you may judge of my estimation of Markham's superiority—his natural dignity and authority, compared with the Bishop of Worcester's smoothness and softness; and I now add, with proper submission to your authority on such a subject, his experience as a schoolmaster, and his better scholarship.—Sir, said Parr, your Royal Highness began this conversation, and, if you permit it to go on, must tolerate a very different inference.—Go on, said the Prince;

I declare that Markham understood Greek better than Hurd; for when I read Homer, and hesitated about a word, Markham immediately explained it, and then *he* went on; but, when I hesitated with Hurd, he always referred me to the Dictionary; I therefore conclude he wanted to be informed himself.—Sir, replied Parr, I venture to differ from your Royal Highness's conclusion. I am myself a schoolmaster, and I think that Dr. Hurd pursued the right method, and that Dr. Markham failed in his duty. Hurd desired your Royal Highness to find the word in the Lexicon, not because he did not know it, but because he wished you to find by search, and learn it thoroughly. Dr. Hurd was not eminent as a scholar, but it is not likely that he would have presumed to teach your Royal Highness without knowing the lesson himself.—Have you not changed your opinion of Dr. Hurd? exclaimed the Prince; I have read a work in which you attacked him fiercely.—Yes, Sir, I attacked him on one point, which I thought important to letters, and I summoned the whole force of my mind, and took every possible pains to do it well, for I consider Hurd to be a great man. He is celebrated as such by foreign critics, who appreciate justly his wonderful acuteness, sagacity, and dexterity in doing what he has done with so small a stock of learning. There is no comparison, in my opinion, between Markham and Hurd as men of talents. Markham was a pompous schoolmaster—Hurd was a stiff and cold, but correct gentleman. Markham was at the head of a great school, then of a great college, and finally became an Archbishop. In all these stations he had trumpeters of his fame, who called him great, though he published one Concio only, which has already sunk into oblivion. From a farm-house and village-school Hurd emerged the friend of Gray, and a circle of distinguished men. While Fellow of a small College he sent out works praised by foreign critics, and not despised by our own scholars. He enriched his

understanding by study, and sent from the obscurity of a country village a book, Sir, which your Royal Father is said to have declared made him a Bishop. He made himself unpopular in his own profession by the defence of a fantastical system. He had decriers—he had no trumpeters; he was great in and by himself; and perhaps, Sir, a portion of that power and adroitness you have manifested in this debate, might have been owing to him.

"Fox, when the Prince was gone, exclaimed, in his high tone of voice, 'He thought he had caught you, but he caught a Tartar.'

"I took down this conversation from my revered friend's dictation. He averred that he was put on his defence, and that the argument was maintained with some heat." (Johnstone's Life of Parr, vol. i. pp. 322-325.)

The conversation above reported, if it does not give a high opinion of Parr's consistency, does honour to his generosity, and is in full accordance with the following remarks by the Quarterly Reviewer:—

"If Parr was not always just before he was generous, he was sure to be generous after he had been unjust. In the review of Dr. Combe's Horace in the British Critic, which was written a few years after the publication of the Warburton Tracts, he reproves Wakefield for not speaking with sufficient caution of so *illustrious a prelate* as Dr. Hurd, and quotes with approbation his language on another occasion: 'quæ de his tribus versibus (Virgilii *sc.*) disseruit Ricardus Hurd, Episc. Wigorn, doctrinâ viri istius exquisitâ atque ingenio eleganti prorsus digna sunt;' and hints some blame to Dr. Combe for introducing *so few of Bishop Hurd's notes*, 'whose criticisms on many particular passages are justly admired by those who may not agree with him in his general view of Horace's design.'" (Quarterly Review, vol. xxxix. p. 284.)

"Parr had taken several opportunities of speaking hand-

somely of Bishop Hurd in his Notes on Rapin, written some six years before the republication of the "Tracts, &c." (Ibid. p. 276.)

P. 172, l. 10. *Dr. Thomas Leland.*—Parr, in his Bibliotheca, makes the following note upon Leland's Dissertation on the Principles of Human Eloquence. Dublin, 1765.

"This copy was given to me by Dr. Leland himself, and, thinking that Dr. Leland had confuted his opponent, and that the opponent had treated Dr. Leland with unbecoming and unmerited scorn, I republished the whole dispute. I dedicated the book to Bishop Hurd, and the dedication was followed by no answer.—S. P." (Bibliotheca Parriana, p. 58.)

P. 174.—Parr's comments on the "Moral and Political Dialogues" are as follow:

"*Hurd's Moral and Political Dialogues*, 1759.—'De suâ in Bibliothecam Samuelis Parr, honoris et amicitiæ causâ, ponendum vult C. B. MDCCCIII.'

"I was presented with this scarce and valuable first edition by the very learned Dr. Burney early in the spring of 1803.—S. P.

"Many notes are inserted in these books connected with the Warburton controversy. In the first edition Mr. Green of Ipswich pointed out many of the alterations made in the subsequent edition."

"*Hurd's Moral and Political Dialogues*, 1771.—For the purpose of knowing whether I had once spoken too severely of Bishop Hurd respecting the changes silently and gradually made in his celebrated Dialogues, I carefully compared this edition with the two former ones, and the result was that I had done the Bishop no injustice. If I had thought differently, my determination was to retract and apologise. —S. P." (Bibliotheca Parriana, p. 439.)

On this subject Parr's assertions may be compared with the statement in p. 175.

P. 174, note. *Vanity of literary animosities.*—"My excellent friend the late Joseph Cradock, Esq. relates in a letter addressed to me and dated July 27, 1825, that when Dr. Parr went to meet Hurd at Lichfield, just then made Bishop, they abruptly encountered each other near the chancel, and that it was doubted which of the two bowed the lowest.

"Another excellent friend wrote to me thus on May 1, 1829: 'With regard to the coldness (or more than coldness) between Hurd and Parr, the following account of its termination was communicated to me by a gentleman of high estimation both in the fashionable and literary world:

"'At one of Hurd's visitations in the latter part of his life he observed Dr. Parr among the clergy, and, walking up to him, said, 'Dr. Parr, there has long been variance between us, but my age is now so advanced that I can no longer afford to be at enmity with any human being, and therefore earnestly request that we may shake hands, and consign the past to oblivion.' My informant added that Parr was affected even to tears by this address.'" (Barker's Parriana, vol. iii. Addenda xiii.)

P. 181. *Life of Warburton*, extracts from, 4to.—"That Life was prefixed to the posthumous 4to edition of Warburton's Works, and therefore could in print be procured only by the subscribers. The learned Mr. Gaches was a subscriber, and lent the book to Dr. Parr, who caused extracts to be made, from some apprehension that he might have occasion for them if any unforeseen and unpleasant event should render it necessary for him to resume the controversy with Bishop Hurd. Dr. Parr met with many passages which offended him; but, as the names of Dr. Jortin and Dr.

Leland were studiously avoided, Dr. Parr was resolved not to defend any other excellent men whom the biographer had treated harshly. Archbishop Secker found an advocate in Mr. W[intle]. Dr. Parr lamented the languor of the Wykehamists in suffering the unjust attack upon Bishop Lowth to pass unnoticed. Dr. Parr in the correspondence between Bishops Hurd and Warburton, published after the death of Hurd, met with some offensive matter about Leland and Jortin; but as, in consequence of Warburton's Life written by Hurd, and softened, too, in all probability by Dr. Parr's publication, and perhaps extorted from Hurd sooner than he intended to let it see the light, there has been a considerable change in public opinion, Dr. Parr determined not to take up his pen." (Bibliotheca Parriana, p. 535.)

P. 189. *The Prince of Wales.*—The year before his death, the Bishop received an attention equally creditable to the payer and gratifying to the receiver, in a visit from his former pupil, the Prince of Wales. His Royal Highness being on a visit to Lady Downshire at Ombersley Court, between Hartlebury and Worcester, and the Bishop being too infirm to pay his respects at Ombersley, the Prince went over on the 26th of September, 1807, attended by the Duke of Sussex and Lord Lake, to Hartlebury, and stayed with him an hour.

P. 190. *Personal Reminiscences.*—At this distance of time personal reminiscences of the Bishop can be but few and scanty. The Editor can say little more than, *Virgilium tantùm vidi.* He remembers, on two or three visits to his uncle Richard Kilvert, Rector of Hartlebury, between the years 1804 and 1808, to have seen the Bishop attending Divine Service at his parish church on Sundays, feeble, bent forward, and leaning on his staff, but always stopping

at the rectorial pew after service with a courteous inquiry after the health of its inmates.

A lady still living, who had better opportunities, says in reply to the Editor's inquiries:

"I am sorry that I cannot remember anything concerning Bishop Hurd to be of service to you. My earliest recollection of him is the strongest, when as a child I dined at the Castle, and he made me sit by him and enjoyed my enjoyment of the good things he gave me both eatable and drinkable; and when, towards the end of dinner, heaping my plate with the one, and filling my glass with the other, he said, with a playful courteousness,

> This jelly's good, this malmsey's healing,
> Pray dip your whiskers and your tail in,

I was delighted! Years had passed before I went there occasionally again. The Bishop had become very deaf, and was occasionally dozing, and the hours were some of the dreariest I can remember. The chapel clock was music when it struck the time of deliverance."

The following anecdote, supplied to me by the Rev. George Roberts of Cheltenham, bears testimony to the Bishop's accurate discernment of character:—

"My grandmother, Mrs. John Parsons, used to tell the following anecdote of the Bishop She described his manners as particularly soft and winning, his voice as low and musical. He was fond of conversing with her, and answering her inquiries about the Court. Shortly after his arrival at Hartlebury, she said to him one day as they were sitting together: 'How do you think your pupil His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales will turn out?' 'My dear cousin,' the Bishop replied, laying his peculiarly small white hand upon her arm, 'I can hardly tell; either the most polished gentleman, or the most accomplished blackguard in Europe; possibly an admixture of both."

P. 194.—Among the Bishop's testamentary dispositions was a bequest of £2,000 to Emmanuel College.

Pp. 197, 205, 254.—It was hardly to be expected that two men so different in nature, education, and sentiment, as Hurd and Johnson should cordially agree. They have both accordingly, as we have seen, spoken disparagingly of each other. Johnson, however, is reported by Boswell to have said of the Bishop, "Hurd, Sir, is a man whose acquaintance is a valuable acquisition." (Boswell's Life, &c., edited by Croker, vol. viii. p. 180.)

P. 199, l. 17.—*Hurd's influence over Warburton.*—An anecdote given by Mr. Malone on the authority of Lord Hillsborough bears further testimony to this influence.

"When Bishop Hurd once paid a visit to Bishop Warburton, Mrs. Warburton, before the Bishop came down, said to Hurd, 'I am glad you have come, my Lord, to pour a little of your oil upon the Bishop's vinegar.'"—(Prior's Life of Malone, p. 445.)

P. 199.—Bishop Hurd's "manners" will be illustrated by the following extract from a letter of Bishop Warburton to Bishop Hurd, dated March 31, 1767:

"I have much chat of various kinds to entertain you with: but nothing so pleasing to me as a tête-à-tête with Lord and Lady Mansfield the other day. Speaking of you, he said, 'Mr. Hurd is a great favourite of my Lady's;' she replied, 'It is very true;' and on that mentioned your manners and your parts in the most advantageous terms. He joined with her, and then spoke of your advancement in the Church as a thing he most wished. So for the future you must not only call him my friend, but yours likewise." (Warburton Correspondence, Letter cxciii.)

P. 206. *Character of Bishop Hurd.*—To this estimate may be properly added the few but weighty words of that "honest chronicler," Mr. John Nichols:

"With his friends and connexions he obtained their best eulogium, their constant and warm attachment; and with the world in general a kind of veneration, which, in times like the present, could neither be acquired nor preserved but by the exercise of great virtues." (Nichols's Literary Anecdotes, vol. vi. p. 600).

P. 207, l. 17. *Inscription on Bishop Hurd.*—After "officiosus," insert:—

COULEII sui
in literati otii studio
æmulus.

P. 222. *Merchant of Lucca.*—Frescobaldi, who, having befriended Cromwell, when in a destitute condition in Italy, with sixteen golden ducats, having himself fallen into poverty, and come over to England to recover some debts, was munificently repaid by Cromwell, then at the height of his prosperity, with sixteen hundred.

P. 251, l. 28. *Dialogues* "between Lord Clarendon, Lord Hopton, &c."—This fine idea seems not to have been worked out: at least, no such dialogue appears amongst those published by the Bishop.

P. 281. "*Conway Castle*, &c., transported by his passion."—The custody of Conway Castle in North Wales had been committed by the King to Archbishop Williams, but, having been forcibly taken from him, in spite of his remonstrances, under the authority of Prince Rupert, in 1647, by Sir John Owen, who added insult to injury, he aided Colonel Mytton and a parliamentarian force in retaking the castle. This brought him into great odium with the royalists. (See his Life by Hacket, and the histories of the time.)

P. 248. "*Essence of Malone.*"—Malone seems to have been treated both by the Bishop and Judge Hardinge with some injustice. The very interesting Life of him by Sir James Prior, lately published, effectually redeems him from so severe a censure. At all events his enthusiasm for Shakespeare, his constancy in the pursuit of his great object—the correction of the poet's text, and his indefatigable patience and industry, ought in all fairness to be set against any deficiency in critical acumen.

P. 311. "The most amiable character of a woman I ever met with."—"Dans tout autre siècle, ou l'on n'auroit pas perdu comme dans celui-ci la véritable notion des vertus et des vices, cette femme auroit été l'ornement de son sexe, par le caractère de son cœur et celui de son esprit. C'étoit une droiture si vraie et si naturelle, qu'on s'appercevoit qu'elle n'avoit pas même l'idée du mal, soit pour le suivre, soit pour le conseiller; et en même temps, un si grand fond de douceur, qu'elle ne connoissoit pas davantage le plus petit sentiment de haine, de malignité, d'envie, ou simplement de mauvaise humeur. Je ne crois pas que jamais femme ait eu une conversation plus remplie de graces, et joint à un tour d'esprit fin et délié, une naïvete et une simplicité plus agréables. Ses reparties étoient pleines de sel et légéreté. On la trouvoit tout ensemble douce et vive, tranquille et gaie."—(Mémoires de M. de Bethune, Duc de Sully, livre vii. A.D. 1594.)

P. 316.—The passage of Bishop Hurd's sermon here referred to is as follows:—"Let the friendliest, the best man living explore his own conscience, and let him tell us, or rather let him tell himself, if he can, that he has never offended in the instance here given [*i. e.* speaking hardly of others]. I suppose on a strict inquiry, he will cer-

tainly call to mind some peevish sentiment, some negligent censure, some sharp reflection, which at times hath escaped him, even in regard to his *second self*, a bosom friend. Either he took something wrong, and some suspicious circumstance misled him; or he was out of health and spirits; or he was ruffled by some ungrateful accidents; or he had forgotten himself in an hour of levity; or a splenetic moment had surprised him;—some or other of these causes, he will find, had betrayed him into a sudden warmth and asperity of expression, which he is now ashamed of and sorry for, and hath long since retracted and condemned." (Sermon on Eccl. vii. 21, 22.)

P. 325. *Death of the Earl of Mansfield.*—"My noble and honoured friend the Earl of Mansfield died March 20, 1793." (Bishop Hurd's Autobiographical Notes.)

In 1797 was published "The Life of William late Earl of Mansfield, by John Holliday, of Lincoln's Inn, Esq. F.R.S. and Barrister at Law." This work is dedicated to the Bishop of Worcester. In the dedication the author says:—

"Happy would it have been for an enlightened age, if your Lordship's bodily health had to the present period kept pace with the vigour of your mind,—if your other avocations would have permitted what your inclination would not fail to prompt—the payment of a just tribute to the memory of a zealous patron, and a sincere friend,—an office which, from a chain of circumstances, devolves on me."

And in his Preface, after stating that he does not attempt to delineate Lord Mansfield's political life, but only his character in his judicial capacity and in private life, Mr. Holliday adds:—

"Yes, there is one very learned and venerable friend of Lord Mansfield, who 'can speak of his conduct in the House of Lords with the more confidence, because he speaks from

his own observation.'* And is there a man of science who will not readily admit that this distinguished prelate stands not in need of any co-adjutor? That he is *Ipse agmen*, and that under all the combined and favourable circumstances of gratitude, friendship, affection, and great literary abilities, he could embalm the memory of a deceased friend with aromatics of the choicest sort?"

P. 330, note.—Dean Onslow died in 1817, not 1849.

P. 343. *Defence of the Italian Poets, &c.*—This extract should have commenced with the following passages: "*Chi non sa che cosa sia Italia?* If this question could ever be reasonably asked on any occasion, it must surely be when the wit and poetry of that people were under consideration. The enchanting sweetness of their tongue, the richness of their invention, the fire and elevation of their genius, the splendour of their expression on great subjects, and the native simplicity of their sentiments on affecting ones,—all these are such manifest advantages on the side of the *Italian* poets, as should seem to command our highest admiration of their great and capital works.

"Yet a different language has been held by our finer critics; and in particular, you hear it commonly said of the tales of *Fairy*, which they first and principally adorned, 'that they are extravagant and absurd; that they surpass all bounds, not of truth only, but of probability, and look more like the dreams of children than the manly inventions of poets.'

"The only criticism, &c.

* See Bishop Hurd's character of Lord Mansfield, given before in p. 255.

The Editor, in dismissing a work which had for many years been contemplated by him, though till of late deferred for want of materials, desires to appropriate in part the striking words with which Bishop Hurd closes his Life of his great friend.

"I have now, as I found myself able, and in the manner I judged most fit, discharged my duty to this incomparable man: a duty which he seemed to expect would be paid to him by one or other of his surviving friends, when, in the close of his preface to Mr. Pope's Works, he has these affecting words, 'And I, when envy and calumny take the same advantage of my absence (for while I live I will trust it to my life to confute them), may I find a friend as careful of my honest fame as I have been of his!' I have, I say, endeavoured to do justice to his memory; but in so doing I have taken, the reader sees, the best method to preserve my own. For in placing myself so near to him in this edition of his immortal Works, I have the fairest, perhaps the only, chance of being known to posterity myself. Envy and prejudice have had their day;* and when his name comes, as it will do, into all mouths, it may then be remembered that the writer of this Life was honoured with some share of his esteem, and had the pleasure of living in the most entire and unreserved friendship with him for near THIRTY YEARS."

* In his own copy of his friend's collected Works, in the library at Hartlebury Castle, Bishop Hurd has inscribed Quintilian's emphatic words, "Ad posteros Virtus durabit, non perveniet Invidia." (Quint. Inst. Orat. iii.)

THE WORKS OF BISHOP HURD

CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED.

Remarks on a late Book, entitled an Enquiry into the Rejection of the Christian Miracles by the Heathen, by William Weston, B.D., 1746 1748

Verses on the Peace of Aix la Chapelle, in the Cambridge University Collection 1749

Q. Horatii Flacci Epist. ad Pisones, with an English Commentary and Notes 1749

Q. Horat. Flac. Epist. ad Augustum, with the same . . 1751

The opinion of an eminent lawyer concerning the Right of Appeal from the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge to the Senate 1751

*Sermon at the Assizes at Norwich 1752

*Do. for the Charity Schools at Cambridge . . . 1753

Dissertation on the Delicacy of Friendship . . . 1755

Remarks on Hume's Natural History of Religion . . 1757

Dissertations on the Province of the Drama, on Poetical Imitation, and on the marks of Imitation . . . 1757

Moral and Political Dialogues 1759

Letters on Chivalry and Romance 1762

Dissertation on the Idea of Universal Poetry . . . 1762

Letter to Dr. Leland on his Dissertation on the Principles of Human Eloquence 1764

Dialogues on Foreign Travel 1764

Introduction to the Study of the Prophecies . . . 1772

Select Works of Mr. A. Cowley, with a Preface and Notes . 1772

Charge to the Clergy of Lichfield and Coventry . 1775, 1776

Sermons preached at Lincoln's Inn, Vol. I. . . . 1776

Sermon before the House of Lords on the Fast-day . . 1776

* These two Sermons are not included in the edition of the Bishop's collected works.

Sermons at Lincoln's Inn, Vols. II. and III. . . . 1780
Sermon before the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts 1781
Charge to the Clergy of the Diocese of Worcester . . 1782
Ditto 1785
Sermon before the House of Lords on the 30th of January . 1786
Works of the Right Rev. William Warburton, Lord Bishop of Gloucester. 7 vols. 4to. 1788
Charge to the Clergy of the Diocese of Worcester . . 1790
Discourse by way of Preface to the 4to. edit. of Bishop Warburton's Works, containing some account of the Life, Writings, and Character of the Author . . . 1794
Charge to the Clergy of the Diocese of Worcester . . . 1796
Ditto 1800

To these must be added the following posthumous Works :

Letters from a late eminent Prelate to one of his friends ; and Notes on the Prose Works of Mr. Addison.

The Bishop's collected Works, with the exception of the two last, and the occasional Sermons above mentioned, were republished in 8 vols. 8vo. by Messrs. Cadell in 1811.

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ERRATA.

Page 25, line 16, *for* " qualicunque," *read* " qualecunque "
„ 40, „ 9, *for* " I have," *read* " has been."
„ 72, „ 25, *for* " 1758," *read* " 1764."
„ 74, „ 24, *for* " compliments," *read* " compliment."
„ 75, „ 4, *for* do. *read* do.
„ 105, „ 7, *for* " 1796," *read* " 1769."
„ 127, „ 32, *for* " Prior Bark," *read* " Prior Park."
„ 139, *Note, for* " 792," *read* " 1792."
„ 151, „ 3, *for* " Johnson," *read* " Johnstone."
„ 245, „ 23, *dele* " (Bishop Hurd's Common Place Book) "
„ 271, „ 21, *for* " CHANGE, *read* " FAITH AND WORKS."
„ 323, *Note, for* " Butler," *read* " Buller."
„ 330, *Note, for* " 1849," *read* " 1817."
„ 378, „ 19, *for* " Vigilii " *read* " Virgilii."

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